Tuscaloosa
1935-37

From
Wm. C. TABER,
Union Street
Wilmington

H.H.H.H. N. Roberts
H. N. Roberts
H.B. N. Roberts
F. N. Roberts
B. N. Roberts
B.B. N. Roberts

The Poor Boy and the Good Boy.

I live beside a long, steep hill,
On which is an Academy,
Where many noisy little boys
First learn their A B C.

A wide road leads unto the top,
With houses thick on either side.
And down this road when school is out
The boys will often slide.

They keep a score of little sleds,
Some red, some blue as morning sky,
And when on these they get afloat,
You'd think they'd fairly fly.

Sometimes they're turned into the snow,
And then a wondrous shout is raised;
Sometimes near half a mile they go,
And then they're greatly praised.

I stood one day—the sun was down—
And, from my parlor window, saw
A troop of jolly little boys,
Up-hill their cutters draw.

Soon down they came with light'ng speed,
Like cars upon a rail-road track;
And many rods they went before
Their pace began to slack.

Behind them, at a slower rate,
Upon a piece of board, there came
A very ragged little boy;
I did not know his name.

His feet were bare—he wore no hat—
His hair streamed wildly in the gale;
I thought his mother must be dead,
He looked so thin and pale.

His board, as o'er a jolt it went,
O'erthrew him in the drifted snow;
He struck his head upon a stone—
The blood began to flow.

The boys came back with scornful laugh,
And shamed him for his tattered clothes,
Till on his feet with many a sob,
The wretched child arose.

Then to his side, from that rude band,
A fair and gentle lad stept up;
He took his 'kerchief out and bound
The bleeding forehead up.

He whispered many soothing words
Into the weeping urchin's ear;
He placed him on his own bright sled,
And showed him how to steer.

Then quickly o'er the glossy snow,
The happy little fellow sped,
Wrapt in his benefactor's cloak—
His hat upon his head.

I turned away with pleasant tears—
It was so very sweet to see
The kindness of that noble boy
To injured poverty.

—

If all the world possessed the same spirit that this good boy manifested, how much happier mankind would be! Then there would be no wars, no angry words, no envy, no malice, no revenge, no falsehood, no fraud, no grinding the faces of the poor. All would enjoy their rights, the poor would be befriended and permitted to

...other, I'm hu...
...dear boy said,
...the pale mothe...
...have no bread."
...she clasped her thin h...
And lifted her eye,
...nd her soul gave forth
One piteous cry —

"O God of all goodness,
In mercy give
One morsel of bread,
That my child LIVE!

...alcosa from Rev. Bedford towards coast of Chili

Sunday July 12th 1835

At 11 A M got under way with light winds from W S W employed working out the Bay

Monday July 13th 1835

Light winds from W S W working out the Bay at 4 P M the wind hauls to South — at 6 discharged the Pilot, Cutterhunk bearing S E by E at 7 close watches Mid part fresh winds from W S W heading South — at Midnight took in Fore and Main Top Gallant Sails at 2 A M set Main Top Gallant Sail Lat part steering — S S E all hands employed fitting — Boats and Ship

Lat Obs 40 - 52 North

#	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	4		S by E	West
4	4			
6	4	1	S by E	
8	5		S E	
10	6			W S W
12	6			
2	7			
4	7			
6	6			
8	5		East	
10	5			
12	5		S by E	W S W

Tuesday July 14th 1835

Fresh breezes and clear weather at 8 P M took in Main Top gallant Sail at 9 took in fit — Mainsail and Spanker. Mid part fresh Gales at 1 A M took in Mizz Top Sail and double reefed the Fore Top Sail Lat part more moderate all hands employed in — Ships duty

Lat Obs 38 - 42 N

Gift of
Miss Addie Smalley

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Wednesday July 15th 1835
2	5		Ely S	S W	Fresh winds and clear weather running
4	5				under easy sail. Mid part the same at day
6	5	1			light turned the reefs out the Fore Top Sail
8	5	1			and set the Main Top Gallant Sail at
10	6				8 A M spoke Brig Franklin of Plymouth
12	5		Ely S	S W	bound to New York at 10 set the Miz Top
2	4	1			Sail and Fore Top gallant Sail. Lat part
4	4				clear weather
6	5				
8	6				Lat Obs 39.23 N
10	6				
12	6	1	East	S W	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Thursday July 16th 1835
2	6		East	S W	Fresh winds and clear weather two Ships in
4	6		Ely S		sight. Mid part moderate at Daylight
6	6				set the Main Sail. Lat part fresh winds
8	5	1			with flying clouds all hands employed
10	5	1			in Ships Duty
12	5				
2	5			South	Lat Obs 39.16 N
4	4				
6	6		Ely S		
8	7	1			
10	7				
12	7		Ely S	South	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Friday July 17th 1835
2	7		East	South	Fresh winds and cloudy weather at 8 [illegible] In
4	8				took in Fore and Main Top Gallant Sails at 9
6	8				took in Main Sail fell and Miz Top Sail
8	7	1		S S W	and double reefed the Fore Top Sail. Mid part
10	7			S W	Strong winds and squally with rain at day
12	5		East		light let the reefs out and set Main Top gallant
2	3			West	Sail at 9 A M set Miz Top Sail and Fore Top
4	4				Gallant Sail Lat part cloudy with rain all
6	4				hands employed in ships duty
8	5				
10	5				Lat by DR 39.10 N
12	4		East	West	

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Wednesday September 16th 1835
2	6		S ½ W	E by S	Light winds and pleasant at 10 P M let one —
4	5	1	S by E		reef out the Fore and Main Top sails and set =
6	5	1			Main Top Gallant Sail Mid and Lat the same —
8	5	1			at 8 A M made all sail the watches employed in
10	5	1			Ships Duty at 9 A M set studding sails
12	5	1	S by E	E & E	
2	6				Lat Obs 20 - 43 S
4	6				
6	6				
8	6	1			
10	6	1			
12	6	1	S by E	E & E	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Thursday September 17th 1835
2	6		South	S & E	Light winds and pleasant carrying all Sail Mid part —
4	6				the same Lat part squally with rain at 4 A M
6	6			North	took in studding Sails and Top Gallant sails at 6 do out
8	7				reef the Top Sail
10	7				
12	7		South		Lat Obs 22 - 43 S
2	6	1			
4	5	1		W S W	
6	5				
8	4	1			
10	2	1			
12	1	1	S by E	S W by W	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Friday September 18th 1835
2	1	1	S by E	S by W	Light winds and raining weather at 8 P M let the
4	1				reefs out the Fore & Main Top sails and set Top Gallant
6				Calm	Sails Mid part raining Lat part light winds with
8	2		South	S & E	flying clouds at Daylight let the reef out the Main Top
10				Calm	Sail and set Main Top gallant Sail and Stay Sail —
12					
2					Lat Obs 23 - 25 S
4	3		South	W S W	
6	3	1			
8	4				
10	3	1			
12	3	1	S S E	S W	

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Saturday September 19th 1835
2				Calm	Cloudy with rain Mid part light airs -
4	2		South	S E	and rainy Lat part fresh winds with
6	4				broken clouds at 11 A M parted Fly gib
8	1	1			Stay ordered the Fly gib the watches -
11	1				employed in Ships Duty
12				Calm	
2					Lat Obs 24 " 26 S
4	1	1	South	N E	
6	2				
8	4	1			
10	6				
12	6			North	

H	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Sunday September 20th 1835
2	6		Stay W	North	Strong winds and cloudy with heavy rain at
4	6				6 P M took Fore and Mizz Top Gallant Sails Gib -
6	5				and Main Sail Mid and Lat parts Fresh Gale
8	6	1	S S E	N E	at 9 took in Main Top Gallant Sail at 10 P M
10	7				Double reefd the Top Sails at 11 set Main Sail
12	7	1			
2	7	1			Lat Obs 27 " 18 S
4	7	1			
6	8				
8	8				
10	7	1			
12	7		S S W	N N E	

H	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Monday September 21 " 1835
2	7		S S W	N E	Strong winds and clear weather at 2 P M let one
4	7	1			reef out the Main Top Sail and set Main Top -
6	7	1			Gallant Sail at 8 set Gib Mid and Lat parts
8	8				more moderate at Day light let the reefs out
11	8				the Fore and Main Top Sails and set Fore and
12	8		S S W	N E	Main Top Gallant Sails at 7 A M set Fore -
2	7	1			Top Mast Studding Sail the watches employed
4	7	1			in Ships Duty
6	7	1			
8	8		Stay S		Lat Obs 29 " 46 S
11	8				
12	5			N E	

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	8		SWby S	N E
4	7	1		
6	7	1		
8	7	1		
10	8			
12	8		SWby S	S E
2	8			
4	7	1		
6	7	1		
8	8			
10	8			
12	8		SWby S	S E

Tuesday September 22 1835

These 24 hours strong winds and clear weather at 4 P M sent down the Main Royal — Gird the watches employed in ships duty several fin hooks in night — —

Lat Obs 32 14 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	8		SW	N S E
4	8			
6	7	1		
8	7	1		
10	7	1		
12	7		S W	N S W
2	6	1		
4	6	1		
6	7			N W
8	7			
10	7			
12	7		S W	

Wednesday September 23 1835 —

Strong winds and clear weather the watches employed in ships duty Mid part the same Lat part cloudy at 4 A M set fit —

Lat Obs 34 39 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	7	1	SW	N S W
4	8			
6	8		SWby W	S W
8	7			
10	5			
12	3		South	W S W
2	1	1		
4	2		E S E	South
6	3	1	S W	S S E
8	4			
10	4	1		
12	5		S W	S E

Thursday September 24 1835 —

Strong winds and squally with fog at 1 P M unbent the mainsail and bent a new one at 4 took in three reefs in fore sail and Topgallant sails at 6 Double reefed the Topsails Mid part rainy with light winds Lat part — fresh winds and rainy at 6 A M wore ship

Lat by L R 36 00 S

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Africa

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Friday September 25th 1855
2	5		SW	SSE	Fresh winds and cloudy with light rain at
4	5				2 P M unbent Fore Topmast Stay Sail
6	4	1			and bent a new one Mid part more —
8	4	1			moderate and clear Lat part fresh winds
10	4	1			at Day light let the reefs out the Topsails —
12	4		SW	SSE	Sails at 9 A M Double reefed the Topsails
2	3	1			at 10 unbent the Fore Topsail and bent
4	3	1			a new one the watches employed in Ship
6	4				Duty two men off Duty sick
8	4	1	W SW	South	
10	5				Lat Obs 36 18 S
12	5				

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Saturday September 26th 1855
2	5		WSW	South	Fresh winds and clear weather the watches
4	4				employed in Ship Duty Mid and Lat parts
6	3	1	West	SSW	light winds and pleasant at Day light
8	3				let one reef out the Topsails and set Fore &
10	2	1			Main Top Gallant Sails unbent the Fore
12	1				Topmast Stay Sail and took one cloth out of it
2				Calm	
4					Lat Obs 36 48 S
6	2		SSW	West	
8	4		SSW		
10	4	1			
12	4				

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Sunday September 27th 1855
2	4	1	SSW	West	First and Third parts light winds and pleasant
4	4				at 1 P M unbent the storm Trisail at 4 bent
6	3				Fore Top Mast Stay Sail at Day light let the
8	2	1			reefs out the Topsails at 10 A M spoke
10	2	1	S by E	SSW	the ship Atlantic of Bridge Port no —
12	3	1			oil Lat part fresh winds and cloudy
2	4				
4	4	1			Lat Obs 37 59 S
6	6				
8	7				
10	7				
12	7		S by E	Calm	

Ship Tuscaloosa on Whale Ground

Tuesday December 1st 1835

Fresh winds from S S E heading S W at 5 P M wore ship to East. Mid and Lat parts moderate winds and pleasant weather at Daylight set single reefd Top Sails and Main Sail at meridian tack'd Ship to S W

Lat Obs 39.15 S

Wednesday December 2d 1835

Light winds from S S E and pleasant heading S W employed in fitting Fore Top mast rigging. Mid and Lat parts light airs at Daylight made all sail at 6 A M tack'd Ship to East

Lat Obs 39.30 S

Thursday December 3d 1835

Light winds from S W and pleasant steering S E by S at 4 P M ombent Main Top Sail and bent another. Mid part squally at 2 A M took in Main Top Gallant Sail and single reefd Main Top Sail at Daylight set Main Top Gallant Sail. Lat part pleasant wind at South heading E S E

Lat Obs 40.54 S

Friday December 4th 1835

Light winds from South and pleasant heading E S E at sunset took in Main Top Gallant Sail, Main Sail and Double reefd the Top Sails Mid part the same at Daylight made all sail, Lat part light airs from S S E and cloudy heading East saw a Ship to windward standing by the wind to S W

Lat Obs 41.22 S

Saturday December 5th 1835

Light winds from S by E and pleasant heading E by S at sunset took in sail, Mid part light winds and variable at Daylight made all sail and steered E wind at S S W at 10 A M saw black fish lowered and took three made the Land bearing East 45 miles Dist

Lat Obs 41.50 S

Sunday December 6th 1835

Light winds from N E & N and pleasant weather standing in towards the Land employed in cutting up the black fish at 3 P M wore ship to W S W at sunset took in sail and hauled by the wind to West at Daylight set Double reefd Top Sails, Mid and Lat parts thick weather and rainy

Lat Obs 42.16 S

Ship Tuscaloosa on Whale Ground

Monday December 7th 1835

Light winds from S S W and pleasant steering S S W one ship in sight to leeward winding to the Westward at Sunset took in sail and hauld by the wind to West, Mid and Lat parts rainy at Daylight made all sail at 8 A M spoke Ship Pallas, Thair of Hover 5 months out with 1400 bbls, Employed in boiling our black fish steering S E

Lat Obs 42.53 S

Tuesday December 8th 1835

Fresh breezes from W S W and cloudy with squalls of rain Steering S E at sunset took in sail and hauld by the wind to S W, Mid and Lat parts fresh gales from S S W lying too under Double reefd Main Top Sail and Fore Sail at 7 A M spoke Ship John Adams, Race of Nantucket 5 months out no oil

Lat Obs 41.57 S

Wednesday December 9th 1835

Fresh Gales from S by W and cloudy lying too under Double reefd Main Top Sail and Fore Sail heading W by S at 6 P M saw whales lowered without success Mid and Lat parts moderate at Daylight made sail at 10 A M spoke ship John Addams employed in ships Duty

Lat Obs 41.19 S

Thursday December 10th 1835

Light winds from S W and pleasant heading West John Addams in company at 7 P M tacked Ship to E S E and took in Sail, Wind at South at Daylight made Sail and steered East the watches employed in ships Duty

Lat Obs 41.24 S

Friday December 11th 1835

Fresh breezes from S S E heading East at sunset took in Sail at Daylight made sail two Ships in sight employed in repairing a Fore Top Sail at noon tacked ship W S W wind at South

Lat Obs 41.28 S

Saturday December 12th 1835

Fresh breezes from South and cloudy heading W S W at 4 P M bent Fore Top Sail at Sunset took in Sail at Daylight made Sail and unbent this Top Sail to mend, Lat part light airs and pleasant

Lat Obs 41.15 S

Ship Tuscalorsa on whale Ground

Sunday December 13th 1835

Light airs from S by E and pleasant heading W by S at 3 P M brot this Top sail up & backed ship to S by W wind at W by S at sunset took in sail at Daylight made all sail at 9 wore ship to W by S wind at S by W at 10 A M spoke John Addams Lat part pleasant

Lat Obs 41.22 S

Monday December 14th 1835

Light winds from S by W and pleasant heading W by S John Addams in company at sunset took in sail at Daylight made all sail heading W S W wind at S W at noon backed ship to S W wind at S S E employed in ships Duty

Lat Obs 41.25 S

Tuesday December 15th 1835

Fresh breezes from W S W and cloudy heading S W at 3 P M took in main Top Gallant sail at 4 Double reefd the Top sails at sunset took in sail wind at S W heading S S E at Daylight made sail. Lat part pleasant John Addams in company

Lat Obs 41.29 S

Wednesday December 16th 1835

Fresh breezes from W by N and cloudy heading S W by S at sunset took in sail at 8 P M close reefd Main Top sail Mid and Lat parts strong gales from S W by S heading S E by S at 6 A M took in Fore sail

Lat Obs 42.22 S

Thursday December 17th 1835

Fresh gales from S W by S heading S E by E under close reefd Main Top sail and Spencers. Mid and Lat parts the same at Daylight set Fore sail at 7 A M wore ships to S W wind at W S W and spoke Barque Feral Ruggle of Fair Haven with 200 bbls of oil at noon wore ship to S by W

Lat Obs 42.45 S

Friday December 18th 1835

Fresh gales from W by S heading S by W. Mid part the same at 7 A M set Double reefd Fore and Main Top sails at 10 spoke Barque Arab Lat part more moderate

Lat Obs 43.31 S

Ship Tuscaloosa on Whale Ground

Saturday December 19th 1835

Strong winds from N N W and cloudy heading N E the at 1 P M spoke John Addams at 5 P M took in sail Mid and Lat parts fresh Gales at 7 A M wore ship to S W Lat Obs 42.59 S

Sunday December 20th 1835

Fresh Gales from N N W heading S W Mid and Lat part: 15 having Gales at 3 A M took in Fore Sail at 11 having the waist boat up and took in Fore Spencer

Lat by D R 43.20 S

Monday December 21 1835

Strong Gales from S S W and cloudy heading S E at 1 P M wore ship to West at 6 set Fore Sail. Mid part more moderate at Daylight made sail Lat light winds and variable working to the Northward on different tacks Lat Obs 43.05 S

Tuesday December 22 1835

Light winds from S W by W heading S W by W at 2 P M spoke ship Perseverance of Haven 7 months out with 7000 bbls of oil. Mid and Lat parts strong Gales at Daylight set Double reefed Top Sails at 6 A M took in Fore and Mizz Top Sails Lat Obs 43.31 S

Wednesday December 23 1835

Fresh gales from West heading S S W John Addams in company. Mid and Lat parts moderate at 7 A M wore ship to N. & W and made sail one French Ship in sight

Lat Obs 43.42 S

Thursday December 24th 1835

Light winds from W by N and pleasant heading N by W at sunset took in sail at Daylight made all sail at 5 A M spoke Ship Bourbon of Havre with 1200 bbls of oil Lat part pleasant

Lat Obs 42.43 S

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2				
4				
6				
8	4	1	S S E	N by E
10	4	1		
12	4		South	~~N by E~~
2	4			E S E
4	4			
6	3	1		
8	3	1	S S E	East
10	4	1		
12	5			

Thursday August 5th 1835

First and Mid part strong winds and cloudy at 4 P M got our recruits along side at 6 the Captain came off and bore away for sea. Last part more moderate all hands employed in necessary duty

Lat Obs 37.38 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	5		S S E	East
4	5			
6	5		S E	E by S
8	5			
10	5	1	E S E	N E
12	5	1		
2	6		S E	E N E
4	6			
6	6	1	S S E	East
8	6	1		
10	7			
12	7			

Thursday August 6th 1835

These 24 hours fresh winds and cloudy weather with light squalls at 2 P M the Peak of Teneriffe bore N N E 60 miles dist the watches employed in Ships duty

Lat Obs 36.11 North

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6	1	S S E	East
4	6	1		
6	6	1		
8	7	1		
10	7			
12	7	1	S S E	East
2	7			
4	7			
6	6		S S E	N E
8	6			
10	5	1		
12	5	1		

Friday August 7th 1835

First and Mid parts fresh winds and cloudy with squalls of wind and rain at 10 P M took in Main Top Gallant Sail at day light set it again. Last part mod. and pleasant the watch employed in Ships Duty several sail in sight

Lat Obs 34.15 S

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Saturday August 8th 1885
2	5		SSE	NE	Light winds and cloudy weather all necessary —
4	4	1			Sail set, Mid part light airs with light showers of
6	4	1			rain at day light set Fore Top mast Studding
8	4				Sail Lat part pleasant the watches employed
10	4				in ships duty —
12	3	1	SSE	South	
2	3	1		NNW	Lat Obs 32.57 North
4	3	1			
6	2				
8	2				
10	3				
12	3		SSE		

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Sunday August 9th 1885
2	3		SSE	NNW	First part light airs and pleasant weather, Mid —
4	3		South		part light showers of rain at 8 a m set main
6	2	1		WNW	Top gallant Studding Sail Lat part pleasant
8	2	1			
10	2	1			Lat Obs 31.37 North
12	2	1			
2	2	1			
4	3				
6	3				
8	3				
10	3	1			
12	3	1	South	West	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Monday August 10th 1885
2	3		South	NW	Light airs and pleasant weather Mid part the —
4	3				same at day light set main Top Gallant
6	2	1			Studding Sail Lat part fresh breezes the watches
8	2	1			employed in ships duty —
10	2				
12	2		South	North	Lat Obs 30.20 N
2	2				
4	2	1		NE	
6	3				
8	4				
10	5	1			
12	6		South	NE	

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6		South	N E
4	6	1		
6	6	1		
8	5		S E	
10	4			
12	4			
2	4			
4	4			
6	7		South	N E
8	7			
10	7	1		
12	7	1		

Thursday August 11th 1825

Fresh trades at 4 P M took in Top mast and Top gallant Studding Sails at 5 took in Top gallant sails at 7 — Spoke the Bark Clarissa of New Bedford cutting a whale. Scrubbed up the Courses and run under easy — sail through the night at daylight set the — Courses. Mid and Lat part cloudy the watches employed in Ships Duty —

Lat Obs 28.41 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	7	1	South	N E
4	7	1		
6	7			
8	6			
10	5			
12	5			
2	5			
4	4		South	E S E
6	6			
8	6			
10	6	1		
12	6	1		N E

Wednesday August 12th 1825

Fresh trades the watches employed in Ships Duty at — 6 P M took in Mizz Top sail and double reefed the Fore and Main and hauled up the Courses for the night Mid part cloudy at daylight made all sail. Lat part light winds and pleasant —

Lat Obs 26.29 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6	1	South	N E
4	6	1		
6	6		Sky E	
8	6			
10	6	1		
12	7			N E
2	7			
4	7			
6	6			
8	8			
10	6			
12	6		Sky E	N E

Thursday August 13th 1825

Fresh trades these 24 hours and cloudy weather at 6 — P M spoke Barque Vermont Topham of Poukipsie — with 150 bbls of Sperm oil the watches employed in — Ships Duty, Vermont still in company —

Lat Obs 24.24 S

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6	1	S by E	N E
4	6	1		
6	6		S W by S	
8	6			
10	6			East
12	5			
2	5			S E
4	3		S W	S by E
6	3	1		
8	4		South	N E
10	4			
12	4			

Friday August 14th 1835

Fresh trades and cloudy Barque Vermont in company at 6 P M took in Top gallant sails and hauled up the Courses for the night Mid part squally at Midnight close down the Top sails at 2 A M set them again at Daylight made all sail Lat part moderate —

Lat Obs 22.38 N

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	4		South	N E
4	4			
6	3	1	S W by W	
8	3	1		
10	3	1		
12	3	1		N E
2	3			
4	3			
6	3	1	S S W	
8	4		S W by S	
10	6			
12	6			E S E

Saturday August 15th 1835

Fresh trades and cloudy weather carrying all sail Mid part moderate. Lat part fresh winds one Ships in sight the watches employed in ships Duty

Lat by D R. 21.00 N

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	4		S W by S	E N E
4	2			Variable
6	1		W S W	
8	1	1		
10	3	1		
12	3	1		
2	2			
4	2		S W	N E
6	2			
8	4			
10	4			
12	4			

Sunday August 16th 1835

First part light winds and variable at 2 P M took in Studding Sails, Mid part squally at 9 took in Top gallant Sail and Double reefed the Top Sails at Daylight made all sail Lat part light winds and pleasant —

Lat Obs 19.36 N

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford Towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Monday August 17th 1835
2	4		S W	N E	Light trades and pleasant the watches employed in
4	4				Ships duty. Mid and Lat part the same carrying
6	4	1			all sail.
8	5				
10	5				Lat Obs 17.29 S
12	4	1	S W	N E	
2	4	1			
4	5				
6	5				
8	5	1			
10	5	1			
12	5	1	S W	N E	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Tuesday August 18th 1835
2	5		S W	N E	Light trades and pleasant at 5 P M. took in —
4	5				Studding sails and Top gallant sails at 12 —
6	4		W by S		midnight hove too with the Main Top sail to —
8	3	1			the mast at daylight kept off and made all —
10	3	1			sail at 9 A M made Salt Island bearing W by S
12	8	1	N W		35 miles dist —
2					Lat Obs 16.39 S
4					
6	4	1	W by S	N E	
8	4	1			
10	4	1			
12	5				

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Wednesday August 19th 1835
2	4	1	S W	N E	Light trade and pleasant running for the Island of —
4	4	1			Bonaire. Mid and Lat parts the same at daylight
6	4		W S W		bent and set the lower studding sail at 6 A M —
8	3				made the Island of St Jago bearing S W 80 miles
10	3				dist. the watches employed in Ships duty —
12	3				
2	3				Lat Obs 15.25 S
4	3	1			
6	3	1	S W	N E	
8	3	1			
10	4				
12	4				

Ship Muscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	H K	Courses	Winds
2	4	1	S S W	N E
4	4	1	S W	
6	4			
8		1		
10		1		
12		1		
2		1		
4	3			
6	3		South	
8	3			
10	3			
12	3			N E

Sunday August 20 1835

Fresh trades at 2 P M made the Island of Fogo bearing S W at sunset took in studding sails and Top Gallant sails at 8 hove to with the main Top Sail aback. Mid part lying off and on at 10 light winds sail and run in for the land at 8 the Captain went on shore at Fogo Lat part lying off and on the Island

H	K	H K	Courses	Winds
2				
4				
6	3	1	South	Variable
8	3	1		
10	4	1		
12	4			E S E
2	4			N E
4	4	1		
6	5			
8	5	1		
10	5	1		
12	5	1		

Friday August 21 1835

Fresh winds lying off and on the Island of Fogo at 4 P M spoke Ship Commodore Decator of New Bedford at 6 Bore up for sea Mid part light winds and pleasant Lat part cloudy the watches employed in Ships Duty; bought 11 hogs at Fogo —

Lat Obs 14 24 S

H	K	H K	Courses	Winds
2	6		S by W	N E
4	6			
6	6			
8	5			
10	4	1		
12	3		S W	S S E
2	3			
4	2	1		
6	2	1		
8	3			
10	4	1	S by E	S W by W
12	4	1		

Saturday August 22 1835

Light winds and cloudy Commodore Decator in company Mid part light winds and cloudy, Lat part fresh winds at 11 A M spoke an English ship from Isle of France bound to London the watches employed in Ships Duty —

Lat Obs 22 10 S

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	4		Sby E	SSby E
4	4			
6	3			
8	3	1		
10	3	1		
12	3			
2	2	1		
4	2	1	SSby W	South
6	3			
8	4		SSby W½W	
10	4			
12	4	1		East

Sunday August 23 1885

Light winds and cloudy weather Commodore Decatur still in company Mid and Lat part clear at daylight set studding sails —

Lat Obs 11.08 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	4		SSby W½W	N E
4	4			
6	3	1		NNby E
8	3	1		
10	4			
12	4	1		
2	5			
4	5			
6	5	1		
8	6			
10	6			
12	5		SSby W½W	

Monday August 24th 1885

Light winds and pleasant carrying all sail. Mid — part the same Lat part cloudy at daylight set lower studding sail the watches employed in rattling down the lower rigging

Lat Obs 9.57 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	5		SSby W½W	NNE E
4	5			
6	5		West	SSW
8	2			
10	1	1	SE by S	
12	3		SSby W	West
2	6			
4	5			
6	4			
8	4			
10	3	1		
12	4			

Tuesday August 25th 1885

First part light winds and cloudy at 5 P M took in studding sails and main royal at 10 wore ship Mid part squally with heavy rain at 2 A M took in top gallant sails and split the main one — at 3 double reefd fore & mizz top sails at daylight reefd the main top sail at 7 unbent main top — gallant sail Lat part fresh gales at 10 took in jib & main sail and ~~[illegible]~~ Chase reefd fore & mizz top sails two ships in sight —

Lat by D R 8.30 S

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	4		South	W S W
4	4			
6	5			
8	5		S S E	S W
10	5			
12	4	1		
2	4	1		
4	4	1	E S E	South
6	4	1		
8	5			
10	5			
12	5			

Wednesday August 26th 1835

Fresh gales and rainy weather at 2 P M set fil and Main Sail. Bid 8 Lat part more — moderate at Daylight bent a new Main Top gallant — Sail at 7 A M turnd one reef out the Main Top Sail & — set Main Top Gallant Sail the watches employed in fitting a Fore truck —

Lat Obs 8.18 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	5		E S E	South
4	5			
6	5			
8	4	1		
10	4			
12	4			
2	3	1		
4	3	1		
6	4			
8	4			
10	3	1	E S E	South
12	3	1		

Thursday August 27th 1835

These 24 hours moderate and cloudy weather with light squals of rain at Daylight made all sail all hands — employed in bitting the Fore Yard and rattling down — rigging —

Lat ~~Obs~~ D R 7.55 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	3		E S E	South
4	2			
6	2	1		
8	2	1		
10	3		South	W S W
12	3			
2	3	1		
4	4	1		
6	4		S S W	West
8	4			
10	6		S S W	East
12	5			

Friday August 28th 1835

First and Mid parts light with flying clouds employed in Ships Duty, Lat part squally with rain at 7 A M set Fore Top mast & Main Top gallant Studding Sails at 10 took in Studding Sails & Top gallant Sails —

Lat by D R 7.00 S

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Saturday August 29th 1835
2	4		South	W by N	Light airs and cloudy employed in Ships duty
4	2	1			at 2 P.M. set Topgallant sails & Fly sails mid
6	1		S & E	S S W	part clear. Lat part rainy 1 Ships in sight
8	1				
10	2				Lat by D.R. 6.40 S
12	2		South	W by W	
2	2	1			
4	4				
6	5				
8	5		S S W	West	
10	5	1			
12	5	1	South	W S W	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Sunday August 30th 1835
2	5		South	W S W	Fresh winds and cloudy with rain at 3 P.M. took in
4	5				Fly sails mid part moderate at Daylight set Fly sails
6	4	1	S S E	S W	at 10 A.M. took it in one Ships in sight
8	4	1			
10	4	1			Lat by D.R. 5.40
12	4	1	South		
2	5				
4	5				
6	5	1	S S E	S W	
8	6				
10	6				
12	6				

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Monday August 31st 1835
2	5	1	S S E	S W	Fresh winds these 24 hours and cloudy at 5 P.M.
4	5				spoke Ships Commodore Decator, at 2 A.M. tacked
6	5				ships at Daylight tacked again at 10 tacked
8	4	1	S E	S S W	back to the westward the watches employed in
10	4	1			Ships duty
12	4	1			
2	5		West	S S W	Lat D.R. 5.55 S
4	5				
6	5		S E		
8	4				
10	4		W by S	S W by S	
12	4				

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	H K	Courses	Winds
2	5		W by S	S by E
4	5			
6	4	1		
8	4	1		
11	4	1		
12	5		West	South
2	5			
4	5			
6	5	1		
8	6			
10	6			
12	5	1	West	South

Tuesday September 1. 1835

These 24 hours fresh winds and cloudy Commodore Decator in company at 2 A M set Fly sail the watches employed in Ships Duty

Lat Obs 4.58 S

H	K	H K	Courses	Winds
2	5		West	South
4	5			
6	4	1	W & W	S S E
8	4			
10	4			
12	3	1		
2	3	1	W by S	S by E
4	3	1		
6	3			
8	3	1	S E	S S W
10	4			
12	4			

Wednesday September 2. 1835

Fresh breezes and clear weather at 7 P M took in Fly sail Wind past equally at 10 took in Miz Top-Gallant sail. Lat past light winds and pleasant at Daylight set Miz Top gallant sail the watches employed in ships duty one Ship in sight —

Lat Obs 4.27 S

H	K	H K	Courses	Winds
2	4	4	S E	S S W
4	4	4	West	
6	4	4		
8	3	3	1	
10	3	3	1	S S E
12	3	3	1	
2	3	3	1	
4	4	4		
6	4	4		
8	4	4		
11	4	4	1	
12		4	1	S S E

Thursday September 3. 1835

Light winds these 24 hours and pleasant working to the windward on different tacks at 5 P M set Fly sail at 7 A M ombent the Fore sail to repair at 11 bent it again the Watches employed in Ships Duty

Lat Obs 4.01 S

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Friday September 4th 1835
2	5		SSE	South	Fresh winds these 24 hours at 4 PM tacked Ship
4	5	1	West	SW	Mid & Lat parts cloudy at 2 AM took in
6	5	1			Mizz Top Gallant Sail at 8 took in Fore Top
8	5	1			Gallant Sail the wat thes employed in Ships
10	6				Duty
12	6				
2	6				Lat Obs 8.28 S
4	6				
6	6		WbyS	SbyW	
8	6	1			
10	6	1			
12	6	1			

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Saturday September 5th 1835
2	5	1	WbyS	SbyW	Fresh winds and clear weather employed in Ships
4	5	1			Duty. Mid part squally. Lat part moderate at 7
6	5	1			AM set Fore and Mizz Top Gallant Sails one
8	6				Ship in sight
10	6				
12	6				Lat Obs 2.45 S
2	5				
4	5				
6	4	1			
8	4	1	WSW	South	
10	4				
12	4				

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Sunday September 6th 1835
2	4	1	WSW	South	Fresh trades and pleasant at 7 PM set Mizz fit Mid
4	4	1			part the same. Lat part squally at 5 AM took in
6	5				Fore and Mizz Top Gallant Sails and Mizz fit at 8 set
8	5		SW	SSE	Top gallant Sails —
10	5				
12	4	1			Lat Obs 1.18 S
2	4	1			
4	5	1			
6	5				
8	6		SSW	SE	
10	6				
12	6				

Ship Thusaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Monday September 7th 1835
2	6		SSW	S E	Fresh trades and pleasant weather at 8 P M set
4	6				Fly jib and part light wind Lat part wind
6	5	1	S Wly	S E by S	fresh the watches employed in ships duty
8	5				
10	4	1			Lat Obs 29 miles South
12	4	1			
2	4	1			
4	5		SSW	S E	
6	5	1			
8	6				
10	6				
12	6	1			

H	H	H K	Courses	Winds	Tuesday September 8th 1835
2	6		SSW	S E	All these 24 hours light trades and pleasant
4	6				weather carrying all sail the watches employed
6	5	1			in Ships Duty
8	5				
10	4	1			Lat Obs 2 22 S
12	4	1			
2	4	1			
4	4	1			
6	5				
8	5				
10	5				
12	5		SSW	S E	

H	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Wednesday September 9th 1835
2	4	1	SSW	S E	First part light trades and pleasant watches
4	4				employed in Ships duty. Mid and Lat parts
6	4				fresh winds and cloudy at 1 A M took in Fly
8	4				jib at 11 took in Fore & Main Topsa gallant Sails
10	4	1	SW	S E	
12	5	1			Lat Obs 4 19 S
2	6				
4	6		SSW	S E	
6	6				
8	6	1			
10	6	1			
12	6	1			

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Thursday September 11th 1835
2	6		SSW	S E	Fresh trades employed in ships duty Wind &
4	6				Lat part strong winds and squally at —
6	5	1			4 A M took in Fore & Mizz Top Gallant sails
8	5	1			at 6 set Top gallant sails at 7 took in Top-
10	5	1			gallant sails
12	6		SSW	S E	
2	7				Lat Obs 6.33 S
4	7				
6	7				
8	6	1			
10	7				
12	7		SSW	S E	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Friday September 11th 1835
2	7		SSW	S E	Fresh trades employed in ships duty at 11 PM
4	6	1			took in Main Top gallant sail Wind part-
6	6	1			Fresh winds & squally Lat part moderate at
8	6				7 A M set Top gallant sails —
10	6				
12	6		SSW	S E	Lat Obs 8.56 S
2	6				
4	5	1			
6	5	1			
8	5	1			
10	6				
12	6		SSW	S E	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Saturday September 12th 1835
2	6		SSW	S E	First part fresh trades at 4 P M took in Top Gallant
4	6	1			sails Wind and Lat part strong winds and squally
6	7				at 11 P M took one reef in Fore & Mizz Top sails at
8	7				Daylight turned the reef out the Fore Top sail at
10	7				8 A M single reefd Fore & Main Top sails at 7 set
12	7		SSW	S E	Main Top Gallant sail Lat part more moderate —
2	6	1			
4	6	1			Lat Obs 11.19 S
6	6	1			
8	7				
10	7	1			
12	7	1	SSW	S E	

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6	1	S S W	S E
4	7			
6	7			
8	7	1		
10	7	1		
12	7		S S W	S E
2	6	1		
4	6	1		
6	6	1		
8	6			
10	5	1		
12	5	1	S S W	S E

Sunday September 13th 1835

Fresh trades and cloudy weather. Mid part the same at 12 Midnight took in Main Top Gallant Sail Lat part Moderate at 7 A M set Main Top Gallant Sail at 9 set Fore Top Gallant Sail

Lat Obs 13° 54 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	5	1	Sky W	S E by E
4	6			
6	6			
8	7			
10	7	1		
12	7	1	Sky W	S E by E
2	7			
4	6	1		
6	7			
8	7	1		
10	7	1		
12	7	1	Sky W	E S E

Monday September 14th 1835

Fresh trades and cloudy at 7 P M took in Fore Top Gallant Sail Mid part squally at 1 A M took in Main Top Gallant Sail Lat part fresh Gales at 8 A M took double reefs in the Top Sails the Watches employed in Ships Duty

Lat Obs 14° 12 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	7	1	S ½ W	E S E
4	7			
6	7			
8	7			
10	6	1		
12	6	1	S ½ W	E S E
2	6	1		
4	6	1		
6	7			
8	7			
10	6	1		
12	6	1	S ½ W	E S E

Tuesday September 15th 1835

Strong trades and squally carrying Double reefed Top Sails and courses Mid and Lat part fresh Gales the watches employed in Ships Duty —

Lat Obs 18° 21 S

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	LW	Monday September 28th 1835
2	7		SWbyW	Mothe		Fresh winds and cloudy at 1 P.M. took in Top
4	8					Gallant Sails at 4 took in Jib and Main
6	8	1				Sail and double reefd the Top Sails at 6 took
8	8	1	SWbyS			in Mizzen Top Sail Mid and first parts
10	9					heavy gales with rain and a heavy sea at
12	9					1 A.M. took in Fore Top Sail at Daylight
2	9					~~[illegible]~~ took in Main Top Sail and Fore Sail
4	9					and hove to under Fore Top mast Stay Sail
6	2	1	West	SSW	4	and Main Spencer at 10 A.M. set close
8	2	1			4	reefd Main Top Sail
10	2	1			4	
12	2	1			4	Lat by D R 40.00 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds		Tuesday September 29th 1835
2	1	1	West	SSW	LW	First part strong gales at 4 P.M. set Fore Sail
4	1	1			4	Mid part moderate at 9 set Double reefd Fore
6	1				4	and Mizz Top Sails and Jib at 1 A.M. let 1
8	1				4	reef out the Main Top Sails and set Main
10	3		WSW	South	2	Sail at Daylight let all the reefs out and
12	3				2	set Fore and Main Top Gallant Sails. Last
2	4				2	part fresh winds at 9 A.M. took in Top Gallant
4	4					Sails at 10 Double reefd the Top Sails. Bent
6	6		WSW	SW		the Close Mizzen and rigged in the Fly Jib
8	6	1	SSE			Boom the watches employed in ships Duty at
10	6	1				8 tacked Ship and took in the Main Sail
12	6	1				Lat Obs 39.45 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds		Wednesday September 30th 1835
2	6		SSE	SW		Strong winds and cloudy at 3 P.M. close reefd Fore
4	6					and Main Top Sails and took in Main Sail Jib and
6	6					Mizz Top Sail Mid part strong gales and clear
8	5		SE	SSW		weather, Last part more moderate at Daylight set
10	5					bent Fore Spencer at 7 A.M. wore ship and
12	4					let one reef out the Top Sails and set Main
2	4		SSEbyE	SWbyW		Sail and Mizz Top Sail. The watches employed
4	4	1				in ships Duty
6	4	1				
8	5	1	West	SSW		Lat Obs 40.27 S
10	5	1				
12	5	1				

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

Thursday October 1st 1835

H	K	H	Courses	Winds	
2	5		West	SSW	Fresh winds and clear weather at 9 AM hauled the reefs on the Fore and Main Top sails Wind near light airs at 10 AM set Main Top Gallant Sail Lat part Fresh winds at 9 set Fore Top Gallant Sail and sent down the Miz Top Gallant Yard the watches employed in ships duty
4	4				
6	4				
8	3	1			
10	3	1			
12	4				
2	4	1			
4	4	1			
6	5				Lat Obs 41.10 S
8	5				
10	5	1			
12	5	1			

Friday October 2nd 1835

H	K	H	Courses	Winds	
2	5		SSW	West	Fresh winds and pleasant at 8 AM took in the Fore Top Gallant Sail Wind and Lat parts the same at 7 AM Spoke the Ship Aurora of Gothenburgh from Lima the watches employed in Ships Duty the Sick men returned to duty
4	5				
6	4	1			
8	4	1	SW	WSW	
10	4	1			
12	4	1	SWby W	NWby W	
2	5				
4	5	1			Lat Obs 42.23 S
6	5	1			
8	6				
10	6				
12	6		SWby W		

Saturday October 3rd 1835

H	K	H	Courses	Winds	
2	5		SWby S	WNW	Fresh breezes and cloudy employed in Ships Duty Wind part calm Lat part light winds and pleasant at 7 AM saw Sperm Whales lowered and struck and lost a line at half past 10 lost our boats up at 11 lowered without success
4	4				
6	2		SSW	West	
8	1				
10		1			
12				Calm	
2					Lat Obs 42.42
4	1		SWby W	ESE	
6	3				
8	3	1			
10					
12				E.S.E	

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Sunday October 4th 1835
2	4		S W by W	E S E	Light winds and pleasant at 3 P M saw a Right
4					Whale lowered and struck and parted at 4½ took
6	5		S W by W	E S E	the Boat up at 5 set Fore Top Mast Studding —
8	5				Sail Mid part light airs and foggy Lat hazy —
10	5				pleasant several Sperm Whales in sight —
12	4	1	S W by W	S E by E	
2	4				Lat Obs 48 16 S
4	4				
6	3	1		S S E	
8	3	1			
10	4				
12	5		S W by W		

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Monday October 5th 1835
2	5		S W by W	N E by E	Light winds and pleasant weather at 9 P M took
4	5				in Fore Mast Studding Sail Mid part light airs
6	4	1			Lat hazy the same at Daylight set Fore Top —
8	4				Mast and Main Top Gallant Studding Sails
10	3	1	S S W	West	the watches employed in trimming ship —
12	3				
2	2	1	S W by W	S E by E	Lat Obs 43 52 S
4	2	1			
6	2	1			
8	2		S W by W	S E by E	
10	2				
12	2				

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Tuesday October 6th 1835
2	2		S W by W	N W	Light winds and pleasant at 5 P M took in the
4	2				Main Boat Mid part light winds and raining at
6	1	1			5 A M we took in Main Top Gallant Studding Sail
8	1	1			Lat hazy fresh winds and rainy at 11 had to spread
10	3	1			Foot in Fore Top Gallant Sail, Fore Top Mast Studding
12	3	1	S W by W	N W	Sail, Jib, Main sail and Mizzen Top sail are those
2	4				used the Fore and Main Topsails
4	4				
6	3	1			Lat D R 44 40 S
8	4		S W	S E	
10	6				
12	6				

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	M	H	Courses	Winds	Wednesday October 7th 1835
2	2		[illegible]	[illegible]	Strong gales and stormy weather lying to under
4	2				close reefed Main Topsail and Foresail. Mid —
6	2				and first parts moderate and pleasant at 11 P.M.
8	1	1			set close reefs Fore Topsail at 1 A.M set the Top
10	1	1			sail & Mid sail & let one reef out the Main Top-
12	3		[illegible]	[illegible]	sail at daylight let the reefs out set Main-
2		1		[illegible]	Sail and Topgallant Sails. Forward our new
4	2		[illegible]	[illegible]	main after repeated trials useless
6	4				
8	4				Lat 38.44 41 South
10	5		[illegible]	[illegible]	
12	4				

H	M	H	Courses	Winds	Thursday October 8th 1835
2	4	1	[illegible]	S S E	Light winds and pleasant the watches employed in
4	4	1			Ships Duty at 5 P.M saw whales lowered —
6	4				without success at 6 took in Top-gallant —
8	3	1	West	South	Sails and Main sail Mid and first part —
10	3	1			Light winds and variable at half past 8 A.M
12	4				tacked Ship at daylight set Main Top-gallant
2	5		N.E.	N.E.	Sail and Main Sail at 10 A.M tacked ship —
4	5		N.E.		to the westward
6	6				
8	5	1			Lat 38.44 32 S.
10	4	1	S.W.	S.E.	
12	4				

H	M	H	Courses	Winds	Friday October 9th 1835
2	4		S.W.	S.E.	Light winds and cloudy the watches employed
4	3	1			in Ships Duty Mid part the same Last part
6	2				fresh winds and cloudy weather at daylight
8	1	1			set Fore Top gallant Sail at 11 A.M took
10	1	1	N.W.	East	in Fore Top gallant Sail
12	1	1			
2	3				Lat by D.R. 45 00 S
4	4	1			
6	5		S.W. by S	N.E. by N	
8	6				
10	6				
12	6				

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	R	FR	Courses	Winds	Saturday October 10th 1885
2	6		S by E	S S E	Strong winds and cloudy at 2 P.M. took in
4	6				Main Topgallant Sail at 4 double reefed
6	6				the Topsails at 6 took in Foreand Mizz Top
8	5				Sails, Main Sail and with Bonnet & Jaw
10	3	1			gaffs. Lat part moderate and clear weather
12	8	1	S by E	S by E	at 8 P.M. set double reefed Fore Top Sail at
2	3	1			Day light shaped all sails at 10 A.M. tacked
4	4				Ship the watches employed in ships duty
6	4	1	S by E	S by E	
8	5		S by E	S S E	Lat Obs 46.08 S
10	5				
12	5				

H	R	FR	Courses	Winds	Sunday October 12th 1885
2	5		S by E	S S E	First and third hours light winds and pleasant
4	4				at 3 P.M. set Fore Top Gallant Sail at mid
6	3	1			night set Fore Top Mast Studding Sail. Lat
8	3		S by E	E S E	part fresh winds at 11 A.M. took in Studding
10	3				Sail
12	2	1			
2	3	1			Lat Obs 47.16 S
4	3	1	S by E	S by E	
6	5				
8	7				
10	7	1			
12	7	1	S by E	S by E	

H	R	FR	Courses	Winds	Monday October 12th 1885
2	7		S by E	S by E	Fresh winds with thick fog. Mid part the same
4	6				at 4 P.M. took in Fore Top Gallant Sail. Lat
6	5	1			part light winds and pleasant at 5 P.M. set
8	5	1			Fore Top Gallant Sail the watches employed
10	6				in ships Duty
12	6		S by E	S by E	
2	6				Lat Obs 48.18 South
4	5	1			
6	5	1			
8	6				
10	6				
12	5	1	S by E	S by E	

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	R	H K	Courses	Winds
2	6		South	W. by N
4	5		S by E	S W
6	5			
8	2	1	S E	S S W
10		1		Calm
12		1		
2		1		
4	2	1	S S W	West
6	5			
8	4			
10	6		S S E	S W
12	6	1		

Tuesday October 13th 1835

Fresh winds and pleasant Mid part calm and clear weather Last part fresh winds and cloudy with rain at 11 A M took in Fore Top Gallant Sail the watches employed in Ships Duty

Lat by D R 4 S 45 S

H	R	H K	Courses	Winds
2	6		S S E	S W
4	7			
6	7			
8	6			
10	5	1		
12	5		W S W	S W
2	4			
4	4	1	S S W	West
6	5		S W	W S W
8	6	1		
10	6	1		
12	6	1	S W	S by W

Wednesday October 14th 1835

Fresh winds and clear weather at 1 P M took in Main Top Gallant Sail at 8 Double reefs the Top Sails at 4 took in fit Mid part more moderate at Daylight let the reefs out the Top Sails and set fit and Main Top Gallant Sail Last part strong winds at 4 A M took in Main Top Gallant Sail at 11 took Double reefs in the Top Sails, so ends this Day

Lat Obs 49 S 47 S

H	R	H K	Courses	Winds
2	5		S W	S W
4	5			
6	4			
8	5			
10	4	1		
12	4	1	S W	W S W
2	4	1		
4	6		South	West
6	6	1		
8	6	1		
10	6	1		
12	6	1	South	W by S

Thursday October 15th 1835

Fresh winds and clear weather at 1 P M took in fit Mid part cloudy at 9 hauled up the Main Sail at 3 A M set Main Sail Last part pleasant at Daylight let one reef out the Top Sails and set fit and Main Top Gallant Sail at 8 A M set Fore Top Gallant Sail

Lat Obs 51 S 15 S

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of China

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Friday October 16th 1835
2	6		South	S W	Fresh winds and clear at 4 P.M. took in Top
4	6				Gallant Sails and Main Sail and double reefed
6	6				the Top Sails at 9 took the fit and Miz Top Sail
8	5	1	S by W	S W	Mid part the same at 8 A.M. set the Main
10	5	1			Sail and Miz Top Sail and let one reef out the
12	5	1			Main. Main Sail. fast heard fresh gales at 10
2	6				Double reefed the Main Top Sail and took in
4	5	1	South	S W	the fit
6	7				Lat Obs 53 28 S
8	7	1			
10	7				
12	7			S S W	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Saturday October 17th 1835
2	6		South	S W	Fresh wind and clear at 1 P.M. sent down the
4	7				Fore Top gallant yard at 4 took in Starboard
6	7				Boat and furled the Main Sail at 5 made the
8	1	1	S E	S W	Land bearing S S W 30 miles Dist at 7 hove
10	1	1			in fit and hauled up the Fore Sail and brought
12	3				too with the Main yard aback this part strong
2	3		S E by E	West	winds at 11 P.M. braced forward at 8 A.M. hauled
4	1	1	East	West	aback at Day light took in Miz Top Sail and
6	6				kept off running down Statten Island at 7 let
8	6				one reef out the Main Top Sail and set Miz
10	6	1	E by S		Top Sail and Main Top gallant Sail and Main
12	6	1			Sail at 10 let one reef out the Fore & Miz Top
					Sails Lat Obs 54 30 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Sunday October 18th 1835
2	6		E by S	S W	Strong winds and cloudy with squalls of snow
4	4				and hail at 4 P.M. the East end of Statten Island
6				Calm	bear Fore S by E 15 miles Dist this part
8					light airs and pleasant Lat. last fresh
10	2		S E	S S E	breezes and clear weather
12	3			S S E	
2	2	1			Lat Obs 55 22 South
4	1	1	S by E	West	
6	4				
8	6				
10	5	1			
12	5	1			

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Africa

Monday October 19th 1835

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	
2	6		S by E	S E	Strong winds and cloudy at 5 P M took in Main
4	7				Top Gallant Sails = Main Sail = Mizz Top sail
6	7				and lie and close reefd Fore & Main Top Sails
8	7				Wind and Lat parts strong gales and squally
10	7				at 7 A M set Mizz Top Sail and Main Sail
2	6	1	S by E	S S W	at 10 took in Mizz Top Sail and reefd Main Sail
2	6				
4	8	1	S by E	S E	Lat Obs 57 10 S
6	8	1			
8	5		S E	E S E	
10	4	1			
12	4		S E	E	

Tuesday October 20th 1835

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	
2	4		S S W	West	Fresh gales with a heavy sea at 1 P M
4	4				took in Main Sail at 8 bent new Main
6	4				Spencer at 5 set Main Sail at 8 took
8	3	1			in the Main Sail Mid part heavy
10	3	1			gales at 8 A M took in Fore Top Sail
12	4	1	S S W	West	at 6 set Fore Top Sail Lat part fresh
2	4	1			gales and squally at 8 set Main Sail
4	4				at 10 took in Main Sail saw a Ship —
6	2				to leward steering to the S S W
8	3	1			
10	4				Lat Obs 58 10 S
12	4		S S E	S W	

Wednesday October 21st 1835

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	
2	4		W S W	S W	Fresh gales and squally at 1 P M wore ship
4	3				and set Main Sail at 2 took in Main Sail
6	3				at 6 took in Fore Top Sail Mid part strong
8	3	1			gales with squalls of snow at Midnight —
10	3	1	West	S S W	set Fore Top Sail at 2 A M set Main Sail
12	4				Lat part more moderate at Day light let
2	4				the reef out the Main Sail and Main
4	4	1	W by N	S W	Top Sail and set Mizz Top Sail and fit
6	4	1			at 10 let one reef out Fore & Main Top
8	5				Sails the watches employed in shifting Bunks
10	5		W S W	S W	
12	5				Lat Obs 57 14 S

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Thursday October 22 1885
2	4		S by E	S W	Light winds and cloudy at Mer. wore
4	4	1			ship at 1 P M spoke Ship Canton Capt
6	6		S W by W	S S E	Bradford of Bristol Co 8½ months out
8	6				with 1400 bbls of oil bound home at 6 wore
10	5				ship and let the reefs out Fore & Main's
12	4	1	S W	S S E	Top Sails and set Main Top Gallant
2	4	1			Sail this part strong winds and squally
4	4	1			took in Main Top Gallant Sail and double
6	5				reefs Fore & Mizz Top Sails Last part the same
8	5				at daylight double reefs Main Top Sail & took
10	5				in G's at 9 with made the Diego Ramirez bearing
12	4	1	S W by W	S by E	S W 80 miles dist

Lat Obs 56 - 58 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Friday October 23 1885
2	3		W by S	S by W	Squally with snow at 4 P M wore ship the
4	3	1	S S E	S W	Diego's bearing S by W 15 miles dist at 6 reef
6	3	1			the Main Sail this part strong winds at 10
8	4		South	W S W	~~close~~ reefs Fore Top Sail. Last part heavy
10	5		S S W	West	gales at daylight took in Fore & Mizz Top
12	5	1			Sails and Main Sail and close reef Main
2	5	1			Top Sail
4	5				
6	4		S W by S	W S W	Lat Obs 57 - 39 S
8	3	1			
10	3	1			
12	3	1	S by W	W by S	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Saturday October 24th 1885
2	3		South	W S W	Strong winds and squally with a heavy sea at 2 P M
4	3	1			set Main reefs Fore Top Sail at 3 set Main Sail one
6	3	1			ship in sight at 7 set Mizz Top Sail this part
8	4				cloudy with rain. Last part strong winds at
10	4		W S W	W S W	5 let one reef out the Main Top Sail at 6 wore
12	4	1			ship at 9 set G's and let the reef out the
2	4	1	South	W S W	Main Sail
4	5	1			
6	6		W S W	S S E	Lat Obs 58 - 04 S
8	6				
10	6				
12	5	1	West	S S W	

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili.

Sunday October 25th 1835

H	K	H	Courses	Winds	
2	5		W.S.W	S.W	Strong winds and thick weather at 6 P.M.
4	5		South	W.S.W	more ship. Wind part fresh gales with rain
6	4	1			at 1 A.M. took in Jib at 2 took in Fore &
8	4	1			Miz Top sails and Main sail at 4 close
10	5	1	S.S.E	S.W	reefd Main Top sail and ship'd Fore sail
12	6				took it in at 10 and out Fore sail and-
2	6		S.E	S.S.W	bent a new one at 11 set Fore sail and
4	4				close reefd Fore Top sail. Sail part more
6	2	1			moderate
8	3	1			
10	5		South	W.S.W	Lat Obs 58 44 S
12	5	1			

Monday October 26th 1835

H	K	H	Courses	Winds	
2	3		South	W.S.W	Strong winds and squally at 1 P.M. reefd the
4	3				Main sail & set it at 2 took in Main sail at 4
6	3		S.W	W.S.W	took in F.T.S. sails Wind part fresh gales with snow
8	2	1			at 3 A.M. set Fore Top sail & at part more
10	3	1			moderate at 4 set Main sail, Miz Top ~~sail~~ &
12	4		S.S.W	W.S.W	Jib at 7 more ship the watches employed
2	4	1			in Ships Duty
4	5				
6	5				Lat Obs 59 10 S
8	5	1	S.S.W	W.S.W	
10	5	1			
12	5				

Tuesday October 27th 1835

H	K	H	Courses	Winds	
2	5		S.S.W	W.S.W	Moderate wind from W and squally at
4	5		S.W		4 P.M. hauled Main Top sail part strong
6	4	1			winds with squalls of snow at Midnight
8	4	1			took in Jib & F.T.S. part the same at 8 set
10	4	1			Jib at 7 A.M. more ship the watch at work
12	5		S.S.W	W.S.W	on the F.Top mast rigging
2	6				
4	5	1			
6	5	1	S.S.W	S.W	Lat Obs 59 18 S
8	6				
10	6				
12	6		S.S.W		

Ship Susaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	FK	Courses	Winds	Wednesday October 28th 1835
2	6		NbW	South	Strong winds and squally weather
4	6				at 8 P.M. took in fl at 4 took in Miz —
6	5				Top Sail at 5 took in Main Sail at 6 took
8	3	1			in Fore Top Sail at 8 took in Fore Sail
10	2	1			Mid part heavy gales at 5 A.M. set
12	2	1	NbW	South	Fore sail at 10 A.M. set close reefd Fore-
2	2	1			Top Sail ends with strong gales and
4	2	1			thick weather
6	3				
8	3	1			Lat by D.R. 5.8.30 S
10	4				
12	4		NbW	South	

H	K	FK	Courses	Winds	Thursday October 29th 1835
2	4		WbyS	SbyW	Strong winds and cloudy weather at 2 P.M.
4	4	1			set fl & Miz Top Sail at 4 reefd the
6	5				Main Sail & set it at 7 wore Ship at 8
8	5		SSW	West	took in fl Mid part squally with snow
10	4	1			and hail at Midnight took in Main —
12	4	1			Sail, Last part the same at 6 wore
2	4				Ship
4	3	1			
6	3	1	SbyW	SbyW	Lat Obs 57.56 S
8	4	1			
10	5				
12	5				

H	K	FK	Courses	Winds	Friday October 30th 1835
2	5		NbW	SW	Fresh winds and cloudy weather at 7.30 A.M. set
4	5				Mains Sail Mid part light winds at 10 set fl
6	4				and Spanker at half part 10 wore ship
8	3	1			at 1 P.M. let one reef out the Top Sails &
10	3	1	South	WbyW	Main Sail Last part fresh winds at
12	3	1			7 let one reef out the Main Top Sail and
2	3	1			set Main Top Gallant Sail
4	2	1			
6	4				Lat Obs 57.28 S
8	6		SW	WbyW	
10	6				
12	6		WbyW	SW	

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	I	K	EK	Courses	Winds	Saturday October 31 1835
2	6			W.S.W.	S.W.	Fresh winds and cloudy at 2 P.M. close reefd the Mizz Top Sail Mod part moderate with hazy weather. Lat part pleasant at 6 A.M. made all sail at 10 A.M. tacked Ship the watches employed in Ships Duty
4	5	1				
6	5	1				
8	5					
10	5					
12	2	1		W.S.W.	S.W.	
2	4	1				
4	4	1				Lat Obs 57 41 S
6	4			S.W.	S.S.W.	
8	3	1				
10	3	1		W.S.W.	S.W.	
12	4					

H	I	K	EK	Courses	Winds	Sunday November 1 1835
2	4			W.S.W.	South	Light winds and pleasant Mod part light airs and cloudy Lat part fresh winds and foggy at 10 A.M. took in Main Top Gallant Sail and close reefd Mizz Top Sail
4	3	1		West	E.S.E.	
6	2	1				
8	2	1				
10	2	1		West	S.E.	
12	3					
2	3	1		West	N.W.by.N.	Lat Obs 57 10 S
4	4					
6	5			W.S.W.	S.W.	
8	6					
10	6					
12	6					

H	I	K	EK	Courses	Winds	Monday November 2 1835
2	6			W.S.W.	S.W.	Fresh winds and cloudy at 2 P.M. Double reefd Fore & Main Top Sails at 4 took in the Main Sail and set the Spencers at 11 wore ship and made sail at 7 A.M. tacked ~~at~~ Lat part strong winds and squally at 9 Double reefd the Top sails at half past 11 took in Jib and Spanker
4	6					
6	5	1				
8	4					
10	3	1				
12	3	1		S.W.	W.S.W.	
2	4					
4	4	1				
6	4	1				
8	6			S.W.	W.S.W.	Lat Obs 57 14 S
10	6					
12	6					

Ship Eusebia from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Tuesday – November 3 1835
2	6		S W	W S W	Strong winds and squally at 2 P M
4	6				Double reefs the Top sails at 4 —
6	5	1			took in main sail at 7 close reefs
8	4	1			the top sails and hard strong gales
10	4				at 5 8 M took in the Top sail hat —
12	3	1	S W	S W	hard cloudy
2	3	1			
4	3	1			Lat Obs 57 43 S
6	3	1			
8	3				
10	3				
12	3		S W by W	S W by W	

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Wednesday November 4 1835
2	3	1	S W by W	S W by W	Fresh gales and cloudy weather and hard
4	3	1			more moderate at 10 30 M set the Top —
6	4				Sail hat hard calm and cloudy
8	4				with rain
10	4		W by S	S W by S	
12	3	1			Lat by D R 58 10 S
2	2	1			
4	2	1			
6	3				
8	3		N E by W	S W	
10	2	1			
12	4	1		Calm	

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Thursday November 5 1835
2	2		N W	Variable	Light airs at 1 P M wore Ship and made
4		1		Calm	sail and hard light winds and pleasant
6		1			at 4 A M set main sail and
8	2		S W	S W	Fore Top mast studding sail and
10	3	1			hard the same the Natives employed
12	5		N W	South	in Ship Duty
2	5	1			
4	5				Lat Obs 55 49 S
6	6		N W	S E	
8	6	1			
11	6	1			
12	6	1			

Ship Tuscarora from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H.I	K	H.K	Courses	Winds	
2	5		S.E.½S	S.E.	Friday November 6th 1835
4	4	1			First part light winds and pleasant at
6	2				11 P.M. took in Top Mast Studding Sail
8		1		Calm	and last part calm last part fresh winds
10		1			and cloudy, the watches employed in
12	2		N.E.b.E	N.E.b.E	Ships Duty
2	2	1			
4	3	1			Lat Obs 5-5-29 South
6	4		N.by.E	N.by.E	
8	5				
10	5	1			
12	6				

H.I	K	H.K	Courses	Winds	
					Saturday November 7th 1835
2	6		N.b.E	W.b.S.W	Strong winds and cloudy at 2 P.M
4	5				took in Main Top Gallant Sail at 3
6	4	1			Double reefd the Top sails at 7 wore
8	4	1	W.b.N	S.b.W	ship and took in Jib and Mainsail
10	4				at 10 close reefd ~~Fore~~ Top Sail at Mid-
12	3	1			night close reefd Main Top Sail and
2	2	1			took in Miz Top Sail at 2 A.M took
4	2	1			in Fore Top Sail and Fore Sail
6	2				Lat part strong gales
8	2				
10	2				Lat by D.R 5-5-40 S
12	2		W.b.W	S.b.W	

H.I	K	H.K	Courses	Winds	
					Sunday November 8th 1835
2	2	1	W.b.W	S.b.W	Strong Gales and thick weather with
4	2	1			rain Mid part more moderate at 2
6	2	1			A.M set Fore sail at 3 set Fore Top-
8	2				Sail at Daylight set the reef out
10	1	1			the Fore sail and set Main Top Gal-
12	1	1	W.b.W	S.W	lant at 7 A.M set Fore Mast Studding-
2				Calm	Sail at 10 set Jib and Main sail, last
4	2	1			part fresh winds and cloudy
6	4		S.W	S.W	
8	6				Lat Obs 5-5-17 S
10	7				
12	7				

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	7		SW	[illegible]
4	6			
6	6			
8	5	1	SSW	[illegible]
10	5	1	[illegible]	SW
12	5	1		
2	5	1	SW	[illegible]
4	4	1		
6	5	1		
8	6			
10	6			
12	6		SW	SW

Monday November 9th 1835

Strong winds and cloudy at 1 P.M. hove in Top Mast Studding Sail & Main Top Gallant Sail. At 6 double reefed the Top sails Mid part squally at 10 wore Ship at 2 A.M. wore back again at Daylight made all sail. Lat part pleasant

Lat obs 54.07 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	7		SW	SW
4	7			
6	4	1		
8	4			
10	2	1		
12	2	1	SW	WSW
2	2	1		
4	2	1		
6	2	1		
8	2			
10	2			
12	2		SW	SW

Tuesday November 10th 1835

Strong winds and squally at 4 P.M. took in Main Top Gallant Sail & fill Main Sail and Mizen Top Sail and close reefed Fore and Main Top sails Mid part strong gales at 10 took in Fore Top Sail at Midnight took in Fore Sail Lat part heavy gales with a high sea

Lat obs 52.57 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	2		WSW	SW
4	2			
6	2		SWby W	SW
8	3	1		
10	3	1		
12	3	1	SWby W	SW
2	4			
4	4		SW	WSW
6	5	1	SWby W	WSW
8	6			
10	6			
12	6		SSW	West

Wednesday November 11th 1835

Strong gales and squally at 1 A.M. set Fore Sail Mid part more moderate at 2 A.M. set close reefed Fore and Mizen sails at 4 set fill and Main sail and let one reef out the Fore sail Lat part strong winds

Lat obs 51.48 S

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	F.K	Courses	Winds	Thursday November 12th 1885
2	6		S.S.W.	W.S.W.	Fresh gales and thick weather at 2 P.M. took in fit at 3 took in main sail and close reefed the Fore Top sail this hard strong winds and cloudy weather at 3 A.M. set fit at 5 set main sail and let one reef out Fore Top sail at 8 let one reef out the main Top sail Lat part the same
4	5				
6	4	1			
8	4				
10	4	1	S.W.	W.S.W.	
12	4	1			
2	5				
4	5				
6	5				
8	6		S.by.E.	S.by.E.	Lat Obs 5 M 16 S
10	6				
12	6				

H	K	F.K	Courses	Winds	Friday November 13th 1885
2	6		S.S.W.	West	These 24 hours fresh winds and squally at 6 P.M. tacked ship at 3 A.M. tacked back to the Northward carrying all hundent sail
4	6				
6	6		S.by.E.	W.by.S.	
8	5	1			
10	5	1			
12	5	1			Lat Obs 49.55 S
2	5	1			
4	6	1	S.W.	W.S.W.	
6	7				
8	7		S.S.W.	West	
10	6	1			
12	6				

H	K	F.K	Courses	Winds	Saturday November 14th 1885
2	6		S.by.E.	S.by.E.	Strong winds and thick weather with squally wind and rain this part the same
4	6				
6	6				
8	5	1			Lat part fresh gales with rain at 7 A.M. tacked ship at 6 P.M. double reefed main Top sail at 11 took in fit
10	5	1			
12	5	1	S.S.W.	West	
2	5	1			
4	6				
6	6	1			Lat by D.R. 48.20 S
8	7		S.S.W.	S.W.	
10	7				
12	6	1			

Ship Tuscaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	H	Courses	winds	Sunday November 15th 1835
2	6		SW	b S	Strong winds and thick weather at
4	6		SW	b S	4 P.M. more clear, wind part more
6	5	1			moderate at 4 A.M. set F.T. at 11 —
8	5	1			one reef out the Main Top Sail
10	5	1			Lat — cloudy
12	5	1	S.S.W.	West	
2	5	1			
4	5				Lat. — 6 — 15 — 38
6	6				
8	5	1			
10	5	1	SW	West	
12	5	1			

H	K	H	Courses	winds	Monday November 16th 1835
2	6		SWby W	SWby W	Fresh winds and cloudy weather employed
4	6				in getting out water, wind part more
6	6				moderate
8	5				Lat part strong winds at 4
10	4	1			A.M. thick & stormy at 5 let one reef out
12	4	1	S.S.W.	West	the Fore and Mizzen Top sail and let
2	4	1			Main Top Gallant sail at 8 take in
4	4	1	Wby S	SWby W	Main Top Gallant sail and double
6	5	1			reefed the Top sails at 9 took in F.T.
8	6				at 11 took in Main sail
10	6				
12	6		Wby S	SWby S	Lat by D.R. 6 — 10 S

H	K	H	Courses	winds	Tuesday November 17th 1835
2	6		WSW	S W	Fresh gales and thick weather at 12 P.M.
4	6				close reefed Fore Top sail at 11 more clear
6	5	1			wind part the same at 2 A.M.
8	5	1			close reefed Main Top sail
10	5	1			Lat part moderate at 8 A.M. set Main
12	6	1	SWby S	Wby S	Sail at 9 let one reef out Fore and
2	6				Main Top sail
4	5	1			
6	4	1			Lat by D.R. 46 — 30 S
8	4	1			
10	4	1	S.S.W.	West	
12	8				

Ship Thomaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2				Calm
4	8	1	N.W.	S.W.
6	7			
8	7			
10	6	1		
12	6		N.W.	W.N.W.
2	6			
4	5	1		
6	5	1	N.E.b.E.	West
8	5			
10	3	1		
12	3	1	N.W.	W.N.W.

Wednesday November 18th 1835

Calm and rainy at 3 P.M. the wind freezed at 8 P.M. took in fore and main Sail and close reefd Fore Top-Sail

Mid part fresh gales and squally at 3 A.M. set Main sail

Lat part light winds and pleasant at 6 A.M. set M.S. and let one reef out the Fore-Top Sail at 10 made all sail -

Lat Obs 45.07 S

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	4	1	N.W. by N.	N.W.
4	6			
6	6			
8	6	1		
10	7			
12	7		N.W. by N.	W.N.W.
2	7			
4	6	1		
6	6	1	N.W. by W.	W. by S.
8	6			
10	5	1		
12	5	1	N.W.	W.N.W.

Thursday, November 19th 1835

Fresh winds at 4 P.M. Double reefd the Fore Sails

Mid and lat part cloudy with squalls of wind

Lat Obs 42.12 S

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	5	1	S. by E.	N.W. by W.
4	6			
6	6		W.N.W.	S.W.
8	5	1		
10	3			
12	2			
2	3	1	N.W.	S.W.
4	4			
6	4			
8	3	1	N.W.	W.N.W.
10	3	1		
12	3		N.N.W.	West

Friday November 20th 1835

Strong winds at 1 P.M. took in fore at 2 took in Main Sail and Double reefd the Top Sails at 3 took in Miz Top sail at 5 wore Ship and took in Fore Top Sail

Mid part strong gales at 11 took in Fore-Sail at 1 A.M. more moderate wore Ship and set Fore Sail at 2 set close reefd Fore and Miz Top Sails at Daylight made all sail

Lat part light winds and rainy Hoisted the Larboard boat out -

Lat by D.R. 42.20 S

Ship Susaloosa from New Bedford towards coast of Chili

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Saturday November 21st 1835
2	4	1	NW by N	NW	Fresh winds and cloudy at 4 PM
4	6				took in main Topgallant sail and
6	6				double reefd the Topsails at 7 took
8	4	1	NW	WNW	in fl. and main sail at 8 close reefd
10	4	1			the Topsails at 9 took in fore and
12	3	1			mizz Topsail sails
2	3	1			Wind part fresh gales
4	3	1	NW by N	NW	Lat part more moderate at Daylight
6	5				set close reefd fore and mizz Topsails
8	5				at 7 AM let one reef out the main
10	6				Topsail at 9 set main sail
12	6				Lat Obs 40.35 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Sunday November 22nd 1835
2	6		NNW	West	Strong winds at 5 PM took in main
4	6				sail and close reefd main Topsail
6	6				at 7 took in fore and mizz Topsails
8	8	1			Wind part moderate and clear
10	8	1			Lat part fresh
12	8	1	NNW	West	breezes at Daylight set single reefd
2	8	1			Topsails fl. and main sail broke
4	8	1			the main trusts
6	5		NNE	West	
8	6				Lat Obs 38.36 S
10	6	1			
12	7		NE	West	

Monday November 23rd 1835

Fresh breezes from WSW with light squalls at 3 PM took in main Topgallant sail employed in fitting the main trusts at Sunset took in sail and hauled by the wind to NW at Daylight set double reefd Topsails and kept off SSE Lat part squally rain several fine bursts

Lat Obs 38.04 S

Tuesday November 24th 1835

Fresh breezes from SSE with flying clouds steering East lashed the cutting spreads to the mast head at sunset took in sail and hauled by the wind to SSE at Daylight set double reefd fore and main Topsails steering East & with strong winds and cloudy weather the watches employed in shifting duty

Lat Obs 38.20 S

Ship Juscalorsa on the Trade Ground

Wednesday November 25th 1835

Strong winds from S.W. and squally steering E by S at 2 P.M. took in Fore Top Sail at 3 sent down main Top Gallant Yard at sunset close reef'd main Top Sail and hauls by the wind to W.S.W. at daylight made all sail steering E by S at 9 A.M. sent up Main Top Gallant Yard and set Main Top Gallant Sail Lat part light winds and pleasant Lat Obs 38.19 S

Thursday November 26th 1835

Light winds from S.S.E and pleasant steering E by S at 4 P.M. got the Waist Boat out at sunset took in sail Mid part pleasant at daylight made all sail at 9 A.M. made the Island of Mocha bearing East 35 miles bore Lat part fresh breezes from S.S.E and pleasant heading in for the land Lat Obs 38.08 S

Friday November 27th 1835

Fresh breezes from S.S.E heading in towards the Land at 4 P.M. tack'd off shore at 5 tack'd in shore at 7 tack'd off and took in main Top Gallant Sail and double reef'd the Top Sails wind at South Mid part light airs and variable Lat part light winds from South and thick weather at daylight made all sail at 7 A.M. sent two boats in shore at 11 boats came off

Saturday November 28th 1835

Fresh winds from S.S.E at 1 P.M. boats went on shore at 3 came off at 6 double reef'd the Top Sails at 7 saw a ship steering N.N.E. Mid part light winds Lat part fresh wind at 8 A.M. two boats went on shore at 11 came on board lying off and on the Island of Mocha saw a ship to leward heading in shore

Sunday November 29th 1835

Strong winds from S.S.E heading S.W. under double reef'd Top Sails at 1 P.M. spoke Ship Brenden of Nathaniel of Nantucket 5 months out with 75 bbls of sperm oil at 3 P.M. took in fit and close reef'd the Fore Top Sail Mid part strong gales at 1 A.M. close reef'd Main Top Sail Lat part more moderate at 10 A.M. set fit and Spanker Lat Obs 38.36 S

Monday November 30th 1835

Fresh winds from S.S.E and cloudy heading S.W. saw two Ships to leward standing by the wind several finbacks in sight Mid part fresh gales at 3 A.M. took in Miz Top sail, Lat part more moderate at 5 set Miz Top Sail at 8 sent down the Fore Top Gallant Mast the watches employed in Ships Duty

Lat Obs 38.53 S

Ship Tuscaroosa on Whale Ground

Friday December 25th 1835

Light winds from W & W and pleasant heading S to the at 4 P M lowered for black fish took one and got the starboard boat stove at 6 spoke the ship Duc De Orleans of Havre with 1000 bbls of oil at sunset took in sail at Daylight made all sail Lat part pleasant two ships in company Lat Obs 41 - 36 S

Saturday December 26th 1835

Light winds from W by S and pleasant heading N W by N John Addams and French ship in company at sunset took in sail at Daylight made sail and steered S S E
Lat Obs 40 - 34 S

Sunday December 27th 1835

Light winds from W & W and pleasant steering S & E at 4 P M saw sperm whales lowered without success at sunset took in sail and hauled by the wind to S W at Daylight made sail wind at S W heading N E at 11 A M were ship to W S W at Meridian took in Fore and Mizz Top Sails and close reefd the main Top Sail, Lat part strong winds and thick weather Lat by O R 39 - 40 S

Monday December 28th 1835

Strong winds from W S W and thick weather heading S E to at 1 P M the wind shifted to South were ship to W S W Mid and Lat parts moderate at Daylight made all sail and sent the Mizz Top Gallant Yard and Fore Top Gallant Mast aloft, wind at S S E steering N E by N Lat Obs 39 - 10 S

Tuesday December 29th 1835

Light winds from S S E and pleasant steering N E & E at 1 P M saw the Land bearing East 35 miles dist at 8 sent the Fore Top Gallant Yard aloft at sunset took in sail and hauled by the wind to S W at Daylight made sail and were round to East at 5 A M made the Island of Mocha bearing E S E 30 miles dist Lat part fresh winds

Wednesday December 30th 1835

Fresh winds from East running in towards the Land at 1 P M spoke two French ships at 4 Hauled reefs the Top sails and took in Main Sail and fit. Mid and Lat parts moderate at Daylight made sail and saw Right whales employed in closing without success lying off and on inside of Mocha at 8 A M bent the small bower cable

Ship Tuscaloosa off Mocha

Thursday December 31 1835

Light winds from S S W and pleasant chasing whale without success Wind and Lat part fresh gales from W S W and thick weather heading S W at 4 A M took in Fore and Miz Top Sails and Main Sail at 8 took in fib

Friday January 1 1836

Strong winds from S S W heading S E at 3 P M set close reef'd Fore and Miz Top Sails and wore ship to West at 5 Mocha bore East at sunset took in sail at Midnight wore ship to East wind at S S E at Daylight set Double reef'd Top Sails fib and main Sail Lat part more moderate

Saturday January 2 1836

Fresh breezes from South at 5 P M saw Right whales lowered the boats and took one at 8 took her along side at Daylight commenced cutting at 10 A M finished cutting Lat part the same at 11 spoke John Adams

Sunday January 3 1836

Fresh breezes from South heading W S W Wind part the same at Daylight made all sail Lat part calm at 11 A M struck a humpback and drawd from him

Monday January 4th 1836

Light airs from West heading S S E receiv'd on board a Portuguese from the John Adams at sunset took in sail and wore ship to W S W wind at S W at Daylight set Double reef'd Top Sails and commenced boiling Lat part fresh winds

Tuesday January 5th 1836

Fresh breezes from South working to windward under Mocha, Employed in boiling Wind and Lat parts light airs at noon finished boiling

Ship Tuscaloosa off Mocha

Wednesday January 6th 1836

Light winds from South working to the windward at sunset took in Top Gallant Sails at Daylight made all sail. Lat part light airs and variable two Ships in sight bound to the Northward employed in chasing whales

Thursday January 7th 1836

Light airs from S.S.E at 1 P.M saw whales lowered and took one and commenced mitting at 6 finished mitting and took in Top Gallant Sails Mid and Lat parts fresh breezes from South working to the windward employed in chasing whales without success

Friday January 8th 1836

Strong winds from S.S.E and doing chasing whales at 6 P.M spoke Ships Gianouri of Havre and Boat tier Hean of Nantucket with 900 bbls of oil at 7 single reefed the Top Sails and took in Main Sail. Lat part the same at Daylight commenced boilling at noon spoke Ship George of Havre.

Saturday January 9th 1836

Light winds from S.E employed in boilling at 5 P.M spoke Ship New England, Perry of Poughkeepsie with 2500 bbls of oil, Mid part calm Lat part light airs six Ships in sight, at Daylight made all sail

Sunday January 10th 1836

Light winds from S.E and pleasant employed in boilling at sunset took in Top Gallant Sails and double reefed the Top Sails at 6 P.M the wind shifted to S.S.E. Mid and Lat parts fresh gales at 10 took in Fore and Main Top Sails at 8 A.M finished boilling at 8 wore Ship to East

Lat obs 8 8 : 21 S

Monday January 11th 1836

Fresh Gales from South and doing heading to S.S.E Mid and Lat parts moderate at 3 A.M wore Ship to East at Daylight made sail Mocha bearing East 20 miles first several Ships in sight

Ship Tuscaloosa off Mocha

Tuesday January 12th 1836

Light winds from South wie pleasant at 7.30 PM spoke Ship John Wells, Russell of Newark, 8 y with 1700 bbls of oil at sunset took in Main Top Gallant Sail at Daylight made all sail and commenced stowing down our oil. Lat part light airs and cloudy

Wednesday January 13th 1836

Light winds from S & E and cloudy at sunset took in Top Gallant Sails and Double reefd the Top Sails at Daylight made sail Lat part strong winds from South

Thursday January 14th 1836

Fresh breezes from South and pleasant at sunset took in Top Gallant Sails and Double reefd the Top Sails at Daylight made sail heading W S W Mocha bearing East 80 miles Dist, Lat part cloudy. Lat Obs 38.16 S

Friday January 15th 1836

Fresh winds from South at 1 P M wore ship to S E and spoke Ship Flavio of Havre at 7 Double reefd the Top Sails and wore ship to West, Mid and Lat part thick weather at 4 A M wore ship to S E at 7 A M took in Main Sail
Lat Obs 38.23 S

Saturday January 16th 1836

Strong winds from S S W steering S E Mid part the same at Daylight set Main Sail and saw Mocha bearing N E by N 30 miles Dist, Lat part fresh winds from S S E running in for the Land

Sunday January 17th 1836

Fresh winds from South at 2 P M sent a boat on shore at Mocha at 7 spoke Barque Atal of Fair Haven with 250 bbls of oil Mid and Lat parts light winds at Daylight made all sail standing off from the Land to W S W

Ship Tuscaloosa off Mocha

Monday January 18th 1836

Light winds from S S W heading S E at 4 P M took in Top Gallant Sails at Sunset double reef the Top Sails took in the Main Sail and wore ship to S W at Daylight wore ship to S E and let one reef out the Top Sails and set Main Sail Lat part strong winds and cloudy

Tuesday January 19th 1836

Strong winds from S S W and squally at 2 P M two boats went on shore at Mocha at 5 came on board and saw thirty whales lowered struck and drawn from one Mid part strong winds and squally. Lat part more moderate at Daylight made sail employed chasing whales without success

Wednesday January 20th 1836

Light winds from South at 4 P M let the reefs out the Top Sails and set Main Top Gallant Sail at 5 P M spoke Ship John Adams at Sunset took in Main Top Gallant Sail, Main Sail and double reefed the Top Sails at Daylight made sail at 10 A M spoke Ship Endeavour Masters of New Bedford with 600 bbls of oil

Thursday January 21st 1836

Light winds from South and pleasant at 2 P M spoke Ship New England of Poughkeepsie at sunset took in Main Top Gallant Sail at Daylight made all sail. Mid and Lat parts light airs and pleasant

Friday January 22nd 1836

Light airs from S S W at sunset took in Top Gallant Sails at Daylight set Main Top Gallant Sail Lat part strong winds

Saturday January 23rd 1836

Fresh winds from S by E at 3 P M took in Main Top Gallant Sail at 4 single reefed the Top Sails at 5 lowered for whales without success, Mid and Lat parts the same at 8 A M saw whales lowered without success

Ship Tuscaloosa off Mocha

Sunday January 24th 1856

Fresh winds from South and clear weather at 2 P.M. spoke John Adams; Mid and Lat parts strong winds

Monday January 25th 1856

Strong winds from S.S.W. at 1 P.M. sent a boat on shore at sunset Double reefd the Top Sails and took in gib and Main Sail Mid part moderate at Daylight made all sail Lat part calm employed in repairing a Fore Top Sail

Tuesday January 26th 1856

Light winds from South and pleasant at 1 P.M. took in Top Gallant Sails at Sunset single reefd the Top Sails at Daylight let the reefs out and set Top Gallant Sails at 7 A.M. took in Top Gallant Sails at 9 Double reefd the Top Sails Lat part strong winds

Wednesday January 27th 1856

Strong winds from South at 1 P.M. took in Main Sail and sent a boat on shore at Daylight set Main Sail and Main Top Gallant Sail at 8 A.M. took in Main Top Gallant Sail at 10 spoke Ship Wm Tell of Havre Lat part more moderate

Thursday January 28th 1856

Fresh winds from S.S.E. at 4 P.M. Double reefd the Top Sails at 6 took in gib and Main Sail at Daylight set gib and unbent the Main Sail Lat part the same employed mending the Main Sail

Friday January 29th 1856

Strong winds from South got a boat load of wood from the shore at 1 P.M. spoke John Adams Mid part strong gales at 1 A.M. took in gib and close reefd Fore and Mizz Top Sails, Lat part more moderate at Daylight let one reef out the Fore and Mizz Top Sails and set gib employed in mending the Main Sail

Ship Tuscaloosa off Mocha

Saturday January 30th 1836

Strong winds from South this two boats on shore fast aground at 3 P M carried away the Crossyack Yard at 4 took in fil Lat part moderate employed in mending Main Sail and fishing Crossyack Yard spok Ship Constitution Capt Hamilton 8 months out no oil

Sunday January 31 1836

Light winds from S S E at 2 P M bent Main Sail at 4 sent up the Crossyack Yard and set Miz Top Sail Mid and Lat parts light airs and variable at Daylight made all sail

Monday February 1 1836

Light airs from the Southward at sunset took in Top Gallant Sails, Mid part calm. Lat part light winds from the Northward at Daylight set Main Top Gallant Sail employed in chasing whale at 11 A M struck a Right whale and killed him

Tuesday February 2 1836

Light winds from the South and Westward at 1 P M took our whale to the Ship and commenced cutting at 8 finished cutting at sunset took in Main Sail and Main Top Gallant Sail, Lat part strong winds at 5 A M Double reefd the Top Sails at 9 spoke Ship Telegraph, Howel of Sagharbour with 1750 lbs of oil at 12 took in Fore and Miz Top Sails and fil.

Lat Obs 38.29 S

Wednesday February 3 1836

Light winds from the Northward at 2 P M set Fore & Miz Top Sails & fil. Mid and Lat parts fresh winds from South at Daylight let one reef out Main Top Sail & set Main Sail

Thursday February 4th 1836

Strong winds from S S W at 2 P M spoke John Adams at 5 Double reefd Main Top Sail and took in Main Sail at 10 P M took in fil at Daylight let one reef out the Main Top Sail and set Main Sail and fil. Lat part fresh wind from South

Ship Tuscaloosa from Mocha towards Talcahuano

Friday February 5th 1836

Fresh winds from South at 5 took in main sail at 8 P.M. Double reefed the main Top sail and took in Jib at 8 A.M set J.S. at Daylight let one reef out the main Top sail and commenced boiling

Saturday February 6th 1836

Strong winds from South at 7 P.M. Double reefed the main Top sail & took in Jib & Miz Top sail at 2 spoke John Adams & Barque Arab at 4 lowered for a bright whale without success at 5 Mocha bore S.E. 14 miles dist took our departure and steered W.S.W. Lat part strong gales at Daylight bailed by the wind to W.S.W. under Double reefed main Top sail & Fore sail employed in boiling Lat Obs 37.18 S

Sunday February 7th 1836

Strong gales from S.E. heading S.W. at 2 P.M. finished boiling & close reefed the main Top sail & took in Fore sail. Mid part the same Lat part more moderate at 6 A.M. wore ship to East at 7 set Fore sail at 10 set Fore & Miz Top sails, Jib & main sail John Adams in company Lat Obs 36.36 S

Monday February 8th 1836

Strong winds from S.S.E. heading East at 1 P.M. let one reef out the Fore & main Top sails at 6 spoke John Adams Mid part light airs from the Southward at 8 A.M. made all sail at Daylight tacked Ship to East, Lat part calm bent the cables and dunnight the ends below

Lat Obs 36.31 S

Tuesday February 9th 1836

Light airs from E.S.E. heading South at 6 P.M. wore ship to East wind at S.S.E. and took in Top Gallant sails & main sail Mid and Lat parts the same at Daylight made all sail employed in stowing down our oil Lat Obs 36.37 S

Wednesday February 10th 1836

Light airs from the Southward steering E by S John Adams in company at 4 P.M. made the land bearing East 45 miles dist at sunset took in Top Gallant sails & main sail, Mid part lying off and on the land at Daylight made all sail steering in for the land at 9 A.M. spoke ship Nicas of Falmouth saw a bright whale lowered without success Lat part working up Talcahuana Bay

Ship Tuscaloosa in Talcahuano

Thursday February 11th 1836

Light airs and variable working up Talcahuano Bay at 6 P.M. We came to in 5 fathoms water with 30 fathoms chain Lat part employed in painting ship.

Friday February 12th 1836

Fresh winds and clear weather employed in painting ship. This part calm and rainy at Day light Hoist our anchor and warped the Ship to a better birth and came to 4½ fathoms water Lat part light winds and pleasant weather one watch on shore on liberty.

Saturday February 13th 1836

Fresh breezes and clear weather finished painting. This and Lat part fresh winds employed in fitting cask for water one watch on shore on liberty sent two men on shore to the hospital

Sunday February 14th 1836

Fresh winds from the South and Westward employed in fitting cask This and Lat parts light winds and pleasant one watch on shore

Monday February 15th 1836

Fresh breezes from the Southward This part calm Lat part fresh winds one boats crew on shore on liberty the rest employed in filling water

Tuesday February 16th 1836

Fresh winds from the Southward rec'd on board one boat load of wood and 117 bbls of water two men absent without leave John Houghston and Thomas M Quary

Wednesday February 17th 1836

Strong breezes from the Southward finished watering employed in stowing water and other small jobs one watch on shore

Thursday February 18th 1836

Light airs from the Southward getting ready for sea This and Lat part light airs from the Southward one watch on shore

Friday February 19th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather, this day the crew refused duty all but 8 marks Sidney and the Boat Steerers Ship lying ready for sea

Saturday February 20th 1836

Light airs and pleasant three boys and one Portugese returned to duty discharged two sick men the carpenter and sail maker, John Houghston in Prison on shore for running away from the Ship

Ship Susaloosa lying in Talcahuano

Sunday February 21st 1836

Light airs and variable with pleasant weather James De Bloise returned to duty
Shipt one man

Monday February 22nd 1836

Light winds from the Southward and pleasant weather, Barny Myrie returned to duty

Tuesday February 23rd 1836

Light winds from the Southward and pleasant, Shipt a Carpenter

Wednesday February 24th 1836

Light winds from South at 2 P.M. took on board John Houghston and got under way and steered N.W. John Thomson, John Houghston, John Easler, Moses Rodgers and Edward Crane confined below for denial of duty, this part fresh winds Lat part steering N.W. with light winds and pleasant weather
Ship Susaloosa from Talcahuano towards Valparaiso Lat Obs 34=53 S

Thursday February 25th 1836

Strong winds from South steering N.W. at 7 P.M. took in fils, main sail, main top gallant sail and double reefs the top sails at 10 hove too with the main top sail to the mast, this and last parts strong gales at daylight kept off E.N.E. at 9 A.M. made the land ahead 30 miles dist,
Lat Obs 32=56 S

Friday February 26th 1836

Strong gales from South steering to the Northward along the land John Adams in company at 6 P.M. hove too with the main gaff aback at daylight spliced away and run down the land at 9 A.M. the Captn went on shore at Valparaiso, last part strong winds lying off and on the land, Moses Rodgers returned to duty

Saturday February 27th 1836

Strong winds from the Southward lying off and on the land at 4 P.M. the Captn came on board, this and last parts moderate at daylight let the reefs out the top sails and set main sail at 10 A.M. the Captn went on shore all our men returned to duty

Sunday February 28th 1836

This day light airs and variable with intervals of calm lying off Valparaiso at 6 P.M. the Captain came on board John Thomson and John Easler absent without leave last part working to the Southward

Lat Obs 32=51 S

Ship Tuscaloosa off Valparaiso

Monday February 29th 1836

Fresh winds from the Southward working to the windward at 4 — P M double reefd the Top Sails. Mid part fresh gales Lat part more moderate at 8 A M the Captain went on shore, ship hove men in John Eastlys and John Thomsons place lying off and on the land

Ship Tuscaloosa from Valparaiso towards New Zealand

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Tuesday March 1st 1836
2	5		West	S S W	Strong winds and clear weather at 2 P M
4	4	1			the Capt. came off and took our departure
6	5				at Sunset Valparaiso Head bore E by S 25 miles
8	5	1			Dist took in the main Sail,
10	6				Mid part fresh
12	6	1	West	South	gales at 1 A M took in fib and close reefd
2	6	1			the Top Sails,
4	6				Lat part more moderate at
6	5	1			11 set fib Ships John Adams in company,
8	5	1			Lat obs 32.10 S,
10	5	1			
12	6		West	South	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Wednesday March 2. 1836
2	6	1	West	S S E	Fresh gales ~~and~~ cloudy weather at 2 P M
4	7				let one reef out the main Top Sail at 6 took
6	7				in fib,
8	6	1			Mid part the same at 2 A M set fib
10	6	1			Lat part more moderate at 5 A M let one
12	6	1	West	South	reef out the Fore and Main Top Sails at
2	7				11 set main Sail on bent the Cables and
4	7				lashed the Anchors employed in Ships
6	6	1			duty, John Adams in company,
8	5	1			Lat obs 31.07 S,
10	5				
12	5		West	South	

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	5		West	S S W
4	5			
6	4	1		
8	4	1		
10	4	1		
12	4		W by N	S W by S
2	3	1		
4	3	1	W S W	S W
6	4	1		
8	5		N W	West
10	6			
12	6		North	W N W

Thursday ~~February~~ March 3 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather employed in Ships Duty,

Mid part light airs,

Lat part the same at Daylight made all sail at 10 — A M took in Fore and Miz Topsl Gallant Sails employed in mending a Fore Sail,

Lat Obs 30.04 S,

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	6		N by W	W by N
4	5	1		
6	5			
8	4	1		
10	4	1		
12	4	1	~~North~~	W N W
2	5			
4	5			
6	4	1		
8	3			
10	2	1		
12	2	1	West	S S W

Friday March 4th 1836

Light winds and cloudy at 4 P M bent on the Fore Sail at 6 took in Main Topsl Gallant Sail and Double reefed the Topsl Sails,

Mid part the same,

Lat part light airs and variable with rain, Jos Adams in company,

Lat by D R 28.50 S,

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	2		Westward	Variable
4				Calm
6	2	1	West	South
8	3	1		
10	4			
12	4	1	West	S S E
2	5			
4	5	1		
6	6			
8	6		W 2 S	S S E
10	6	1		
12	6	1		

Saturday March 5th 1836

Light airs and rainy weather,

Mid part light winds and pleasant at 10 P M let one reef out the Main Topsl Sail,

Lat part the same at Daylight made all sail employed in mending a Fore Sail,

Lat Obs 28.07,

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds
12	5		W ½ S	S & E
4	4	1		
6	4	1		
8	4	1	W ½ S	S E
10	6			
12	6	1	W ½ S	East
2	7			
4	7			
6	6	1		S E
8	6			
10	5	1		
12	5		W ½ S	S E

Sunday March 6th 1836

First part fresh breeze and pleasant weather,

Mid part light squalls of wind

Last part more moderate with light showers of rain John Adams in company,

Lat obs 27° 37 S,

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds
2	5	1	W ½ S	S & by E
4	6		W by S	
6	6	1		
8	7			
10	7			
12	7		W by S	E & E
2	6	1		
4	6			
6	6		W ½ S	E S E
8	5	1		
10	5	1		
12	5	1		

Monday March 7th 1836

Fresh winds and cloudy with light squalls of rain at 6 P.M. took in Fore and Miz — Topsl Gallant sails and hauled the Main — Sail up,

Mid part strong winds at 8 — 8 A.M. set Main Sail,

Last part more moderate at daylight made all sail at 11 A.M. onbend the Fore Topsl Mast Stay Sail,

Lat obs 27° 20 S,

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds
2	6		W ½ S	E by S
4	6			
6	6	1	W by S	
8	6	1		
10	7			
12	7		W by S	E by S
2	7			
4	7			
6	6	1		
8	5		W ½ S	E by S
10	4	1		
12	4	1		

Tuesday March 8th 1836

Fresh winds with flying clouds at 1 P.M. bent the Fore Topsl Mast Stay sail,

Mid part fresh winds with light squalls at 8 A.M. took in Fore and Miz Topsl Gallant sails,

Last part moderate at 4 A.M. set Fore and Miz Topsl Gallant sails employed in setting up an old Main Sail

Lat obs 25° 56 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Wednesday March 9th 1836
2	4	1	West	E S E	Fresh breezes and cloudy weather at 5 P M
4	4	1			spoke John Adams,
6	5				Mid part light winds
8	5				and pleasant,
10	5				Lat part light airs with
12	4	1	West	E S E	light showers of rain,
2	4	1			Lat obs 25.24 S,
4	4	1			
6	4	1			
8	4		West	S E	
10	3	1			
12	3	1			

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Thursday March 10th 1836
2	3	1	West	Variable	Light winds and cloudy with rain
4	3	1			John Adams in company,
6	4				Mid part light airs
8	3				and pleasant,
10	2	1	West	East	Lat part pleasant employed
12	2	1			in mending a main top sail and other
2	3	1			small jobs,
4	4		West	North East	Lat obs 26.15 S,
6	4	1			
8	4				
10	3				
12	2		West	N.&W	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Friday March 11th 1836
2	2	1	West	Variable	Light airs and pleasant employed
4	3			S E	in Ships Duty,
6	3				Mid part calm,
8	2	1			Lat part
10	1				light airs employed in fitting rigging
12				Calm	John Adams in company,
2					Lat obs 26.12 S,
4	1	1	West	North	
6	2				
8	3	1			
10	3	1			
12	3				

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2				Calm
4				
6	1	1	W ½ S	East
8	2	1		
10	2	1		
12	3			
2	3			
4	2	1	West	East
6	3			
8	3	1		
10	4			
12	3	1		

Saturday March 12th 1836

First part calm and pleasant employed in altering a file,

Mid part light airs with flying clouds,

Last part the same got out Fore Topr Mast Studding Sail Boom on the Yard and set both Studding Sails Bent a new file,

Lat obs 21° 54 S,

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	4		~~West~~	~~East~~
4	4	1		S E
6	5	1		
8	6			
10	6	1		
12	6	1	West	S E
2	7			
4	7			
6	7		West	East
8	6	1		
10	6	1		
12	7			

Sunday March 13th 1836

Lightest winds and pleasant,

Mid part fresh winds and squally at 1 A M took in Topr Mast Studding Sail,

Last part the same at 8 A M set Topr Mast Studding Sail,

Lat obs 21° 27 S,

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	7		West	E by S
4	7			
6	6	1		
8	6	1		
10	6	1		
12	7		West	East
2	7	1		
4	8			
6	7			
8	6	1		
10	6	1		
12	6	1	West	East

Monday March 14th 1836

Fresh winds and cloudy at 4 P M spoke John Adams,

Mid part fresh winds and squally,

Last part the same, employed in Ships Duty,

Lat by Obs 21° 00 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Tuesday March 15th 1836
2	6		West	E S E	Strong trades and cloudy,
4	6				Mid part
6	5	1			equally with rain,
8	5	1			Lat part the
11	5	1			same employed in ships duty, John-
12	6		West	E S E	Adams in company,
2	6				Lat obs 24.33 S.
4	6	1			
6	7				
8	7				
11	6	1			
12	6		West	E by S	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Wednesday March 16th 1836
2	6		West	E S E	All these 24 hours strong trades and
4	6				cloudy weather employed in ships
6	6				duty, John Adams in company,
8	5	1			Lat obs 24.08 S,
11	5	1			
12	6		West	E S E	
2	7				
4	7				
6	7				
8	6	1			
11	6	1			
12	6		West	E S E	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Thursday March 17th 1836
2	7		West	E S E	Strong trades with flying clouds employed
4	7				in ships duty,
6	6	1			Mid and Lat parts
8	6	1			the same,
11	7				Lat obs 23.37 S,
12	7	1	West	E S E	
2	8				
4	8				
6	8				
8	7	1			
11	7	1			
12	7	1	West	E S E	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	7	1	W by S	E S E
4	8			
6	8			
8	8			
10	7	1		
12	7	1	W by S	E S E
2	7	1		
4	7	1		
6	7			
8	6	1		
10	6	1		
12	6	1	W by S	E S E

Friday March 18th 1836

Strong trades and squally with rain at 5 P.M. took in Fore Top Gallant Sail and close reefed Miz Top Sail,

Wind part the same,

Lat part more moderate at Daylight let out reef out Miz Top — Sail and set Fore Top gallant Sail,

Lat obs 23°55' S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6		W by S	East
4	5	1		
6	5			
8	4	1		
10	4	1		
12	4	1	W by S	Variable
2	4			
4	3			
6	1	1		
8	2		W by S	East —
10	3			
12	3	1		

Saturday March 19th 1836

Fresh trades and cloudy employed in ship's duty at 6 P.M. close reefed Miz Top Sail,

Lat,

part squally at midnight took in Fore — Top Mast Studding Sail,

Lat part light winds and pleasant,

Lat obs 24°01' S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	3	1	W by S	East
4	3	1		
6	4			
8	4			
10	4	1		
12	5		W by S	East
2	5			
4	4	1		
6	4	1	W by S	E S E
8	4	1		
10	5			East
12	5		W by S	

Sunday March 20th 1836

These 24 hours light trade with flying clouds and light showers of rain; John Adams in company,

Lat obs 24°15' S,

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Monday March 21st 1836
2	5		W by S	East	These 24 hours light trades and pleas-
4	5				ant weather, employed in mending a
6	4	1			Main Top Sail and painting boats,
8	4	1			Lat obs 24° 04 S,
10	4	1			
12	4	1	W by S	East	
2	5				
4	5	1			
6	5	1			
8	5				
10	4	1			
12	4	1	W by S	E S E	

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Tuesday March 22nd 1836
2	4	1	W ½ S	East	First and mid parts light trades
4	4	1			with light showers of rain,
6	4	1			Lat past
8	5				variable winds and pleasant,
10	5				Lat obs 24° 11 S S,
12	4	1	W ½ S	East	
2	4				
4	3	1	W S W	N W	
6	3				
8	2	1	W ½ S	East	
10	2	1			
12	3				

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Wednesday March 23rd 1836
2	3	1	W ½ S	E by S	light winds and pleasant weather at 4 –
4	4				P M unbent the Fore Top Sail and bent
6	4	1			another,
8	4	1			Mid part light winds and
10	5				cloudy weather,
12	5		W ½ S	E by S	Lat past pleasant
2	5				employed in mending the Fore Top –
4	4	1			Sail, John Adams in company,
6	4	1			Lat obs 23° 5 15,
8	5		West	East	
10	5				
12	4	1			

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	4	1	N ½ S	E & E
4	4	1		
6	5			
8	5	1		
10	6			
12	6	1	N ½ S	S E
2	6	1		
4	6			
6	5	1		
8	5			
10	4	1		
12	4	1	West	S & S E

Thursday March 24th 1856

Light winds and cloudy weather employed in mending a Fore Topsail and fitting rigging,

Mid part pleasant,

Lat part light airs and pleasant,

Lat obs 23° 45 S,

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	4	1	N ½ S	S & E
4	4	1		
6	4	1		
8	5			S E
10	5			
12	5	1	N ½ S	E & E
2	6			
4	6			
6	5	1		
8	5	1		
10	5			
12	5		N ½ S	E & E

Friday March 25th 1856

Light winds and pleasant got the Fk, fit boom out and bent Fk, fit at 4 P M bent a Fore Top Sail.

Mid and Lat parts the same employed in ships duty,

Lat obs 23° 46 S,

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	5	1	N ½ S	E & E
4	5	1		
6	5			
8	4	1		
10	4	1		
12	4	1	N ½ S	East
2	4	1		
4	4	1		
6	5			
8	5			
10	5			
12	5		N ½ S	East

Saturday March 26th 1856

Light winds and pleasant employed in ships duty,

Mid and Lat parts the same, at 9 A M spoke John Adams

Lat obs 23° 38 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	5		W ½ S	East
4	5			
6	4	1		
8	4	1		
10	4			
12	3	1	West	East
2	3			
4	3	1		
6	3	1		
8	4			
10	4			
12	4		W ½ S	E S E

Sunday March 27th 1836

These 24 hours light airs and pleasant weather, John Adams in company,

Lat obs 23°36 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	4		W ½ S	E S E
4	4			
6	3	1		
8	3			
10	3			
12	3	1	West	E S E
2	3	1		
4	4			
6	4			
8	3	1		
10	3	1		
12	3	1	W ½ S	E S E

Monday March 28th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather, Mid and Lat parts the same employed in Ships Duty,

Lat obs 23°28 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	3	1	W ½ S	E S E
4	3	1		
6	3	1		
8	4			
10	4			
12	4		W ½ S	East
2	4			
4	3	1		
6	3	1		
8	3	1	W by S	East
10	4			
12	3	1		

Tuesday March 29th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather, Mid part the same,

Lat part light showers of rain employed in ships Duty,

Lat obs 23°26 S.

H	K	H	Courses	Winds	Wednesday March 30th 1836
2	3		W ½ S	East	Light winds and pleasant employed in
4	3	1			Ships Duty,
6	4				Mid part the same,
8	4				Lat part
10	4				light squalls with rain John Adams
12	3	1	W ½ S	East	in company,
2	3	1			Lat obs 23° 30 S,
4	3	1			
6	4		W by S	East	
8	4				
10	3	1			
12	3	1			

H	K	H	Courses	Winds	Thursday March 31st 1836
2	4	1	W ½ S	East	Fresh breezes and squally with heavy rain
4	6			E. by S	at 2 P M took in Fore Topsail Studding
6	6				Sail,
8	5	1			Mid and Lat parts pleasant at
10	5	1			Daylight set Topsail Studding Sail,
12	5	1	W by S	East	at Meridian made Crescent Island bearing
2	6				N W by N 25 miles Dist,
4	6				Lat obs 23° 43 S
6	5	1			
8	5	1			
10	5	1			
12	6		W ½ S	East	

H	K	H	Courses	Winds	Friday April 1st 1836
2	6		W ½ S	East	Fresh trades and squally at 6 P M took in
4	6	1			Topsail Studding Sail and Fore Topgallant
6	6	1			Sail,
8	7				Mid part pleasant,
10	7	1			Lat part strong
12	7	1	W ½ S	East	winds and cloudy at Daylight set Topsail
2	7				Studding Sail,
4	6	1			Lat obs 23° 44 S
6	6	1			
8	6	1			
10	7				
12	7		W by S	East	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6		N'by E	East
4	7			
6	7			
8	6	1		
10	6	1		
12	7		N'by E	East
2	7			
4	7			
6	6	1	N ½ E	East
8	6	1		
10	6	1		
12	6			

Saturday April 2 1836

Strong trades and cloudy employed in Ships duty,

Mid and last parts the same, John Adams in company,

Lat obs 23.47 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6		West	E by S
4	6	1		
6	6	1		
8	7			
10	7			
12	7		West	E S E
2	6			
4	6			
6	7	1		
8	7	1		
10	8			
12	8		N ½ W	E S E

Sunday April 3 1836

Strong trades with flying clouds at 4 P.M. took in Fore Mast Studding Sail,

Mid part strong wind and pleasant,

Last part the same at daylight set main sail, fib, Fore Top Gallant sail and Fore Top Mast Studding Sail,

Lat obs 23.33 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	8		N ½ W	E S E
4	8			
6	7	1	N by W	
8	7			
10	7	1		
12	7	1	N by W	E S E
2	8			
4	8			
6	8			
8	7	1	N ½ W	E by S
10	7	1		
12	7	1		

Monday April 4 1836

Strong trades with flying clouds at 4 P.M. took in Fore Mast Studding Sail and Fore Top Gallant sail and hauled the Main Sail up,

Mid part squally,

Last part pleasant at daylight made all sail,

Lat obs 23.47 S

H.T.	K	H.K	Courses	Winds	Tuesday April 5th 1836
2	7		N ½ S	E S E	Fresh trades and cloudy at 5 P M saw
4	6				Sperm Whales lowered without success
6	5	1			at 7 took in Top gallant Sails, Main-
8	5				Sail and Studding Sail,
10	4	1			Mid part pleasant
12	4		N ½ S	E S E	at 1 A M made High Island bearing N bet N-
2	3	1	South		miles dist, hauled by the wind and lay till
4	3	1			daylight then made all sail and run down
6	5		West	East	for the Island, at 8 A M sent two boats in
8	5				shore at 10 came off without landing,
10	0				Lat-
12	3	1	N ½ S	E S E	part light winds and pleasant,
					Lat obs 23.46 S

H.T.	K	H.K	Courses	Winds	Wednesday April 6th 1836
2	3	1	N ½ S	E S E	Light trades and pleasant weather
4	3	1			John Adams in company,
6	5	1			Mid and Lat
8	4		N by S		parts the same at daylight made
10	4				Tooboai Island bearing N ½ W 35 miles
12	4			E S E	dist, employed in Ships duty,
2	4				Lat obs 23.34 S
4	3	1			
6	3	1			
8	3	1			
10	3	1			
12	2		N by S	East	

H.T.	K	H.K	Courses	Winds	Thursday April 7th 1836
2	3		N by S	East	These 24 hours light airs and pleasant with
4	2				intervals of calm. John Adams in compa-
6	2		N ½ W	S S W	ny at Meridian Tooboai Island bearing E,
8	3				45 miles dist,
10	2		N by S	South	Lat obs 23.44 S
12	2				
2	1				
4				Calm	
6					
8	1		South	Variable	
10	2				
12	2				

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Friday April 3 1836
2	3		South West		Light airs and pleasant at 8 P.M.
4	2	1	S.S.W.		hauled ship,
6	2	1			Mid part the same,
8	3				Lat
10	3				part squally at 9 A.M. took in Fore
12	2	1	S.S.W.	West	and Mizz Top Gallant Sails and Fly-
2	2				gib, at noon Tortonai Island bore E.S.E
4	1	1			Lat obs 23.50 S
6	1	1			
8	3		N.W.	N.W.	
10	4				
12	3				

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Saturday April 9th 1836
2	3		S.W.	W.S.W.	Light winds and cloudy at 8 P.M. took
4	3				a squall, took in Top Gallant Sails,
6	3	1			Main Sail, fill and Mizz Top Sail and
8	5		West	South	Double reef Fore and Main Top Sails,
10	5				Mid
12	4	1			part more moderate at 2 A.M. set whole
2	3				Top Sails and fill,
4	3				Lat part fresh winds
6	3	1		Variable	and cloudy at 9 A.M. set Main Sail and
8	5	1	West	S.S.E.	Main Top Gallant Sail, at 11 made the
10	6	1			Island of ~~[illegible]~~ bearing N.W. 45 miles
12	7				Dist, Lat obs 28.07 S

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Sunday April 10th 1836
2	7		West	S.S.E.	Fresh winds and cloudy at sunset the Island
4	6	1			Island bore North 40 miles Dist at 7 P.M.
6	6				took in Main Top Gallant Sail,
8	6				Mid part
10	5	1			moderate weather and cloudy,
12	4		West	S.S.E.	Lat part
2	3	1			the same at daylight made all sail &
4	3	1			made the Island of Rimitiro bearing
6	2				North 40 miles Dist, John Adams in
8		1		Calm	company,
10		1			Lat obs 22.49 S
12	1		N.W.	W.S.W.	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Monday, April 11th 1836
2	2		S by E	W by S	Light winds and pleasant at 3 P.M.
4	2	1	S b E		taken ship at sunset Kimitian Island
6	3	1			bore N.E. 18 miles Dist at 8 P.M. took
8	4				in fore and mizz Top Gallant Sails and
10	5		W S b W	S b W	Fly fill,
12	5	1			Wind part fresh winds and pla-
2	6				asant weather,
4	6				Lat part strong winds
6	6				at 7 A.M. took in main Top Gallant Sail
8	6	1			at 11 single reefd the Top Sails, John
10	6	1			Adams in company,
12	6	1	W S b W	S b W	Lat obs 23.21 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Tuesday April 12th 1836
2	4		W S b W	S b W	Light winds and pleasant at 2 P.M.
4	1		S b W	W S b W	taken ship, Wind
6				Calm	Wind part fresh breezes
8		1			and cloudy at 2 P.M. set main Sail
10	2				at Daylight let the reefs out the
12	4		West	S b W	Top Sails and set main Top Gallant
2	4	1			Sail,
4	5		W S b W	S b W	Lat part light winds and plea-
6	5				sant at 11 A.M. set fore and mizz Top-
8	5				Gallant Sails onbent the Fly fill,
10	4	1			Lat obs 28.46 S,
12	4	1	W S b W	S b W	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Wednesday April 13th 1836
2	5		W S b W	S b W	Fresh breezes and cloudy at 6 P.M. took
4	5	1			in fore and mizz Top Gallant Sails at
6	5	1			8 took in main Top Gallant Sail
8	6				at 10 Double reefd the Top Sails,
10	6				Wind
12	6		S b W	Variable	part strong winds and squally,
2	6				Lat
4	5	1	S b W	W S b W	part more moderate at 9 A.M. let
6	5				the reefs out the Top Sails employed
8	4	1			in altering the Fly fill,
10	4	1			Lat obs 24.14 S,
12	4				

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Thursday April 14th 1836
2	4		S b E	b E S b E	Fresh breezes and clear weather at
4	4	1			2 P M set Main Top Gallant-Sail.
6	5				at 4 lowered for a large sperm whale
8	5	1			without success,
10	5	1			Mid part strong winds
12	6		S by W	W by S	and squally at 10 took in Main Top
2	6				Gallant Sail. at 2 A M double reefed
4	6				the Top Sails,
6	5	1			Last part moderate at
8	5	1			Daylight let the reefs out the Top sails
10	5		S b E	W S W	at 8 A M set Main Top gallant Sail,
12	5		S ½		Lat obs 25 - 12 S,

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Friday April 15th 1836
2	5		S b E	W S E	Fresh breezes and cloudy at 4 P M
4	5				took in Main Top Gallant Sail,
6	4	1			Mid part
8	4	1	W by S	South	light airs and pleasant at 1 A M set
10	4	1			Top Gallant Sails,
12	4	1			Last part the
2	5				same at Daylight set Fore Top mast
4	5				Studding Sail, at 8 A M bent the Sly
6	4	1	W by S	S S E	fib, John Adams in company,
8	4	1			Lat obs 24 - 29 S,
10	5				
12	5				

H I	K	H K	Courses	Winds	Saturday April 16th 1836
2	5	1	W by S	S E	Light winds and pleasant weather employ
4	6				in Ships duty,
6	6	1	W by S ½ S	East	Mid and Last parts the
8	5	1			same at Day light set starboard Top-
10	6				mast Studding Sail,
12	6				Lat obs 23 - 32 S.
2	6	1			
4	6	1			
6	7				
8	7		W by S	East	
10	6	1			
12	6				

H+I	K	H+K	Courses	Winds	Sunday April 17th 1836
2	6		West	East	Fresh winds with flying clouds at
4	6	1			5.30 PM spoke John Adams,
6	7				Wind part
8	7				pleasant,
10	7				Lat part cloudy,
12	7		West	East	Lat obs 23.03 N
2	6	1			
4	6	1			
6	6	1			
8	6	1			
10	6	1			
12	6		West	East	

H+I	K	H+K	Courses	Winds	Monday April 18th 1836
2	6		W ½ S	East	Fresh wind and clear weather, John
4	6				Adams in company,
6	6	1			Wind part cloudy,
8	7				Lat
10	7				part the same employed in ship's
12	7		W ½ S	East	duty,
2	6	1			Lat obs 22.49 S
4	6	1			
6	6	1			
8	7				
10	7				
12	7		W ½ S	East	

H+I	K	H+K	Courses	Winds	Tuesday April 19th 1836
2	7		W by S	East	Fresh winds and cloudy weather at 5.30 PM
4	7				took in Fore mast studding sail,
6	6	1			Wind and
8	6	1			Lat part light winds and pleasant
10	6	1			weather at daylight bent this Fore-
12	6	1	W by S	East	sail to repair at 11 AM bent this Fore-
2	6				sail,
4	5	1			Lat obs 22.57 S,
6	5	1			
8	5	1			
10	5	1			
12	5	1	W by S	East	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	5	1	N by E	East
4	5	1		
6	6			
8	6			
10	6	1		
12	6	1	N by E	East
2	6	1		
4	7			
6	7			
8	7			
10	6	1		
12	6	1	N by E	East

Wednesday April 20 - 1836

All these twenty-four hours fresh winds with flying clouds employed in cleaning Vessel, John Adams in company,

Lat obs 23 - 01 S.

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6	1	N by E	East
4	6			
6	6			
8	4	1		E & E
10	3	1	W by N	North
12	2			
2		1		Calm
4		1		
6	3	1	W by N	S S E
8	5	1	W S W	
10	6			
12	6			

Thursday April 21 - 1836

Fresh winds and cloudy at 10 P M took in Main Topt Gallant Sail and Main Sail, Mid part light airs and rainy at Daylight set Main Sail and Main-Topt Gallant Sail,

Lat part strong winds at 8 A M took in Main Topt Gallant Sail at 11 double reefd Fore and Miz-Topt Sails and single reefd the Main,

Lat obs 23 - 00 S.

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6	1	N by W S S E	
4	6	1		
6	6		S by E	
8	6			
10	5	1		
12	5		S by E S E by E	
2	4	1		
4	4	1		
6	4	1		
8	5	1		
10	5	1		
12	4		S by E	S E by E

Friday April 22 - 1836

Strong winds with flying clouds at 4 P M double reefd Main Topt Sail,

Mid and Lat part more moderate at Daylight made all sail at 8 A M took in Fore and Miz Topt Gallant Sails,

Lat obs 24 - 04 S.

H	K	R	Courses	Winds	Saturday April 23 1836
2	5	1	SSW	S E	Light winds and pleasant, John-
4	5	1			Thomas in company,
6	5	1			Mid and Lat
8	5				points the same at 2 A M set Fore
10	4	1			and Miz Top gallant Sails at
12	4	1	SSW	S E	Daylight set Fore Top mast
2	4				Studding Sails,
4	3	1			Lat obs 25 - 15 S,
6	3	1			
8	4				
10	5				
12	5		SSW	S E	

H	K	R	Courses	Winds	Sunday April 24th 1836
2	5		Slyt	E S E	Light winds with flying clouds
4	5		South		at 8 2 P M took in Studding Sail
6	4	1			at 4 took in Fore and Miz Top Gal-
8	4	1			lant Sails,
10	4	1			Mid and Lat points
12	5		South	East	the same at Daylight set Fore
2	5	1		S E	and Miz Top Gallant Sails, two
4	5	1			ships in sight,
6	4				Lat obs 27 - 08 S,
8	4				
10	4				
12	5		South	S E	

H	K	R	Courses	Winds	Monday April 25th 1836
2	5		South	N E	Light winds and pleasant at 3 P M
4	5				spoke Ship Pacific, Congdon of Sandwich
6	4	1	SSW	N E	22 months out with 900 bbls oil at 5 P M
8	4	1			took in Top Gallant Sails,
10	4				Mid and Lat
12	4				same, Lat first light winds and
2	3	1			cloudy at daylight ~~took~~ turn in Jib Gallant
4	3	1			Sail sent down Fore and Miz Top Gallant
6	5				Yards and masts and rigging in fully fitted
8	4				Lat obs 25 - 47 S,
10	5	1			
12	4		SSW	N E	

H	K	H	Courses	Winds	Tuesday April 26th 1836
2	4		S S W	Light	Light winds and pleasant, John —
4	4				Adams in company,
6	4				This part cloudy,
8	5		South		Lat part the same employed in ships
10	5				duty,
12	4			North	Lat obs 29°48' S,
2	7				
4	8				
6	8			Variable	
8	2		South		
10				Calm	
12					

H	K	H	Courses	Winds	Wednesday April 27th 1836
2	1		S by W	Variable	Light airs and pleasant at sunset the
4	2				ship and bent an old one,
6	3	1		East	This part
8	5				fresh breezes and cloudy,
10	5	1			Lat part
12	6		S by W	East	the same saw sperm whales to —
2	6				windward,
4	6				Lat obs 31°17' S,
6	6				
8	5	1			
10	5	1			
12	5		S by W	E by S	

H	K	H	Courses	Winds	Thursday April 28th 1836
2	5		S by W	S E	Fresh breezes and cloudy weather at 1 P.M.
4	5	1			spoke an English Ship 6 months out
6	6				no oil,
8	6	1			This and last parts strong —
10	7				winds and thick weather with rain
12	7		S by W	S S E	at 11 A.M. double reefed fore and main
2	7	1			Top Sails,
4	7	1			Lat obs 33°53' S,
6	8				
8	8				
10	7	1			
12	6		S by W	S S E	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Friday April 29th 1856
2	15		Wby N	S by E	Light winds and cloudy at 5 P.M.
4	4				let the reefs out the Fore and Main
6	2	1			Top Sails and set Top Mast Studding
8	2	1			Sail,
10	2	1			The past the same at 8 P.M. Watch
12	3		S by E ½ E	Settle	in Top Mast Studs Sail.
2	2	1			Lat past light
4	1	1	N 5 W	South	winds and pleasant, John Evans
6	3				in company.
8	3				Lat obs 54 47 N
10	3	1	S W	S by E	
12	3	1			

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Saturday April 30th 1856
2	3		N 5 W	South	Light winds with flying clouds
4	3	1			at 10 P.M. tacked ship.
6	4				Wind and Lat
8	3		S by W	West	parts light airs and pleasant
10	2	1			weather
12	2	1			Lat obs 55 12 N
2	2	1			
4	3				
6	3	1			
8	3	1			
10	4				
12	4		S by W	West	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Sunday May 1st 1856
2	4		S W	West	Light winds and pleasant weather
4	3	1			Wind and Lat past fresh
6	3	1			winds at 4 A.M. took in Main Top
8	4	1			Gallant Sail at Daylight Double
10	6		South	S S W	reefed the Top Sails
12	6	1			Lat obs 56 57 N
2	6	1			
4	7				
6	7		S by E	S by W	
8	6				
10	6				
12	6				

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Monday May 2nd 1836
2	6		S by E	S W by W	Strong winds with flying clouds,
4	5	1			Wind part fresh gales at Midnight
6	5	1			took in fib and main sail,
8	0				Lat part
10	6				Moderate at daylight set fib and —
12	6		South	W S W	Main sail at 8 A M let the reefs out
2	5	1			the Top sails, parted company with
4	5				the John Adams,
6	4	1	S S E	S W	Lat obs 38° 04 S,
8	3			Variable	
10	2	1			
12	2	1			

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Tuesday May 3rd 1836
2	3		S W by S	S S E	Light airs and cloudy at 1 P M set
4	3	1			Main Top Gallant Sail and Top Mast
6	5				Studding Sail at 4 P M took in Studding
8	6				Sail at 6 took in Main Top Gallant
10	5	1	W S W	South	Sail and Main Sail at 7 Double reefed
12	5		S W by S	S E	the Top Sails at 8 took in Fore and
2	4	1			Miz Top Sails, at 9 new ship at 10 set
4	4	1			Fore and Miz Top Sails, Wind part
6	4	1			squally at 8 A M took in Fore and
8	4	1			Miz Top Sails, Lat part strong gales
10	4				one ship in sight astern,
12	4		S W by S	S E	Lat obs 38° 39 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Wednesday May 4th 1836
2	4		S W by S	S E	Strong Gales and cloudy weather,
4	4				Wind part more moderate at 10
6	5	1			P M set Fore Top Sail,
8	6	1			Lat part the
10	5	1			same at 5 A M set fib at 7 set Miz —
12	4		S S W	S E	Top Sail,
2	4				Lat obs 39° 08 S,
4	4	1			
6	5				
8	5				
10	5	1			
12	5	1	S S W	S E	

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	5	1	S S W	S E
4	5	1		
6	6			
8	6		South	E S E
10	6			
12	5	1		
2	5			
4	4	1	S S W	S E
6	4		S W	S S E
8	3	1		
10	2	1	S S W	S E
12	4			

Thursday May 5th 1836

Fresh winds and cloudy, at 1 P M set single reefed Top Sails, main — Sail and main Top Gallant sail at 3 spoke John Evans at 6 took in main Top Gallant sail at Midnight let the reefs out the Top Sails and set main Top Gal— Sail at 9 A M bent the cables,

Mid and

Lat part light winds and squally, one man sick off duty,

Lat obs 40.11 S,

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	4		S S W	S E
4	4			
6	4			
8	3	1	E S E	South
10	3	1		
12	4			
2	4			
4	2	1		
6	2	1		
8	2	1		
10	2	1		
12	2	1	E S E	South

Friday May 6th 1836

Light winds and squally at 3 P M single reefed the Top Sails at — took in main Top Gallant Sail at 8 — double reefed the Top Sails and took in main sail at 8 ware ship and split the at 11 took in the Top Sail at 5 A M took in Fore Top Sail and close— reefed the main,

Mid and Lat part

strong Gales and squally,

Lat obs 40.29 S,

H	K	H	Courses	Winds
2	2	1	E S E	South
4	2	1		
6	2	1		
8	2	1		
10		1		
12	3		S S W	E S E
2	5	1		
4	6			
6	6	1		
8	7			
10	7			
12	7		S S W	E S E

Saturday May 7th 1836

Strong Gales and squally at 6 P M took in the Waist boat at 11 took in Fore Sail at 11 the wind shifts suddenly to the Eastward,

Mid part more moderate with rain at midnight set the Fore Sail at 1 A M set Fore and Miz Top Sails at day light let one reef out the main Top— Sail,

Lat part fresh Gales,

Lat obs 41.26 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6		W by S	East
4	6			
6	6			
8	6			
10		1	South	E S E
12		1		
2		1		
4		1		
6	4		E. S. E	S E
8	4			
10	4			
12	4			

Sunday May 8th 1836

Fresh Gales and squally with rain at 7 P M took in Fore and Miz Top Sails at 9 hauld up the Fore Sail and hauld by the wind, at 5 A M made the land bearing West 12 miles dist set the Fore Sail at 6 wore ship and set close reefd Fore and Miz Top Sails at 7 set fill at 10 reefd the Main Sail and set it,

Lat part strong Gales and a lee shore,

Lat obs 41° 19 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	4		E. S E	S E
4	4	1		
6	4	1		
8	4			
10	3	1	S by E	E by S
12	3	1		
2	3	1		
4	4		S S W	S E
6	5			
8	5	1		
10	5	1		
12	5			

Monday May 9th 1836

Strong winds and squally the Land 12 miles dist under our lee at 9 P M tack ship,

Mid part more moderate at Daylight set single reefd Top Sails at 9 A M let the reef out the Main Sail and set Main Top Gallant Sail,

Lat part light winds and cloudy the Land 15 dist to Leward,

Lat obs 41° 23 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	5		S W by S	S E by S
4	5		E by S	
6	5			
8	4	1		
10	4			
12	3	1	S W	S S E
2	3	1		
4	3			
6	2	1		
8	3			
10	4	1	E S E	South
12	4	1		

Tuesday May 10th 1836

Light winds and cloudy working to the windward on different tacks at sunset Cape Blanco bore W by S 15 miles dist,

Mid and Lat parts the same found a strong current setting to the Northward,

Lat obs 41° 25 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	5		S W	S S E
4	5	1		
6	6		East	
8	6	1		
10	7			
12	7			S S E
2	6	1		
4	6	1		
6	6			
8	5	1	S W	
10	5	1		
12	5	1		S S E

Wednesday May 11th 1836

Fresh winds and cloudy working to windward at 1 P M took in main top Gallant Sail at sunset Cape Pilasere bore S W by W 20 miles dist at 7 double reefed the Top sails

Wind and Lat parts strong winds and squally with thick weather

Lat by D R 41 30 S,

Unbent the thin Top sail and bent new one,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	5	1	S W	S S E
4	5	1		
6	6		E by S	S by E
8	6			
10	5			
12	4	1		
2	4	1	W S W	South
4	4	1		
6	5			
8	6			
10	6			
12	6		S W	S S E

Thursday May 12th 1836

Fresh winds and thick weather working to the windward on different tacks at 5 P M took in main sail,

Wind and Lat parts squally at 7 A M set main sail no land in sight

Lat by D R 41 45 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6		S W	S S E
4	5			
6	3		East	
8	2	1		
10	2	1		
12	3		E N E	S E
2	3			
4	3	1	S W	S S E
6	4			
8	4			
10	3	1		
12	2	1	W by S	S S E

Friday May 13th 1836

Fresh winds and cloudy weather working to the windward on different tacks at 3 P M saw the land to the leeward at 4 took in main sail,

Wind and Lat parts light airs and cloudy weather at daylight set single reefed Top sails and main sail at 8 A M saw sperm whales lowered without success, our sick man better,

Lat by D R 41 55 S,

H I	H K	H H	Courses	Winds
2	2	1	N b E	Variable
4	2			
6	1			
8		1		
10				
12				Calm
2				
4	1	1		
6	2			
8	3		East	S.S.E
10	4			
12	4			

Saturday May 14th 1836

Light airs and cloudy weather the land in sight 85 miles dist,

Mid part calm,

Lat part light winds and pleasant at daylight made all sail,

Lat obs 42.28 S,

H I	H K	H H	Courses	Winds
2	4	1	N E	S.S.W
4	4	1		
6	4	1		
8	5			
10	5	1		
12	5	1	W S W	N W
2	5		N E by E	N W by N
4	4	1		
6	4	1		
8	5			
10	6		W by S	N W by N
12	6			

Sunday May 15th 1836

Light winds and pleasant working to the windward at sunset lost sight of the land,

Mid part the same —

Lat part fresh winds and clear weather at 11 A.M. took in main — Topgallant Sail ———

Lat obs 41.52 S,

H I	H K	H H	Courses	Winds
2	6		W S W	N b W
4	6	1		
6	6	1	Mostly	W N W
8	7			
10	7			
12	7		S b W	W S W
2	6			
4	5	1		
6	5	1		
8	6		W by S	S W by S
10	7			
12	7	1		

Monday May 16th 1836

Strong winds and clear weather working to windward on different tacks at 2 P.M. double reefd the Topsails at 10 close reefd Fore and Main Topsails,

Mid and Lat part strong Gales at daylight set double reefd Topsails saw the land to westward at 12 Mer, Cape Pilasco bore W by S 20 miles dist ———

Lat obs 41.31 S,

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Tuesday May 17th 1836
2	7		W S W	S S W	Fresh winds and clear weather at
4	6	1			sunset Cape Palafsera bore West 15
6	6				miles dist at 6 P M took in fib and
8	3	1			Main Sail and close reefe the Top
10	3				Sails,
12	2	1	West	N N E	Mid and last parts fresh gale
2	2	1			at daylight set double reefd Top Sail
4	2	1	West	N N W	fib and Main Sail at 7 A M saw
6	4				the Land on the South side of Cook
8	4				Straits, at 9 A M took in fib, reefe
10	4	1	N N E	N W	Main Sail and close reefd Fore Top Sail
12	5				Lat obs 41 45 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Wednesday May 18th 1836
2	5		N N E	S W	Fresh winds with flying clouds at sunset
4	5				Cape Palafsera bore S E 10 miles Dist at
6	4		West	N N W	6 P M set fib.
8	3	1			Mid part heavy gales at 1
10	3	1			A M the wind shifted suddenly took in
12	3	1	S S W	West	fib and Main Sail at ½ past 1 split Main
2	6		S S W	S by E	Top Sail and Fore Sail,
4	6				Last part more mod
6	5				erate at 3 A M set reefd Main Sail at day
8	3	1			light unbent Main Top Sail, Fore Sail
10	3	1			and Fore Top Mast Stay Sail and bent
12	3	1	E S E	South	others, Cape Palafsera bearing N W 80 miles
					Dist
					Lat obs 41 55 S

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds	Thursday May 19th 1836
2	4		W S W	South	Light winds and pleasant standing on
4	4		E by S	S by E	different tacks through the night
6	2	1			at sunset Palafsera bore N W 15 miles
8	1	1		Variable	Dist,
10	2		E S E	North	Mid part light airs, last part
12	2	1			fresh breezes at daylight made all
2	2	1	W S W		sail
4	3				Lat obs 41 35 S
6	5				
8	5	1	N by W	North	
10	5	1			
12	6		West	N N W	

H	K	HK	Courses	Winds
2	6		N by E	S by W
4	6			
6	5			
8	4			
10	4			
12	3		N by E	S W
2	3			
4	2			
6	2			
8	3			
10	3			
12	3			S W

Friday May 20th 1836

Strong winds at 1 P.M. took in Main Topt Gallant Sail at 2 Double reefd the Topt sails at 4 close reefd Fore and Main Top sails and reefd Main Sail at Sunset Cape Palliser bore E by S 30 miles dist, &

Lat part light winds and pleasant working in to Cloudy Bay

Saturday May 21st 1836

Light winds and variable working up the Bay at 5 P.M. came to in Cloudy Bay in 8 fathoms water with 40 fathoms ~~chain~~ at Daylight got under way and warped our ship in shore, Lat part calm employed in mooring ship

Sunday May 22nd 1836

Light winds and pleasant employed in mooring ship and unbending sails Lat part fresh winds from S E and cloudy weather housed Top Masts and got our Yards fore and aft in the Tops

Monday May 23rd 1836

Strong winds from S E and cloudy employed in breaking out between decks and getting casks ready for the shore Lat part more moderate employed in landing casks

Tuesday May 24th 1836

Fresh winds from S E and clear weather finished landing casks at Daylight sent two boats ~~upon~~ the Bay

Wednesday May 25th 1836

pleasant weather hove our chances together with the John Adams at Daylight sent one boat to Queen Charlotte Sound for men

Thursday May 26th 1836

Fresh winds and cloudy weather at daylight sent two boats down the Bay

Friday May 27th 1836

Pleasant weather at daylight sent two boats down the Bay struck and killed a whale the second mate got his right shoulder out of joint took him to the ship Mary and got it set at noon the boat got back from the South with four men

Saturday May 28th 1836

Pleasant weather at 8 P.M. got our whale to the ship at daylight sent all boats down the Bay and commenced cutting the whale

Sunday May 29th 1836

Light winds and pleasant at 2 P.M. finished cutting and commenced boiling at daylight sent the boats out the Bay

Monday May 30th 1836

Fresh winds employed in boiling the boats down the Bay

Tuesday May 31st 1836

Fresh winds from S.W. at 12 P.M. finished boiling at daylight sent the Boats down the Bay

Wednesday June 1st 1836

Light winds and pleasant the Boats down the Bay saw one whale

Thursday June 2nd 1836

Light winds and pleasant the Boats down the Bay, Got part fresh winds from S.E. and thick weather

Friday June 3rd 1836

Fresh winds from S.E. with rain, Got part moderate at daylight sent the Boats down the Bay

Saturday June 4th 1836

Light winds and rainy weather the Boats down the Bay

Sunday June 5th 1836

Fresh winds and rainy weather the Boats down the Bay

Monday June 6th 1836

Fresh winds from N W and clear weather painted a new Boat the Boats down the Bay

Tuesday June 7th 1836

Fresh winds and rainy weather at 11 A M the Boats went down the Bay

Wednesday June 8th 1836

Fresh winds from N W and rainy weather the Boats down the Bay

Thursday June 9th 1836

Fresh winds from N W and rainy weather with thunder and lightning, 1st part more moderate the Boats down the Bay employed in fitting the fourth Boat

Friday June 10th 1836

Moderate weather with heavy rain the Boats down the Bay

Saturday June 11th 1836

Fresh winds from S E with heavy rain no boats down the Bay

Sunday June 12th 1836

Fresh winds and rainy, 1st part moderate the Boats down the Bay

Monday June 13th 1836

First part light winds and rainy the Boats down the Bay, 1st part pleasant

Tuesday June 14th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather the Boats down the Bay

Wednesday June 15th 1836

Fresh winds and clear weather the Boats down the Bay

Thursday June 16th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather the Boats down the Bay

Friday June 17th 1836

Light airs and pleasant weather the Boats down the Bay

Saturday June 18th 1836

Light winds and pleasant the Boats down the Bay got one small whale and took him to the John Adams

Sunday June 19th 1836

Light winds and pleasant the Boats down the Bay fat part fresh winds from NW

Monday June 20th 1836

Fresh winds and clear weather the Boats down the Bay

Tuesday June 21st 1836

Fresh winds with rain no Boats down the Bay fat part more moderate employed in fitting the Boats

Wednesday June 22nd 1836

Light winds and pleasant the Boats down the Bay got a large whale and anchored him with three anchors and two lines

Thursday June 23rd 1836

First part moderate, fat part heavy Gales from S & E Dragg'd our small anchor

Friday June 24th 1836

Fresh Gales from S & E with rain no boats down the Bay, fat part more moderate

Saturday June 25th 1836

Light winds and pleasant lost our whale Boats down the Bay and two anchors

Sunday June 26th 1836

Light winds and pleasant the Boats down the Bay

Monday June 27th 1836

Light winds and cloudy weather the Boats down the Bay

Tuesday June 28th 1836

Light winds and rainy weather the Boats down the Bay

Wednesday June 29th 1836

Fresh winds from S & E and cloudy weather no Boats down the Bay

Thursday June 30th 1836

Moderate winds from S & E and cloudy weather Boats down the Bay John Adams got a Whale employed in towing the whale

Friday July 1st 1836

Light winds and pleasant at 4 P M got the whale to the John Adams the Boats down the Bay

Saturday July 2nd 1836

Light winds and pleasant the Boats down the Bay got a whale employed in towing the whale

Sunday July 3rd 1836

Fresh winds from S & E at 5 P M got the whale to the ship, Got part employed in cutting the whale three Boats down the Bay

Monday July 4th 1836

Light winds and cloudy weather the Boats down the Bay at daylight commenced boilling

Tuesday July 5th 1836

Light winds from S & E the Boats down the Bay at 3 P M stopt boilling, Got part employed in stowing down oil

Wednesday July 6th 1836

Light winds from S & E the Boats down the Bay at daylight commenced boilling

Thursday July 7th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather employed in Boilling the Boats down the Bay

Friday July 8th 1836

Light winds from the Westward and pleasant at 5 P M finished boilling the Boats down the Bay

Saturday July 9th 1836

Light winds and pleasant employed in stowing down oil the Boats down the Bay

Sunday July 10th 1836

Fresh winds from S W at 5 P M finished stowing down oil the Boats down the Bay

Monday July 11th 1836

Light winds from S & E and rainy weather no Boats down the Bay

Tuesday July 12th 1836

Light winds and pleasant got a whale and anchored him, Shipkeepers employed in cleaning Bone

Wednesday July 13th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather the Boats employed in towing the whale

Thursday July 14th 1836

Light winds and pleasant at 5 P M took the whale to the John Adams at Daylight sent the Boats down the Bay got a whale employed in towing the whale

Friday July 15th 1836

Pleasant weather at 5 P M took the whale to the ship employed in cutting, The Boats down the Bay

Saturday July 16th 1836

Light winds and pleasant the Boats down the Bay at Daylight commenced boilling

Sunday July 17th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather employed in boilling three Boats down the Bay

Monday July 18th 1836

Light winds and cloudy weather the Boats down the Bay at 10 A M finished boilling

Tuesday July 19th 1836

Light winds and rainy weather no Boats down the Bay

Wednesday July 20th 1836

Strong Gales from S & E no Boats down the Bay employed in stowing down oil

Thursday July 21st 1836

First part strong winds from S & E employed in stowing oil, Lat part light winds the Boats down the Bay

Friday July 22nd 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather the Boats down the Bay

Saturday July 23rd 1836

Light winds from S W and pleasant the Boats down the Bay one man sick off duty

Sunday July 24th 1836

Light winds from S & E and cloudy weather the Boats down the Bay

Monday July 25th 1836

Light winds with flying clouds, our sick man no better, the Boats down the Bay struck a whale and drawd from him

Tuesday July 26th 1836

Light winds and pillasant weather the Boats down the Bay

Wednesday July 27th 18

Light winds and clear weather the Boats down the Bay

Thursday July 28th 1836

These twenty four hours light winds and pleasant weather the Boats down the Bay

Friday July 29th 1836

Light winds and pillasant weather the Boats down the Bay

Saturday July 30th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather the John Adams got a whale anchored him, Lat part employed in towing the whale

Sunday July 31st 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather at 4 P.M. took the whale to the John Adams Cut part the Boats Down the Bay

Monday August 1st 1836

Pleasant weather the Boats Down the Bay the John Adams struck a Whale and cut from her

Tuesday August 2d 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather the Boats Down the Bay a Whaleing

Wednesday August 3d 1836

Light winds and cloudy weather the Boats Down the Bay

Thursday August 4th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather the Boats Down the Bay

Friday August 5th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather John Adams got a whale employed in towing the whale, Edward Crane and Moses Rodgers Deserted

Saturday August 6th 1836

Light winds and pleasant at 3 P.M. took the whale along side and cut him in Cut part rainy no Boats Down the Bay

Sunday August 7th 1836

Fresh winds from S.E. and rainy at Daylight commenced boiling the Boats Down the Bay

Monday August 8th 1836

Fresh Gales from S.E. employed in boiling Cut part moderate the Boats Down the Bay

Monday August 9th 1836

Light winds and pleasant at 7 P.M. finished Boiling the Boats Down the Bay

Tuesday August 10th 1836

Light winds and pleasant the Boats Down the Bay

Wednesday August 11th 1836

Light winds and pleasant the Boats Down the Bay, Lat part fresh Gales from S & struck a large whale and cut from her spouting thick Blood

Thursday August 12th 1836

Fresh gales from S E, Lat part moderate the Boats Down the Bay struck a whale belonging to the Mary Mitchell of Nantucket and killed him.

Friday August 13th 1836

Light winds and pleasant the Boats Down the Bay found our whale employed in towing the whale

Saturday August 14th 1836

Light winds and pleasant at 5 P M took the whale to the John Evans, Lat part the same the Boats Down the Bay

Monday August 15th 1836

Light winds and pleasant the Boats Down the Bay

Tuesday August 16th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather employed in stowing oil the Boats Down the Bay

Wednesday August 17th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather the Boats Down the Bay

Thursday August 18th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather the Boats Down the Bay

Friday August 19th 1836

Light winds and cloudy weather, Lat part fresh winds from S & and rainy employed in clearing house no Boats down the Bay

Saturday August 20th 1836

Fresh winds from S & and cloudy weather, Lat part pleasant got a whale employed in towing the whale

Sunday August 21st 1836

Light winds and pleasant at 6 P.M. took the whale to the John Adams, Sat part the Boats down the Bay

Monday August 22nd 1836

Light winds and pleasant John Adams got a whale in company with the Roslin Castle of London took her to the Roslin Castle

Tuesday August 23rd 1836

Fresh winds from S.W. the Boats down the Bay at 4 P.M. took half the whale from the Roslin Castle and took it on Board, Sat part employed in Boilling

Wednesday August 24th 1836

Fresh winds from S.W. employed in Boilling the Boilling two Boats down the Bay at Daylight finisted Boilling

Thursday August 25th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather the Boats down the Bay

Friday August 26th 1836

First part light winds and pleasant, Sat part fresh winds and cloudy no Boats down the Bay employed in stowing down oil and getting the Mizzen Top Mast aloft

Saturday August 27th 1836

Fresh winds and rain no Boats down the Bay employed in getting off water

Sunday August 28th 1836

Fresh winds from N.W. and rainy weather no Boats down the Bay sold 200 lbs whale Bone to an English Brig

Monday August 29th 1836

Fresh winds and rainy weather two Boats down the Bay shipped two men

Tuesday August 30th 1836

Fresh winds from N.W. and cloudy weather John Adams got a small whale and anchored him — Got part two Boats towing the whale —

Wednesday August 31st 1836

Light winds and cloudy at 4 P.M. took the whale to the Ship and cut him in, Got part employed in stowing the after hold and getting off wood, sold 250 lbs bone to an English Ship —

Thursday September 1st 1836

Light winds and rainy, employed in taking on board wood and water and stowing the hold no Boats down the Bay

Friday September 2nd 1836

Light winds and rainy employed in stowing the hold and getting the Fore and Main Top Masts aloft and rigging yards two Boats down the Bay

Saturday September 3rd 1836

Light winds and cloudy employed in setting up rigging and taking on board wood no Boats down the Bay

Sunday September 4th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather at 3 P.M. commenced boilling at daylight finished boilling employed in stowing the Between Decks no Boats down the Bay

Monday September 5th 1836

Light winds and pleasant no Boats down the Bay at sunrise commenced unmooring Ship at noon Broke down to the mouth of the harbour and came too with the Best Bower anchor with 10 fathoms chain bent the fil and Fore Top Mast Stay sail

Tuesday September 6th 1836

Light winds and pleasant employed in stowing oil two Boats down the Bay —

Wednesday September 7th 1836

Light winds and pleasant employed in cleaning Bone two Boats down the Bay —

Thursday September 8th 1836

Light winds and cloudy weather three Boats down the Bay lost the Hedge anchor belonging to the Ship Jasper of Fair Haven

Friday September 9th 1836

Light winds and cloudy two Boats down the Bay employed in bending sails and getting ready for sea

Saturday September 10th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather two Boat down the Bay employed in getting ready for sea

Sunday September 11th 1836

Light winds and pleasant weather no Boats down the Bay

Monday September 12th 1836

First part light winds from N W and pleasant Lat part strong gales from S E and cloudy all ready for sea no Boats down the Bay

Tuesday September 13th 1836

Strong gales and cloudy weather no Boats down the Bay, Lat part light airs from East employed in mending an old Fore Sail

Wednesday September 14th 1836

Light winds and pleasant, Lat part light winds from N N E at 11 A M got under way and steered E by S with all sail set

Thursday September 15th 1836

Fresh breezes from N E steering S E by E at sunset Cape Campbell bore S W 15 miles dist Cape Palliser bore N N E 30 miles dist at 6 P M single reef'd Miz Top Sail at 7 set the watch, Mid part strong winds at 8 Double reef'd the Top Sails at 12 M N Took in Main Sail and close reef'd Miz Top Sail, Lat part strong winds and thick weather stow'd the Chains

Lat Obs 43.01 S

Friday September 16th 1836

Fresh winds from N E and cloudy weather at 6 P M took in fil and Fore and Miz Top Sails and close reef'd Main Top Sail, Mid part light wind and foggy, Lat part the same at Daylight set double reef'd Top Sails and steered East wind at N N E onbent the Chains

Lat Obs 43.58 S

Saturday September 17th 1836

Light winds and variable with thick weather steering N N E, at sunset took in Miz Top Sail Mid and Lat parts the same at Daylight set whole Top Sail saw a right whale and lowered without success —

Lat Obs 43.04 S

Sunday September 18th 1836

Light winds from South and cloudy weather steering N by E at Sunset Double reef'd the Top Sails, Mid and Lat parts pleasant at Daylight made all sail and steered N N W several hump backs in sight —

Lat Obs 41.14 S

Monday September 19th 1836

Light winds from South and thick weather steering N N W at Sunset Double reef'd the Top Sails and took in Main Sail, Mid part calm, Lat part light winds from N N W steering N E at Daylight made all Sail, weather thick and rainy

Lat by D R 40.30 S

Tuesday September 20th 1836

Light winds and variable with cloudy weather working to the Northward at sunset took in Main Sail and Double reef'd the Top Sails Mid part fresh winds from S W steering N W at Daylighth set Main Sail, Lat part fresh gales from South at 10 A M took in fil, Main Sail and Fore and Miz Top Sails at half past 11 took in Fore Sail and close reef'd Main Top Sail heading W S W employed in mending an old Fore Top Sail —

Lat Obs 34.25 S —

Wednesday September 21st 1836

Heavy gales from South lying too heading W S W at 4 P M wore ship to E S E at 5 took in the Waist Boat, Mid part the same at 8 A M set Fore Sail and steer'd N by W Lat part more moderate —

Lat obs 38.41 S

Thursday September 22nd 1836

Moderate winds from South steering N N W at sunset took in Fore Sail and hauled by the wind to the Eastward, Mid part the same at Daylight made all sail and steer'd W S W at 11 A M saw the Land bearing West 5.0 miles Dist employed in mending a top Sail —

Lat obs 38.48 South

Friday September 23.1836

Light winds from South and pleasant steering W S W at 4 P M lowered for sperm whales without success at sunset took in sail and hauled by the wind to the Eastward Mid part calm, Lat part light winds from South cruising on different tacks the Land in sight

Lat obs 37.42 S —

Saturday September 24th 1836

Light winds from the South and pleasant standing in towards the Land at 4 P M bent an old Fore Top Sail, at sunset took in sail Mid part the same, Lat part fresh breezes from E S E at Daylight made all sail cruising on different tacks —

Lat obs 37.03 S —

Sunday September 25th 1836

Fresh breezes from E S E steering N E at 1 P M bent an old Mizz Top Sail at sunset took in sail, Mid part the same, Lat part — cloudy at Daylight set Double reefd Top Sails fill and Main Sail and wore ship to S S E

Lat obs 36.48 S

Monday September 26th 1836

Fresh winds from N E and cloudy steering E S E at sunset took in sail Mid part the same at Daylight set Double reefd Top Sails and fill at 9 A M took in Mizz Top Sail and fill Lat part fresh gales —

Lat obs 38.10 S

Tuesday September 27th 1836

Fresh gales from N E and cloudy weather steering E S E at 3 P M took in Fore Top Sail Mid part more moderate, Lat part light airs and variable at Daylight made sail employed in getting the Main Top Gallant-Mast aloft

Lat obs 38.. 53 S

Wednesday September 28th 1836

Light winds from S S E steering S W sent the Main Top Gallant Yard aloft, at sunset took in Sail Mid and Lat parts fresh gales lying too under double reef'd Main Top Sail and Fore Sail

Lat obs 38.. 58 S

Thursday September 29th 1836

Fresh gales from South and cloudy heading E S E at 4 P M close reef'd Main Top Sail, Mid and Lat parts moderate at Daylight made sail, Bent the Main Top Gallant Sail

Lat obs 39.. 13 S

Friday September 30th 1836

Fresh winds from South with flying clouds saw sperm whales lowered without success at sunset took in sail, Mid and Lat parts the same at Daylight made sail steering E S E Bent an old fil

Lat obs 39.. 40 S

Saturday October 1.. 1836

Fresh winds from South and cloudy steering E S E at sunset took in Sail, Mid part strong gales took in the Fore Sail, Lat part more mod, at 10 P M wore ship to W S W and set Fore Sail

Lat obs 39.. 35 S

Sunday October 2.. 1836

Moderate gales from South steering W S W, Mid and Lat parts light winds and pleasant at Daylight made all sail steering West

Lat obs 39.. 10 S,

Monday October 3rd 1836

Light winds from South and pleasant steering W.S.W. saw sperm whales lowered without success, Mid and Lat parts the same —

Lat obs 39.21 S,

Tuesday October 4th 1836

Light winds from S.S.E and pleasant steering W by S at sunset took in sail, Mid and Lat parts the same at daylight made sail and steered S.W. —

Lat obs 39.18 S,

Wednesday October 5th 1836

Light winds from S.E and pleasant steering S.W. at 5 P.M. saw the land bearing West 15 miles dist, Mid and Lat parts, the same at 8 A.M. saw a ship steering N.E.

Lat obs 38.31 S,

Thursday October 6th 1836

Light winds from S.E and pleasant steering S.E Mid part the same, Lat part fresh breezes from E.S.E steering S.E the at 8 A.M. took in Main Top Gallant Sail at noon were ship to S.E. one ship in sight,

Lat obs 37.23 S,

Friday October 7th 1836

Light winds from E.N.E and pleasant steering S.E at sunset took in Sail, Mid and Lat parts the same at daylight made all sail and were ship steering West the land in sight,

Lat obs 37.43 S,

Saturday October 8th 1836

Light winds from N.E.E and cloudy at sunset took in Sail, Mid part fresh winds heading E.N.E at 8 A.M. set Fore Top Sail and steered S.E, Lat part heavy gales from N.W.

Lat obs 38.10 S,

Sunday. October 9th 1836

Heavy gales from N W and cloudy steering S E at 4 P M took in Fore Top Sail and Fore Sail and hauld by the wind to N N E under close reefs Main Top Sail Mid. and lat parts moderate at Daylight made all sail steering to the Northward at 9 A M spoke Ship Merrimac, Pease of Newburyport 36 months out with 2500 bbls

Lat obs 38-59 S,

Monday October 10th 1836

Light winds from N W and pleasant steering E S E Mid and lat parts the same at Daylight made all sail Merrimac in company,

Lat obs 38-05 S

Tuesday October 11th 1836

Fresh breezes from N W and clear weather steering E N E at sunset took in sail and hauld by the wind to N N E at Daylight ~~[illegible]~~ reefd Top Sails and steered E by N, Lat part fresh gales at noon took in Miz Top Sail,

Lat obs 37-57 S,

Wednesday October 12th 1836

Fresh gales from N W and cloudy steering E by N at 5 P M saw a right whale at sunset took in Fore Top Sail and Fore Sail and hove too heading N N E, Mid and Lat part heavy gales with rain,

Lat By D R 37-48 S,

Thursday October 13th 1836

Strong gales from N W and cloudy heading N E by E Mid part moderate at Daylight set double reefd Top Sails and Fore Sail at 8 A M spoke Ship Erie of New Port with 1200 bbls oil at 11 took in Fore and Miz Top Sails and Fore Sail and close reefd Main Top Sail, Lat part heavy gales from South heading W S W

Lat obs 37-45 S,

Entries for Nov. 1836
Wednesday & Thursday Days.
Thursday Nov. 5, 1987.

Thursday December 1st 1836

Light winds from N by E and cloudy steering West middle and latter part much the same the watch employed in fitting boats and at 9 A M took in the Starboard Boat and put out another Lat by Obs 38.34

Wednesday December 2d 1836

Fresh breezes from West steering S. on bent the Pill mended it and bent it again middle and lat part strong breezes from W by S with squalls of rain at 3 A M double reefed the top sails heading S by W saw several Fin Backs Lat by Obs 39.19 S

Sbos Saturday December 3d 1836

Strong winds from S S W and cloudy at 4 P M wore Ship to N N W middle and latter parts strong gales from S W steering W N W at 7 A M closed reefed the main top sail at M set closed reef Mizen topsail

No Obs

Sunday December 4th 1836

First part of these 24 hours strong winds from W heading N N W middle and lat parts more moderate at 12 M wore Ship to S S W

Lat by Obs 37.50 S

Monday December 5th 1836

First part of these 24 hours Strong winds from West heading S S W mid and lat parts more moderate with showers of rain the watch employed in scraping bone Lat by Obs 38.43 S

Tuesday December 6th 1836

First part of these 24 hours light winds from N N E. and pleasant steering S W mid and lat parts fresh breezes from N E steering S W the watch employed in bunderlin bone Lat 39.05 S

Wednesday December 7th 1836

These 24 hours Strong gales from N E Steering S W at 4 P M saw Sperm Whale loared but with out succes at sun set have to heading to the Northward at 11 A M wore ship to S E
Lat by Obs 38.51 S

Thursday December 8th 1836

These 24 hours light winds from N and foggy steering S E by
Lat by Obs 39.07 S

Friday December 9th 1836

These 24 hours light winds from N E and foggy steering S E by E in company with the Ships Frankerlin of Nantucket and Navy of Newburyport Lat by Obs 39.48

Saturday December 10th 1836

These 24 hours light winds from West W and plesant steering E by N in company with the Ships Franklin and Navy the watch employed bundirlin lone Lat by Obs 39.43 S

Sunday December 11th 1836

First part of these 24 hours light winds from West and plesant middle and lat part strong winds from S steering E by N in company with the ships Franklin and Navy: saw Fin Backs
Lat by Obs 39.23 S

Monday December 12th 1836

First part of these 24 hours light winds from S and plesant mid and lat part stoong gales from S S E and rainy at 12 m closed reefed main top sail and tookin the fore sail heading E by N the Franklin and Navy in company Lat 39.00 S

Tuesday December 13th 1836

First part of this 24 hours strong gales from S S E heading E by N mid part moderate winds and variable with showers of rain lat part strong gales from from West lying to under closed reefed main top sail and fore top mast stay sail Navy and Franklin in sight. Lat by Obs 38.51 S

Wednesday December 14th 1836

First part of these 24 hours strong gales from West heading S by W under closed reefed main top sail at 5 P M tookin the Waste Boat and hauled down the fore top mast stay sail mid and lat part much the same heading S by W in company with the Ships Navy and Franklin

Lat by Obs 39.12 S

Thursday December 15th 1836

First part of these 24 hours moderate gales from W by S heading S by W at 4 P M reefed the fore sail and set it middle and lat parts much the sam steering S E by S in company with the Navy

Lat by Obs 40.03

Friday December 16th 1836

First part of these 24 hours strong gales from N W by W at 5 P M luffed to heading S W by W middle and latter parts heavy gales at 3 A M took in the fore sail and mane spenser at 7 A M reefed the fore sail and set it and set the mane spenser the ship Navy in site

Lat by Obs 41.05 S

Saturday Dec 17th 1836

These 24 hours strong gales from S S by E at 6 A M tacked S ship to S W by W at 9 A M closed reefed the fore top sail and set it

Lat by Obs 41.36 S

Sunday Dec 18th 1836

First part of these 24 hours strong gales from S by E heading W by S mid and lat part veraba winds and pleasant weather

Lat by Obs 41.17 S

Monday Dec 19th 1836

First part of these 24 ho light winds from W N W and pleasant weather steering S W by S mid and lat part much the same at 6 A M unbent the mane top sail and bent another the watch employed mending sails the ship Navy in company

Lat by Obs 41.38 S

Tuesday Dec 20th 1836

These 24 hours light winds from W N W and pleasant weather steering S W in with the Ship Navy the watch employed mending sails
Lat by Obs 42 .20 S

Wednesday Dec 21st 1836

First and middle part of these 24 hours light winds from W N W and pleasant steering S W lat part strong breezes and thick weather at 10 P M spoke the Ship Samuel Robertson. Mr Hussey of New-Bedford. 3000 bls. 243.00 S

Thursday Dec 22d 1836

First and mid part of these 24 hours strong breezes from W N W steering S W lat part hevy gales from W S W at 6 A M wore Ship to N. W at 6 P M spoke the Ship James Stewart. Gardner of St Johns N.B. with 1600 bls Lat by Obs 43.25 S

Friday Dec 23d 1836

First and mid part of these 24 hours strong gales from S W by S heading W by N lat part moderate breezes from S by W steering W by S three Ships in sight Lat by Obs

Saturday Dec 24th 1836

These 24 hours moderate breezes from S with showers of rain steering W S W three Ships in sight under our lee 42.16 S

Sunday Dec 25th 1836

First part of these 24 hours strong breezes from S steering W S W at 5 P M tookin the mane top galliant sail at sun set double reefed the fore and mane top sails and tookin the mane sail and mezzen top sail mid part strong breezes with sowers of rain at 3 A M turned out the reefs out of the fore and mane top sail set the mane sail mezzen top sail and mane top galliant sail lat part light winds and plesant Lat by Obs 42 0.2 S

Monday Dec 26th 1836

These 24 hours light winds and verable with pleasant weather working to the westward the Watch employed fitting rigin
Lat by Obs 41.52 S

Tuesday Dec 27th 1836

First part of these 24 hours moderate breezes from S S W and pleasant steering West at 5 P M took in the mane topgalliant sail at sunset tookin the manesail and double reefed the topsails at 4 A M tookin the fore and mizz topsails mid and lat part strong gales from S with squalls of rain lying to heading W S W Lat by Obs 41.02 S

Wednesday Dec 28th 1836

First part of these 24 hours strong breezes from S S W middle part calm lat part moderate breezes from W N W steering S S W saw Fin Backs at day light made all sail Lat by Obs 40.36 S

First 1 Thursday Dec 29th 1836

First part of these 24 hours moderate breezes from west at sun set took in the maintopgallantsail at 9 P M tacked Ship to W by S wind S by W mid part strong gales at 11 single reefed the topsails at 1 A M took in the Pilot mainsail mizz topsail and close reefed the fore topsail lat part more moderate at 5 set close reefed mizz topsail at 6 set the Pilot and mainsail at 11 turned one reef out of the fore and main topsails Lat 41.00 S

Friday Dec 30th 1836

These 24 hours strong breezes from S by W steering S E by E at 4 P M set the main-topgallant-sail at sunset took it in again at 3 A M double reefed the main-topsail at 10 close reefed the fore topsail Lat by Obs 42.05 S

Saturday Dec 31st 1836

First part of these 24 hours strong breezes from W by S steering S by W, mid part light winds, lat part fresh breezes from N W by W steering S W by W at 6 A M unbent the fore topsail the watch employed mending it Lat by Obs 42.54 S

Sunday 1st 1837

First part of these 24 hours fresh breezes from W N W steering S W at 5 P M bent the fore topsail and set it at sun set took in the main top gallant sail mid part light winds at 2 A M tacked ship to S W by S wind S E by S at 3 set the main top gallant sail lat part light winds at 12 M tacked ship to S W wind W N W

Lat by Obs 43.21 S

Monday Jany 2d 1837

First and mid part light winds from W N W steering S W lat part moderate winds from S E at 7 A M had a squall from S E close reefed the fore topsail double reefed the main single reefed the mizz top sail and took in the main sail and main topgallant sail at 10 made all sail again at 7 A M tacked Ship to S W by W the watch employed fitting rigging the Navy in bequancy Lat by Obs 43.57 S

Tuesday Jany 3d 1837

Tuesday Pany 3d 1837

First part mid part light breezes from N N W steering S W by W lat light breeze from W by N steering S W by S at sunset sing le reefed the fore topsail at sunrise turned it out again at 7 A M handed the fore sail and mended it at 9 A M saw a Right Whale boat ed struck killed and took them to the Ship 11 commenced cutting

Lat by Obs 44.18 S

These 24 Wednesday Pany 4th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds from W N W S heading S W at 3 P M finished cutting at 4 bent the fore sail at 5 saw Right Whale boat struck killed and took him to the Ship at sunset took in all saill at 6 A M commenced cutting at 10 finished the Navy in company

Lat by Obs 44.28

Thursday Pany 5th 1837

First part strong breezes from N N W heading West mid and lat part heavy gales fast 12 M commenced boiling at 3 P M close reefed the main topsail at 10 P M took in the fore sail the watch employed boiling Lat by Obs 44.41

Friday Pany 6th 1837

First part heavy gales from N N W W headin west mid part more moderate at 7 set the fore sail lat part light airs from W N W heading N N E employed boilling

Lat 44.50 S

Saturday Pany 7th 1837

First and mid part moderate winds from S S E heading S W lat part strong gales and rainy all hands employe boilling

Lat 45.10 S

Sunday Pany 8th 1837

First part light winds and variable at 1 P M tacked ship to N E by E and reefed the fore sail at 3 at 3 finished boilling at 6 tacked Ship to E S E wind N E mid and lat part light airs from N N E and foggy at 7 A M tacked ship to N W and saw Right Whale employed stowing down

Lat 45 00 S

Monday Pany 9th 1837

These 24 hours light winds from N N E and foggy heading N W employed stowing down at 10 A M spoke the ship Navy of Newburyport at 11 A M saw Right Whale boat struck killed and took the Ship Lat by Obs 45.06 S

Tuesday Pany 10th 1837

These 24 hours freshbreezes from N E heading E S E at 1 P M commenced cutting at 5 finished at 6 A M commenced boiling employed boiling and stowing down

Lat by Obs 45 .05 S

Wednesday Pany 11th 1837

First part strong breezes from N N W and thick weather heading west at 1 P M set the Pit and single reefed fore and mizzen topsail at sunset took in the Pit fore and mizzen topsail and close reefed the main topsail and cooled down it being rainy wind and lat part more moderate at 5 A M commenced boiling and set the Pit fore and mizzen topsail and turned one reef out of the main at 7 wore ship stood W S W at 10 saw Right whale lowered but with out success employed boiling and setting up shooks

Lat by Obs 45 . 19 S

Thursday Pany 12th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from S W heading W N W at 1 P M took in the Pit fore and mizzen topsail and close reefed the main topsail at sunset cooled down and tookin the foresail

Lat by Obs 44 . 22 S

Friday Pany 13th 1837

These 24 hours moderate breezes from N N W heading W saw Right at 6 P M lowered struck and took to the ship at 5 A M commenced cutting at 10 finished at 11 saw Right whale lowered struck and took to the Ship

Lat by Obs 44 . 38 S

Sunday Pany 14th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds and varable inclining on different tack at 1 P M commenced cutting at 5 finished at sunset tookin sail at 10 A M saw Right whale lowered with out success

Lat by Obs 44 . 41 S

Monday Pany 15th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds and varable at 1 P M saw Right whale lowered struck and took to the Ship 4 commenced cutting at 7 finished and took in sail at 6 A M commenced boiling at 10 saw Right whale lowered with out success

Tuesday Pany 16th 1837

Light winds and varable at 4 P M saw Right whale lowered struck and took to the Ship at 5 A M commenced cutting 10 fin ~~ish~~ employed boiling

Wednesday Pany 17th 1837

moderate winds from N N W heading W S W all hands employed ~~the~~ starting Bread and boiling at day light commenced stowing down lat part calm lat by Obs 45-00 S

Wednesday Pany 18th 1837

First part calm lat part moderate weather all hands employed boiling and stowing down

Lat by Obs 44.55 S

Thursday Pany 19th 1837

First par moderate winds from S W heading S S E mid and lat part strong gales employed stowing down and boiling

Lat by Obs 45 05 S

Friday Pany 20th 1837

These 24 hours strong breezes from S W heading S S E ~~stowing~~ employed stowing down at 11 P M finished boiling

Lat by Obs 45 01 S

Saturday Pany 21st 1837

First part moderate winds from W S W steering N by W at 7 P M luffed to heading W at 4 finished stowing down mid and part light winds from S W by W at day light made all sail and tack to Ship to S by E two sails in sight to the windward

Lat by Obs 44.38 S

Sunday Pany 22d 1837

These 24 hours light winds from S W by W steering South at 3 P M spoke the Ship Samuel Robertson Mc Kenzie of New Bedford with 3300 lbs at sunset took in sail at day light made all sail

Lat by Obs 44.50 S

Monday Pany 23d 1837

First and mid part light winds at sunset took in sail at daylight made sail at 7 A M saw Right Whale lowered without success lat part strong gales from N by W at 8 double reefed the main top sail at 9 close reefed the mizz topsail at 10 close reefed the fore topsail at 12 M took in the Pol and mizz topsail steering W S W the watch employed scraping bone

Lat by Obs 44.57 S

Tuesday Pany 24th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from N N W heading W at 3 P M took in the fore topsail and close reefed the main topsail at 6 took in the fore sail at 5 A M set the fore sail and close reefed fore topsail at 8 set close reefed mizz topsail the watch employed scraping bone lat 45.20 S

Wednesday Pany 25th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from SW by S heading W by N at 10 A M Spoke the Ship John Adams with 1500 Bls at sunset tooken sail at daylight set the Fid and double refed topsails Lat by Obs 44.24 S

Thursday Pany 26th 1837

First part strong brezes from SW heading W mid and lat part light airs and variable coming on different tacks at 1 P M saw right W hale loared struck and cut at 2 struck killed and took to the Ship at 5 commenced cutting at 7 finished at 11 A M saw Right W hale loared without success Lat 44.20 S

Friday Pany 27th 1837

These 24 hours light airs with a heavy swell from SW at 1 P M saw Right W hale loared struck killed and sunk hira the watch employed bunderlin bone Lat by Obs 44.36 S

Saturday Pany 28th 1837

First part calm mid part light winds and ~~var~~ variable lat part strong gales from NNW headin W at sunrise set the Fid close refed fore topsail and single refed mizz topsail at 10 A M took in the Fid and Mizz topsail at 11 took in the fore topsail at 3 P M spoke the Ship Navy with 2900 Bls of Oil the watch employed bunderlin bone the John Adams in company Lat by Obs 44.15 S

Sunday Pany 29th 1837

First part strong gales from NNW heading west at 6 P M tacked Ship to NE mid and lat part light winds and varable at sunrise made all sail saw several Fin Backs Lat by Obs 44.06 S

Monday Pany 30th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and variable ~~working~~ to the southward and Westward at sunset took in sail at sunrise made all sail and commenced boiling at 8 A M saw a Right W hale loared with out success Lat 44.25 S

Tuesday Jany 31st 1837

These 24 hours light winds from W N W steering S by W at sunset took in sail at sunrise made all sail at 8 A M saw a Right W hale lowered with out success at 10 saw another lowered with out success at 11 finished boiling the Poke Adams in company

Lat by Obs 44 48 S

Wednesday Feb 1st 1837

These 24 hours light winds and variable with pleasant weather at sunset took in sail at daylight made all sail the watch employed scraping yards

Lat by Obs 45 09 S

Thursday Feb 2d 1837

First part calm mid part light winds and variable last part strong winds from S S W steering W at 7 P M spoke the Ship South Boston Butler of Fareharen with 2400 bbls at sunset took in sail at daylight set single reefed topsails at 10 A M set the mainsail at at 11 set the main topgallant-sail Lat by Obs 44 57 S

Friday Feb 3d 1837

These 24 hours strong winds from W N W steering S W at 3 P M tacked to N N W saw several Finbacks

Lat by Obs 45 15 S

Saturday Feb 4th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and variable cruising on different tacks at 5 P M Spoke the Ship James Stewart of St Johns N. B wit 2200 bbls at 11 A M saw Spirm Whale lowered and struck two killed and took to the Ship Lat by Obs 45 10 S

Sunday Feb 5th 1837

These 24 hours light winds from N N W and pleasant weather heading W employed cutting Lat by Obs 45 01 S

~~Monday Feb 6th 1837~~

These 24 hours strong breezes from N N W heading W ~~at 7 finish~~ ~~ed cutting~~ employed cutting Lat by Obs 41 15 S

~~Tuesday Feb 7th 1837~~

These 24 hours strong gales from N N W heading W at 7 finished cutting at 11 P M commenced boiling all hands employed boiling and cutting up Junk Lat 41 00

~~Wednesday Feb 8th 1837~~

First part of these 24 hours heavy gales from S W heading W N W at 1 P M eased down A being rainy at 2 P M took in the foresail

Monday Feb 6th 1837

These 24 hours strong breezes from N N W heading W at 7 P M finished cutting at 11 P M commenced boiling all hands employed boiling and cutting up Junk Lat by Obs 45.15 S

Tuesday Feb 7th 1837

First part of these 24 hours strong gales from S W and rainy heading W N W at 1 P M ~~finished~~ rolled down at 2 P M took in the fore sail at 7 P M shipped a sea and stove the starboard boat mid part heavy gales lat ~~and~~ part more moderate Lat by Obs 44 44 S

Wednesday Feb 8th 1837

First part of these 24 hours strong gales from S W with squalls of rain mid and lat part more moderate at 1 P M commenced boiling employed boiling and stowing down steering W N W Lat by Obs 44.17

Thursday Feb 9th 1837

First and mid part light winds and pleasant lat part calm the watch employed boiling lat by Obs 43.57 S

Friday Feb 10th 1837

First part calm mid and lat part light winds and variable with pleasant weather the watch employed boiling Lat by Obs 44.05 S

Saturday Feb 11th 1837

First part light winds and rainy mid and lat part light airs and variable at 3 P M finished boiling employed stowing down
Lat by Obs 43.58 S

Sunday Feb 12th 1837

These 24 hours light winds from N N E and pleasant weather steering S S W all hands employed stowing down Lat by Obs 44.09 S

Monday Feb 13th 1837

These 24 hours light winds from N N E steering S S W at 4 P M tookin the starboard boat employed mending the starboard boat
Lat by Obs 45.51 S

Tuesday Feb 14th 1837

First and mid part strong winds from S at 4 P M tookin the Fore and Main topsail close reefed the main topsail and reefed the fore sail saw several Right Whale lat part more moderate at 8 A M made sail at 11 saw a Right Whale ~~lowered~~ struck and drawed the carpenter employed mending the starboard boat
Lat by Obs 45.34 S

Wednesday Feb 15th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds from N N W and pleasant weather at 9 A M saw a Right Whale loared struck, the iron cut the line and the Whale went off the carpenter employed mending the starboard boat Lat by Obs 45 - 49 S

Thursday Feb 16th 1837

First part moderate winds from N N E mid and lat part light airs from S S W at sunset tookin all saill at sun rise made all sail saw several Fin Backs Lat by Obs 45 - 46 S

Friday Feb 17th 1837

First part varim, ~~moderat~~ mid and lat part moderate winds from N. steering W by S. saw plenty of Fin Backs, at sunset took in sail, at day light made sail Lat by Obs 45 - 30

Saturday Feb 18th 1837

First part moderate winds from N N W mid and lat part strong winds steering in for the land at 10 A M tacked off shore and tookin the main topgallant sail and main sail at 12 M tookin the Fet and mizz topsail and close reef the fore topsail and double reefed the main topsail Lat by Obs 45 - 30 S

Sunday Feb 19th 1837

These 24 hours heavy gales from W S W and rainy heading S at sunset tookin the fore sail at 1 P M lost the waist Boat by a sea Lat by Dr 45 - 40

Monday Feb 20th 1837

First part heavy gales from W S W heading S at 1 P M shiped a sea and stove the cambous at 4 shiped a sea and stove the larbard boat at 5 took in the main topsail mid and lat part more moderate at 6 A M sit reefed foresail and close reefed fore and main topsails and kept off E by N Lat by Obs 45 - 25

Tuesday Feb 21st 1837

These 24 hours light winds and verable with pleasant weather steering to the Northward and Eastward at 4 P M unbent the main topsail and bent an other the watch employed fitting Boats Lat by Obs 45 - 07 S

Wednesday Feb 22d 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds and variable cruising on different tacks the watch employed fitting rigging and boats
Lat by Obs 44.41 S

Thursday Feb 23d 1837

First part warm mist and lat part strong gales from S W heading S S E at 11 P M tookin the foresail at daylight saw two Ships a head at 11 A M Exchanged signals with the Ship Erie of Newport Lat 44.35 S

Friday Feb 24th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from W S W heading S at 9 A M spoke the Ship Erie of Newport 1600 bbls of Oil.
Lat by Obs 44.29 S

Saturday Feb 25th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds and variable with pleasant weather working to the southward and eastward at 8 A M saw a Right Whale lowered with out success in company with the Erie and Mary an Mather of Plymmouth Lat by Obs 44.41 S

Sunday Feb 26th 1837

First and mid part light winds from S E and rainy lat part moderate winds and pleasant at 10 A M saw a Right Whale lowered starboard Boat struck and drawed larboard Boat struck killed and sunk
Lat by Obs 44 36 S

Monday Feb 27th 1837

First part light airs and rainy mid and lat part strong Breezes and variable at 9 A M saw a Right Whale lowered starboard. Boat struck killed and cut the whale went of to the windward spouting the blood
Lat by Obs 44.43 S

Tuesday Feb 28th 1837

First part strong breezes mid and lat part light winds and variable with pleasant weather at sunset tookin the fore close reefed the topsails at daylight made sail 8 A M saw Right Whales lowered struck killed and took to the Ship at 10 commenced cutting
Lat by Obs 44 24

Friday March 1st 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds and variable with pleasant weather at 2 P M finished cutting at 4 P M saw a Right Whale lowered struck killed and took to the ships at 6 A M commenced cutting at 10 finished and went to boiling heading W
Lat by Obs 44.36 S

Thursday March 2d 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds and variable steering different courses at 6 A M saw a Right Whale lowered struck and drawed employed boiling and starting Bread Lat by Obs 44.28 S

Friday March 3d 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds from S W by S headin W by N at 4 P M saw a Right Whale lowered with out success employed boiling and stowing down Lat by Obs 44.08 S

Saturday March 4th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds from S S E heading E at 4 P M finished boiling employed stowing down

Lat 44.15

Sunday March 5th 1837

These 24 hours light winds from S S E at sunset tooken sail and tacked Ship to S W at 4 P M finished stowing down at daylight made all sail Lat by Obs 44 07

Monday March 6th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds from E N E heading N at 12 M saw Right Whales lowered struck two killed and took to the Ship the starboard Boat got stove at 3 P M commenced cutting at 9 finished and tooken sail at daylight commenced cutting on the ~~[illegible]~~ other Whale at 11 A M finished and commenced boiling Lat by Obs 44.04

Tuesday March 7th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds from East at 6 P M tacked ship to S S E several Whales in sight all hands employed boiling and seting up shooks Lat by Obs 44 17 S

Wednesday March 8th 1837

These 24 hours light airs and variable at 4 P M saw a Right Whale lowered struck killed and took to the Ship at 7 A M commenced cutting at 12 M finished all hands employed boiling at seting up shooks Lat by Obs 44 08

Thursday March 9th 1837

First and mid part light airs from S by W lat part strong breezes heating W by S employed boiling and stowing down Lat by Dr 44 00

Friday March 10th 1837

These 24 hours strong breezes from S S W at 8 A M tacked ship to S E by E all hands employed stowing down

Lat by Obs 43 36 S

Saturday March 11th 1837

These 24 hours strong breezes from S S W heading S E all hands employed stowing down between decks

Lat by Obs 43.42 S

Sunday March 12th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds and variable steering to southward and westward at 12 M set the Fid and fore and mizztopsail at sunset tookin sail at daylight made all sail Lat by Obs 43 54

Monday March 13th 1837

These 24 hours strong breezes from N N W heading W at 3 P M saw Right Whales lowered struck and drawed at 4 struck killed and took to the Ship at 6 A M commenced cutting at 11 finished and went to boiling Lat by Obs 43 57

Tuesday ~~Monday~~ March 14th 1837

These 24 hours ~~[illegible]~~ strong gales from N N W heading W the watch employed boiling Lat by Obs 44 00

Wednesday March 15th 1837

First and mid part heavy gales from N at 4 P M worked down tacked ship to E N E and tookin the fore sail at 11 a sea stove the starboard boat lat part calm with a heavy swell at 6 A M set the fore sail and commenced boiling Lat 44.15 S

Thursday March 16th 1837

First part moderate winds and pleasant mide part strong breezes and squally lat part more moderate employed boiling

Lat by Obs 43.50 S

Friday March 17th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds and variable at 2 P M finished boiling all hands employed stowing down

Lat by Obs 43.54 S

Saturday March 18th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds from W N W at daylight made all sail and stered E S E the carpenter employed mending the starboard Boat Lat by Dr 44 00 S

Sunday March 19th 1837

These 24 hours light airs and variable with thick weather and heavy rain at 12 M saw Right Whale's hoved with out success at sunset tookin sail at 8 A M made sail heading S W by S
Lat by Obs 44.03 S

Monday March 20th 1837

These 24 hours strong breezes from E stering N N E at sunset tookin sail at daylight made sail the carpenter employed mending the starboard Boat Lat by Obs 43.34 S

Tuesday March 21st 1837

These 24 hours strong breezes from E N E heading N. mid and lat part rainy at sunset tookin sail
Lat by A 42.50

Wednesday March 22d 1837

First part moderate winds from N E by E and thick weather at 5 P M tacked Ship to S E by E mid and lat part light airs and foggy at sunset tookin sail at daylight made all sail the watch employed scraping bone Lat by Dr 43.00

Thursday March 23d 1837

First part of this 24 hours calm weather and foggy mid part much the same lat part moderate breezes from W S W stering N N W the watch employed cleaning bone at 7 A M got out the starboard Boat Lat by Obs 42.35 S

Friday March 24th 1837

First part light airs mid part calm lat part strong breezes from N E stering N N W under all sail the watch employed cleaning bone and the Ship Lat by Obs 41.15 S

Saturday March 25th 1837

First part strong breezes from N by E heading N W by W at 6 P M tookin the maintopgallant sail at 7 tacked ship to E N E at 9 single reefed the foretopsail and tookin the mizz top sail at 10 double reefed the main topsail mid and lat part strong gales and thick weather at 7 A M tacked ship to N W at 2 A M close reefed the fore topsail
Lat by Dr 41.00 S

Sunday March 26th 1837

First and mid part heavy gale from N N E at 12 M tacked Ship to East and tookin the fore topsail and close reefed the main topsail at 1 P M tookin the foresail at 6 tookin the main topsail and the starboard Boat lat part more moderate at 1 A M set close reefed main topsail at 3 set the foresail at 6 set close reefed fore topsail Lat by Obs 40 - 37 S

Monday March 27th 1837

First and mid part strong gales from N N W at 5 P M tacked Ship to W lat part heavy gales from W N W at 3 A M tacked Ship to N at 7 set close reefed fore topsail at 11 set close reefed mizz topsail and Pil Lat by Obs 40 - 36 S

Tuesday March 28th 1837

First part of this 24 hours moderate winds from W S W heading N W at 2 P M set the main sail at 4 turned the reefs out of the topsail and set the main-topgallant-sail mid part calm lat part fresh breezes from S steering N W employe bundertin bone Lat by Ob 39 - 50 S

Wednesday March 29th 1837

First part light airs from S steering N W at 4 P M unbent the Pil and fore topsail and bent new ones mid part strong breezes from N W heading N N E at 2 A M tookin the main top-gallant-sail lat part strong gales at 7 double reefed the topsail and tooken the main sail at 8 tooken the Pil and mizz topsail Lat by Obs 38 - 43 S

Thursday March 30th 1837

First part strong breezes from W steering N N W at 4 P M set the Pil and mizz topsail mid strong gales from W S W heading N W 11 tooken the Pil lat part moderate winds from S S W steering W N W at 5 A M set Pil and mainsail at 6 turned the reefs out of the topsails and set main top gallant-sail th watch employed fitting rigging Lat by Obs 37 - 38 S

Friday March 31st 1837

First part strong gales from S S W steering W N W at 2 P M tookin the main-top-gallant-sail at 3 double reefed the topsails and tookin the Pil at 4 tookin the main sail at 6 close reefed the topsails at 8 tookin the fore topsail lat part strong gales at 11 tooken the fore sail and laffed to heading W by S lat part more moderate at 6 A M set the foresail and close reefed fore topsail at 8 set the Pil mainsail and mizz topsail and turn at one reef out of the topsails Lat by Obs 36 - 38 S

Saturday April 1st 1837

First part strong breezes from W S W heading N W at 6 P M taken the mainsail at 10 taken the Pit at 12 P M set Pit and mainsail mid part more moderate lat part moderate breezes from S at 11 A M turned a reef out of the top sails steering W by S the watch employed fitting Ship

Lat by Obs 35.47 S

Sunday April 2d 1837

First part light winds from S E steering W by S at 6 A M set the main top gallant sail mid part calm at 4 A M turned the reefs out of the topsails lat part moderate breezes from N N E steering W by S at 7 A M set the mainsail

Lat by Obs 35.25

Monday April 3d 1837

First part light winds from N E steering W by S mid and lat part light breezes from W S W steering W at 8 A M bent the Cables the watch employed fitting rigging Lat by Obs 35.16 S

First part light Tuesday April 4th 1837

First part light winds from S W heading W N W mid and lat part moderate breezes and variable at 12 P M tacked Ship to S W at 12 M tacked Ship to N W by N the watch employed fitting rigging at 11 A M made the Land bearing S S W 30 miles distant Lat by Obs 35.50 S

Wednesday April 5th 1837

First part strong breezes from W by S steering N W by N mid and lat part much the same at 12 M tacked Ship to S W b S

Lat by Obs 34.42 S

Thursday April 6th 1837

First part strong breezes from W by N steering S W by S at 6 P M made the land bearing W by S 40 miles distant mid and lat part light airs and variable at 6 A M Cape Brien bearing west northwest distant 20 miles employed working up for Cape Brien Lat by Obs 35.08 S

Friday April 7th 1837

First part light airs and varable at 6 P M Cape Brin bearing W S W distant 18 miles mid part calm lat part light airs and varable at 12 M Cape Brin bearing W by N distant 15 miles
Lat by Obs 35-16

Saturday April 8th 1837

First part moderate breezes from N W working up for the Cape at 6 P M Cape Brin bearing W by S 20 miles distant mid and lat parts strong breezes from N N W at 6 A M Cape Brin bearing S W 15 miles distant at 11 A M came to an Anchor in the Bay of Islands in 5 fathoms of water

Sunday April 9th 1837

These 24 hours strong breezes from N one watch a shore on liberty the other employed fitting Ships.

Monday April 10th 1837

These 24 light winds one watch a shore on liberty the other employed in ships duty

Tuesday April 11th 1837

These 24 hours light airs one watch on shore on liberty the other employed in ships duty sailed the Ship Beaver of Halifax ~~and~~ Ship Arcelus of Sidney

Wednesday April 12th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and pleasant one watch on Shore the other employed in Ships duty arrived Ship Geo Clinton of Hudson and Br Caroline of Sidney

Thursday April 13th 1837

First part of these 24 hours light winds and foggy mid and lat part rainy one watch on Shore on liberty

Friday April 14th 1837

First part rainy mid and lat part pleasant weather one watch on Shore on liberty the other employed in Ships duty

Saturday April 15th 1837

These 24 hours pleasant weather one watch on Shore on liberty the other employed in Ships duty

Sunday April 16th 1837

These 24 hours pleasant weather one watch a Shore on liberty the other employed in Ships duty arrived the Ship Inda with 2200 bbls and Br Harriot of London

Monday April 16th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and pleasant weather one watch a Shore on liberty the other employed in Ships duty

Tuesday April 17th 1837

These 24 hours pleasant weather weather employed one watch getting of water the other a shore on liberty discharged James brooks

Wednesday April 18th 1837

These First and mid part of this 24 hours pleasant weather lat part rainy one watch on shore on liberty the other employed in Ships duty

Thursday April 19th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and pleasant weather all hands employed getting ready for sea

Friday April 20th 1837

Strong breezes from W S W at 9 A M got under way and stood out to sea at 12 M Cape Breen bearing S ~~W~~ E 4 Miles distant

Saturday April 21st 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes from W S W steering E N E mid part moderate winds lat part light airs at 9 P M took in the main-topgallant-sail at 11 set it again the carpenter employed mending the larboard Boat lat by Obs 34 45 S

Sunday April 23th 1837

These 24 moderate winds from W by S steering E ~~N~~ employed mending the larboard Boat lat by Obs 34.55

Monday April 24th 1837

First part light winds mid part strong breezes from W S W steering S E by E lat part moderate winds ~~from~~ from S S E steering E at 11 P M took in the main topgallant-sail lat by Obs 36.04 S

Tuesday April 25th 1837

First part strong breezes from S E steering E N E at 9 P M tacked Ships to S S W mid and lat part light winds from E S E heading S the carpenter employed mending the larboard Boat lat by Obs 36.22 S

Wednesday April 26th 1837

First part light winds from E heading S S E mid part calm lat part light airs from N steering S by E employed mending the larboard Boat and other sundry jobs lat by Obs 36.38 S

Thursday April 27th 1837

First part of this 24 hours light winds from N N W steering S by E mid part strong breezes lat part light winds from W steering S the carpenter employed mending the larboard Boat

lat by Obs 38.38 S

Friday April 28th 1837

Commences with light winds from W N W steering S by W at 1 P M unbent the fore topmast stay sail and mended it mid and lat part fresh breezes from N W steering S W by S employed mending the larboard Boat Lat by Obs 40.23 S

Saturday April 29th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong gales from N W steering S W at 3 P M tooken the main-top-gallant-sail at 4 double reefed the topsails at 6 tooken the mainsail at 7 tooken the fit and mizz topsail and close reefed the fore topsail mid and lat part heavy gales from S S W at 10 P M tookin the fore topsail and close reefed the main at 11 wore Ship to W and tookin the fore sail at 7 A M wore ship to S E and set reefed fore sail Lat by Obs 41 00 S

Sunday April 30th 1837

These 24 hours commences with heavy gales from S S W heading S E at 4 P M tookin the fore sail and the larboard Boat mid part thesame lat part more moderate at 6 A M set reefed foresail at 8 turned out the reef at 11 set the fit and double reefed topsails

Lat by Obs 40.54 S

Monday May 1st 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes from S W heading S S E at 1 P M set the mainsail and turned one reef out of the main topsail mid part light winds at 6 A M turned the reef out of the main topsail and set the main top gallant-sail lat part calm

Lat by Obs 40.56 S

Tuesday May 2d 1837

First part of thes 24 moderate breezes from N W steering S W mid part strong breezes at 1 A M tookin the mainsail and main top gallant sail lat part strong breezes from S S E at 6 A M set the main sail and main top gallant sail at 7 A M made the land bearing N W 40 miles distant Lat by Obs 42.03 S

Wednesday May 3d 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes from S by W steering W at 12 M double reefed the topsails and tookin the mainsail at 4 P M luffed by the wind to W by S at 6 Cape Palisar bearing West 20 miles distant at 7 P M tacked off shore at 12 P M tacked in shore mid part light airs lat part calm

Lat by Obs 41.57 S

Thursday May 4th 1837

First part of these 24 hours calm at 6 P.M. Cape Palisco bearing W N W 30 miles distant mid part light breezes from N E steering in for the straits at 12 A.M. hauled aback the main top sail heading N W last part calm over a Bay to the windward lat by Obs

Friday May 5th 1837

First part of these 24 hours calm at 6 P.M. Cape Palisco bearing N E by N 20 miles distant mid part strong breezes from N by W steering W by N last part strong breezes from N W employed working up the straits

Saturday May 6th 1837

First part of these 24 hours strong breezes from N W at sunset Cape Gamble bearing S E 15 miles distant mid and last part the same working up for the bay at 12 M came to anchor in Cloudy bay in 7 fathoms of water with the best bower and 90 fathoms of chain

Cloudy bay Sunday May 7th 1837

Commences with strong breezes from N W at 2 P.M. commenced unbending the sails and geting the yards fore and aft on the tops mid part rainy last part pleasant employed fitting ~~for~~ Boats

Monday May 8th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and variable with pleasant weather ~~weather~~ the Boats down the Bay unbent the Jib and main topsail and got the maintopsail yard fore and aft on the top and housed the maintop gallant mast

Tuesday May 9th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from W the Boats down the Bay

Wednesday May 10th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds from W and pleasant weather the Boats down the Bay

Thursday May 11th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and variable mid part foggy weather with the Ship Eva Capt Denne of Newport the Boats down the Bay

Friday May 12th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and varable the Boats down the Bay struck a Whale killed and anchored him with two lines and two anchors the Crew got a Whale and anchore him with two lines and tow anchors

Saturday May 13th 1837

These 24 hours strong breezes from N W and rainy employed towing and cutting

Sunday May 14th 1837

First and mid part strong breezes from W and rainy lat part varable winds and pleasant at 5 P M commenced boilling

Monday May 15th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and varable with pleasant weather employed ~~employed~~ towing the Crews whale boilling and setting up shooks

Tuesday May 16th 1837

First and mid part of this 24 hours light winds and pleasant lat part strong gales from S E at 9 P M finished boilling now bats out employed coopering

Wednesday May 17th 1837

First part of these 24 hours strong gales from S E mid part more moderate the Boats down the bay struck a Whale and cut from him spouting blud on the account of a heavy S E gale acting in employed setting up shooks

Thursday May 18th 1837

First and mid part strong gales from S E lat part strong winds from S W the Boats down the Bay the Cooper employed setting up shooks

Friday May 19th 1837

First part calm mid part light winds and varable lat part calm the Boats down the Bay the cooper employed setting up shooks

Saturday May 20th 1837

These 24 hours calm and pleasant weather the Crew struck three whales killed and anchored them with ~~three~~ five lines and five anchors

Sunday May 21st 1837

First part moderate breezes from E and pleasant weather mid and lat part calm employed towing

Monday May 22d 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds and varable first and mid part rainy lat part pleasant employed towing and cutting

Tuesday May 23d 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from N W first and mid part rainy lat part pleasant employed towing ~~and~~ and boilling

Wednesday May 24th 1837

First part strong breezes from N W mid and lat part light winds and varable the boats down the bay employed boilin

Thursday May 25th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and varable the Boats down the Bay

The Friday May 26th 1837

These 24 hours fresh breezes and varable the Boats down the Bay the Erie struck a Whale killed and anchored him with two panchors and two lines

Saturday May 27th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from N W first part pleasant mid and lat part rainy employed towing at 11 A M got the whale a long side

Sunday May 28th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from N W first part rainy mid and lat part pleasant two Boats down the Bay employed cutting

Monday May 29th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from N W first part pleasant mid part rainy lat part pleasant the Boats down the Bay

Tuesday May 30th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds and varable and rainy the Boats down the Bay

Wednesday May 31st 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from S E employed coopering Oil between decks no Boats down the Bay

Thursday ~~May~~ June 1st 1837

These 24 hours moderate wind and varable employed stowing down the Boats down the Bay

Friday June 2d 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds and varable with pleasant weather the Boats down the Bay struck a Whale killed and towed him ~~on~~ to the Erie

Saturday June 3d 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds from N W and pleasant the Boats down the Bay

Sunday June 4th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds and varable the Boats down the Bay struck two Whales and killed them took one to the Erie and the other to our Ship

Monday ~~Aboard~~ June 5th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from the South employed stowing down

Tuesday ~~Aboard~~ June 6th 1837

First part strong gales from the South mid and last parts light winds and varable at 1 P M commenced cutting at 5 finished the Boats down the Bay struck a Whale killed ~~him~~ and anchored him with two lines and two anchors

Wednesday June 7th 1837

These 24 hours strong breezes from N W and pleasant weather at 3 P M commenced boilling the Boats down the Bay employed towing

Thursday June 8th 1837

These 24 hours strong breezes from N W at 5 A M finished boilling at 8 A M commenced cutting at 12 Mer finished

Friday June 9th 1837

Light winds and varable with pleasant weather employed boilling two Boats down the Bay

Saturday June 10th 1837

These 24 hours light winds from N W at 8 A M finised boilling the Boats down the Bay the Erie Boats struck ~~a~~ two Whale and parted from ~~it~~ one and drawed from the other.

Sunday June 11th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from W the Boats down the Bay struck a Whale killed and anchored him with two lines and two anchors

Monday June 12th 1837

These 24 hours strong breezes from N W the Boats employed towing the Erie Boats struck two Whales killed and anchored them

Tuesday June 13th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from N W two Boats down the Bay employed stowing down

Wednesday June 14th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and varable the boats down the employed towing

Thursday June 15th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and varable towed in two whales one to the Erie and one to our Ship at 7 A M commenced cutting at 10 A M finised the Boats down the Bay struck a whale killed and anchored him with two lines and two anchors got the waist Boat stove by the Whale

Friday June 16th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and variable two Boats down the Bay employed towing over the Rattle Snake English Sloop of War

Saturday June 17th 1837

Light winds and variable at 1½ Mer towed a Whale along side at 1 P M commenced cutting at 5 finished at 6 commence to boiling two Boats down the Bay sailed the Rattle Snake

Sunday June 18th 1837

First part light winds mid and last part strong gales from N W and rainy employed boiling

Monday June 19th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds from N W two Boats down the Bay employed boiling

Tuesday June 20th 1837

These 24 hours light winds from N W mid and last part rainy at 4 P M sailed down two Boats down the Bay

Wednesday June 21st 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from N W and rainy employed heaving the trywarks overbard

Thursday June 22d 1837

Strong breezes from N W one Boat down the Bay employed scrapping bone John Taylor went on Shore without liberty and came onbord intoxicated and struck the Captain and a buseed him other Marys

Friday June 23d 1837

Light winds from N W and pleasant one Boat down the Bay struck a Whale killed and towed him to the Erie employed stowing down

Saturday June 24th 1837

These 24 hours light winds from N W and pleasant one Boat down the Bay employed stowing down

Sunday June 25th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from N W first and mid part rainy employed scrapping bone

Monday June 26th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from N W with squalls of rain employed scrapping bone

Tuesday June 27th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from N W employed getting of Water

Wednesday June 28th 1837

Strong gales from N W and pleasant weather employed cutting wood and mending sails

Thursday June 29th 1837

Light winds and variable employed mending sails and Boating off wood

Friday June 30th 1837

These 24 hours calm employed Boating off Wood and mending sails

Saturday July 1st 1837

First part strong gales from South mid and lat part calm employed mending sails and stowing Wood

Sunday July 2d 1837

First part of these 24 hours strong gales from S E mid and lat part calm employed mending sails and fitting Ship

Monday July 3d 1837

These 24 hours light winds and variable employed towing off Water and mending sails

Tuesday July 4th 1837

Light airs and calms employed stowing Water and cleaning Ship

Wednesday July 5th 1837

These 24 hours light airs and pleasant all hands employed cleaning Ship

~~Moderate~~ Thursday July 6th 1837

Moderate winds from N W and cloudy all hands employed fitting Ship

Friday July 7th 1837

Fresh winds from N W and cloudy mid and lat part varey employed unreeving the top sail yards

Saturday July 8th 1837

Fresh winds from N W and clear weather employed bending Sails mid and lat part squally

Sunday July 9th 1837

These 24 hours light airs from N W and pleasant weather employed painting Ship and fitting riging

Monday July 10th 1837

These 24 hours moderate winds from N W employed painting and fitting Ship for sea

Tuesday July 11th 1837

These 24 hours calm employed fitting Ship for sea discharged James D Bloys

Wednesday July 12th 1837

These 24 hours strong gales from NW lat part raing employed fitting Ship for sea

Thursday July 13th 1837

These 24 hours calm and pleasant weather employed fitting Ship for sea

Friday July 14th 1837

These 24 hours light winds and variable at 10 A M hove short waiting for a fair wind

Saturday July 15th 1837

These 24 hours light airs from SW and pleasant waiting for a fair wind

Sunday July 16th 1837

These 24 hours light winds from SE waiting for a fair wind to sail

Monday July 17th 1837

These 24 hours calm with pleasant weather waiting for a fair wind to go to sea

Tuesday July 18th 1837

Commences with light winds from NW at 1 P M weighed anchor and stood out into the straits at 5 P M Cape Campbel bearing S by E 25 miles distant mid and lat part strong gales from NNE at 4 A M tookin the fore topmast studding sail at 6 tookin the maintop gallant sail mizz top sail Pilot and mainsail and double reefed the fore and maintopsail Henry Wilson stowed himself away a man lat by Obs 42 . 43 from the shore hee made his appearance after we got to sea

H	H	H	Hks	courses	Winds
2	3			ESE	NE by N
4	3				
6	2				
8	2				
10	2				
12	2				
2	3				
4	3				
6	3				
8	3				
10	3				
12	3				

Wednesday July 19th 1837

First part strong gales at 2 P M tookin the foretopsail mid and lat part more moderate ~~with~~ and raing at 11 P M set double reefed foretopsail

Lat by Do 43 . 36

H	H	Hk	Course	Winds	Thursday July 20th 1837
2	3		SEby S	EbyN	First part moderate winds and rainy
4	3				~~moderate~~ mid and lat part moderate winds
6	2				and cloudy at 4 A M closed reefed the foretop-
8	2				sail at 12 Mer set close reefed main topsail
10	3				
12	3				
2	3				
4	3				
6	3				Lat by Obs 44.30 S
8	3				
10	3				
12	2				

H	H	Hk	Course	Winds	Friday July 21st 1837
2	1	½	SE	ENE	These 24 hours light airs at 2 A M tacked Ship turned
4	1	½			the reefs out of the topsails set the Jib and
6	1	½			main topgallant sail at 4 A M set the main
8	1	½	SSE	E	sail
10	1				
12	1				
2	1				
4	1	½	EbyN	SEbyS	
6	1	½			
8	1	½	ESE	S	Lat by Obs 44.50 S
10	3				
12	3				

H	H	Hk	Course	Winds	Saturday July 22d 1837
2	3		ESE	S	These 24 hours fresh breezes first part pleas-
4	3				ant mid part light squalls of rain lat part
6	2				pleasant at 8 A M took the larboard anchor
8	2				in on deck
10	3				
12	3				
2	3				
4	3				
6	3				
8	3	½	E	SSE	Lat by Obs 45.25 S
10	4	½			
12	4	½			

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Sunday July 23d 1837
2	4		E by N	S E by S	These 24 hours moderate winds and varia
4	4				ble with pleasant weather
6	4				
8	4		N E by N	S E by E	
10	4				
12	4				
2	2				
4	4		N N E	E	
6	3				Lat by Obs 44 26 S
8	3		N E by N	E by S	
10	1		N by E	E by N	
12	4				

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Monday July 24th 1837
2	4		N by E	E by N	These 24 hours light winds and pleas
4	4				ant at 5 A M set the maintopgallant
6	3				sail
8	3				
10	2				
12	2				
2	2				
4	2				
6	2				Lat by Obs 43 25 S
8	2				
10	2				
12	2				

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Tuesday July 25th 1837
2	1		N N E	E	First and mid part light and last part
4	1		N by E	E by N	fresh breezes at 10 P M tacked ship to E by N
6	1				at 3 A M set foretopmast studding sail at 9
8	1		N W	N N E	took it in again
10	2		E by N	N by E	
12	2				
2	3		N E by E	W	
4	1				
6	.				Lat by Obs 43 08
8	.				
10	1				
12	4				

H	H	Hk	courses	Winds	Wednesday July 26th 1837
2	4		N E	N N W	These 24 hours strong breezes and squally at 4
4	5		N E by E		P M tookin the maintopgallant sail at 7 set
6	6				it again at 4 A M took it in again at 5 and
8	5	½			double reefed the topsails at 10 A M turned
10	4				one reef out of the maintopsail
12	3		N E ½ E		
2	7				
4	6				
6	4		E by N	N by E	
8	5		E		Lat by Obs 42 - 29 S
10	4		E by N		
12	4				

H	H	Hk	courses	Winds	Thursday July 27th 1837
2	4		E by S	N E by N	First part moderate winds at 1 P M turned
4	4				one reef out of the foretopsail and set the main
6	2				topgallant sail at 2 P M took it in again
8	2		N by E	E by N	at 8 P M tooked ship double reefed the topsails
10	1	½			and furled the Pib and mainsail at 10 P M
12	1	½			tookin the mizz topsail and closed reefed the
2	1	½			fore topsail at 1 A M close reefed the main
4	1				topsail and tookin the foretopsail at 3 A M
6	1				tookin the foresail at 6 A M set it again
8	1		E N E	W	at 7 A M set the foretopsail and turned one reef
10	3				out of the maintopsail at 10 A M turned one
12	5	½			reef out of the fore and maintopsail and set the
					maintopgallant sail mid and last part fresh breezes
					Lat by Dr 42 - 01

H	H	Hk	courses	Winds	Friday July 28th 1837
2	6		E by N	W N W	First and mid part strong gals last part
4	7	1	E N E		more moderate at 1 P M turned one reef out of
6	7	½			the fore topsail at 3 P M double reefed the foretop
8	7	½			sail 4 P M tookin the maintopgallantsail and the
10	7				Larboard Boat at 2 A M set the maintopgallan
12	7				tsail at ½ past 5 turned the reefs out of the
2	6	½	E by N		fore and main topsail and set the fore topmas
4	6	½			studeny sail at 7 set mizz topsail
6	5				
8	6				Lat 42 - 10 S
10	6				
12	6				

H	H	Hks	Courses	Winds	Saturday July 29
2	4	½		N N W	These 24 hours light winds at 6 P M
4	4	½			taken the fore topmast studingsail
6	4	½		W	
8	2				
10	1	½			
12	1	½		S W	
2	1				
4	1				
6	2	½			
8	4				Lat by Obs 42.28 S
10	4				
12	3				

H	H	Hks	Courses	Winds	Sunday July 30th 1837
2	4		E by N	S W	First part fresh breezes at 12 Mer set Fore
4	4		E ½ N		topmast studingsail at 5 A M set the Larboard
6	5				foretopmast studingsail mid and last part
8	6				strong gales at 10 A M taken the starboard
10	5	½			foretopmast studingsail
12	6	½			
2	7	½			
4	7	½		W	
6	7	½			
8	8				Lat by Obs 42.35 S
10	8				
12	8				

H	H	Hks	Courses	Winds	Monday July 31st 1837
2	8		E	W	First part strong gales at 3 P M taken fore
4	8				topmast studingsail and double reefed the fore
6	8				topsail mid part strong gales and rainy
8	8				~~and~~ last part more moderate at 6 A M turned
10	7	½			one reef out of the fore topsail and set fore
12	7	½			topmast studdeny sail
2	8				
4	8				
6	6	½			
8	5				Lat by Obs 42.47 S
10	7	½			
12	7	½			

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Tuesday August 1st 1837
2	6	E	S W		These 24 hours strong breze mid part light
4	7		S		squals of rain at 3 P.M tooken the F.T.M.S
6	6				at 11 P.M set the maintop gallant saill
8	6				at A M set the F.T. M.S and turned a reef
10	6		S S W		out of the F.T.S at ½ past 3 A M turned
12	7				the reefs out of the M.T.S at 10 A M set
2	7				L.S and M.T. Sy.S
4	7				
6	7				
8	5	½	W.S.W		Lat by Obs 42 - 59 S
10	5	½			
12	5	½			

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Wednesday August 1st 1837
2	6		E	W S W	First part strong breze with flying clouds at 7
4	6				P M tooken the M.T.Sy.S mid part strong
6	6	1			gales at 10 P M tooken the L.S at ½ past 2
8	8				A M tooken F.T.M.S at 3 A M tooken main
10	9				topgallant sail at 5 A.M tooken the Pol main
12	9				sail and mizz topsail and double reefed the fore
2	9	½			and maintopsail Last part more moderate
4	9				at 11 A.M turned a reef out of the fore and
6	7				main topsail and set the Mizz topsail
8	7				
10	6			South	Lat by Obs 43 - 08 S
12	5	½			

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Thursday August 2d 1837
2	5		E	W	These 24 hours light winds Last part rainy
4	5				at 1 P M turned a reef out of the main
6	6				topsail set the mainsail maintop gallant sail and
8	6				fore F.T.M.S at 10 P M set the L.S ~~said~~
10	5	½			at 2 A M tooken the L.S
12	5				
2	4				
4	4				
6	5	½			
8	5	½			Lat by Obs 43 - 20
10	4				
12	4				

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Friday August 3d 1837
2	5		E	W	First part moderate winds mid part light
4	5				airs at ½ past 2 A M toohin the studding
6	5				sails braced up sharp on the wind last part
8	4				strong breezes at noon toohin the maintop
10	3				gallant sail
12	2				
2	1				
4	1				
6	1		N	E N E	
8	2				Lat by Obs 43 . 00 S
10	1	½			
12	1	½			

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Saturday August 4th 1837
2	5		N N E	E	First part strong breezes at 3 P M double reefed
4	5				the topsails at 5 P M toohin the Fit and
6	4		N	E N E	mainsail at 7 P M close reefed the fore
8	3				and main topsail and toohin the mizz
10	1				topsail mid part strong gales at 8 toohin
12	1				the fore topsail and set the close mizen
2	1				at 1 A M toohin the fore sail last part
4	1				heavy gales and rainy at noon toohin the
6	½				maintopsail
8	½				Lat by Dr 42 . 30 S
10	½				
12	½				

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Sunday August 5th 1837
2		½	N	E N E 8	First part heavy gales mid and last part
4		½			moderate and rainy at ½ past 2 A M set
6		½			the main topsail at 5 A M set the foresail
8		½			at 7 tacked Ship
10		½			
12		½			
2		½			
4		½	N N W	N E	
6		½	E by S	~~S S E~~	Lat by Obs 42 . 17
8	1			N E by N	
10	1				
12	1				

H	H	Hk	Course	Winds
2		1	S E	E N E
4		1		
6		1		
8		1		
10		1		
12		1		
2		1		
4		1		
6		1		
8		1		
10		1		
12		1		

Monday August 6th 1837

These 24 hours heavy gales and cloudy with squals of rain at 4 P M tooken the fore sail and main topsail and set the close mizzen makeing a dead drift S S W one half knot per hour

Lat by ree 42 . 25 S

H	H	Hk	Course	Winds
2		1	S E	E N E
4		1		
6		1		
8		1		
10		1		
12		1		
2		1		
4		1		
6	1			
8	1			
10	1			
12	1			

Tuesday August 7th 1837

First and mid part heavy gales but part more moderate at 6 A M set close reefed maintopsail and reefed fore sail

Lat by Obs 43 . 16 S

H	H	Hk	Course	Winds
2	1		S E	E N E
4	1			
6	1			
8	1			
10	1			
12	1			
2	1			
4	1			
6	1			
8	1			
10	1			
12	1			

Wednesday August 8th 1837

These 24 hours heavy gales and rainy at 3 P M set main spencer at 5 A M took it in again at 10 A M tooken the foresail at noon tooken the main topsail

Lat by do 43 . 35 S

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Thursday August 9th 1837
2		½	6 S6	N 6	First part heavy gales & mid and last
4		½			part more moderate at 10 set close reefed
6		½			main topsail at 4 A M set the foresail at 6
8		½			A M set the fore topsail main spanker
10		½			and turned one reef out of the main top
12		½			sail at 10 A M set the Pilot at noon
2		½			set the mizn topsail
4	1				
6	2				
8	3				Lat by Obs 44 " 51 S
10	3				
12	3				

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Friday August 10th 1837
2	3		S6 by 6	N6 by 6	These 24 hours strong gales with
4	3				flying clouds at 1 A M tookin the
6	3				mizzen topsail
8	3	½			
10	3	½			
12	3	½			
2	4				Lat by Do 45 " 48
4	4				
6	4				
8	4				
10	4				
12	4				

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Saturday August 11th 1837
2	4		S6 by 6	N6 by 6	First part strong gales mid and last
4	4				part more moderate and rainy at 8
6	4				P M tookin the Pilot at 4 A M set
8	4				it again at 5 A M turned one reef out
10	4			E N N 6	of the fore topsail and set the mainsail
12	3	½			and mizn topsail at 7 turned one reef
2	3	½			out of the mizn topsail at 9 A M tur
4	3			6 by N N by 6	ned one reef out of the main topsail
6	3				at noon tookin the mizn top sail
8	3				
10	3				
12	4				Lat by Obs 46 " 22

H	H	Hk	Course	Winds	Sunday August 12th 1837
2	3		E by N ½ N	N by W	First and mid part moderate winds and
4	3				thick foggy lat part strong breezes with
6	3				flying clouds at 10 A M double reefed the
8	4	½			maintopsail
10	4				
12	4				
2	4	½			
4	5				
6	5				Lat by Obs 46 . 15 S
8	5				
10	5	½			
12	5	½			

H	H	Hk	Course	Winds	Monday August 13th 1837
2	4	½	E by N	N by E	These 24 hours strong breezes with flying
4	4	½			clouds employed fitting the Starboard
6	5				pump
8	5				
10	5				
12	4	½			
2	5				
4	5				
6	4				Lat by Obs 46 . 30 S
8	4				
10	4	½			
12	4	½			

H	H	Hk	Course	Winds	Tuesday August 14th 1837
2	4		E by N	N by E	These 24 hours strong breezes and squally
4	4	½			at 4 P M turned one reef out of the fore
6	4	½			topsail at 8 A M turned one reef out of
8	4				the fore and main topsail and set the main
10	4				intop gallantsail at noon took in the
12	4		E	N N E	maintop gallant sail
2	4				
4	4				
6	4				
8	4				Lat by Obs 46 . 54 S
10	5				
12	5				

H	H	H.h	Course	Winds	Wednesday August 15th 1837
2	4		E by S	N E by N	These 24 hours strong breezes and equa
4	4	½			lly at 9 P M double reefed the fore
6	4	½			and main topsail
8	5				
10	5				
12	5				
2	5				
4	5				
6	5				Lat by Obs 47 " 38 S
8	5				
10	5				
12	4				

H	H	H.h	Course	Winds	Thursday August 16th 1837
2	4	½	E by S	N E by N	First part strong breezes and squally
4	4	½			mid part strong gales at 10 P M
6	3	½			tooken the Pilot and mainsail at 4
8	4				A M close reefe the fore topsail lat
10	4		East	N N E	part strong gales and rainy at A M
12	4				set reefed mainsail
2	4				
4	4				
6	3				
8	4				Lat by Dr 48 " 14
10	4				
12	4				

H	H	H.h	Course	Winds	Friday August 17th 1837
2	4		E ½ N	N N E ½ E	First part strong gales and rainy mid
4	4				and last part more moderate at 2
6	3	½			A M set the Pilot at ½ past 11 A M
8	3	½			turned the reef out of the mainsail
10	3				
12	3				
2	3				
4	3	½	E by S	N E by N	Lat by Dr 48 " 50
6	4				
8	4		E by S		
10	3				
12	3				

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Saturday August 18th 1837
2	3		E by S	N E by E	These 24 hours moderate winds and
4	3				thick weather at 6 A M turned one reef
6	1	½			out of the fore and main topsail at 8 A M
8	1	½	E by N	N by E	turned one reef out of the fore topsail and
10	2				set the maintop-gallant-sail at 9 A M
12	3				turned ~~on~~ reef out of the fore and main topsail
2	3				
4	3		E N E	N	
6	4				
8	4				Lat by Dr 49 .. 04 S
10	5		E by N ½ N		
12	5	½			

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Sunday August 19th 1837
2	6	½	E by N ½ N	W N W	These 24 hours strong breezes first and
4	6	½			mid part thick weather but part clear
6	6	½			at 1 P M set fore topmast studding sail
8	7				
10	7				
12	7				
2	7				
4	6	½			
6	6				
8	5	½			Lat by Obs 48 .. 28 S
10	6				
12	6				

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Monday August 20th 1837
2	5		E by N ½ N	W N W	First part moderat winds mid part calm
4	5				at 5 A M tooken fore topmast studding sail
6	3				last part fresh breezes and raing
8	2	½			
10	3				
12	3				
2	2				
4	"				
6	"		E by N ½ N	S E by S	Lat by Dr 48 . 21 S
8	2				
10	5				
12	6				

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Tuesday August 22d 1837
2	5		E by N ½ N.	S S E	First part strong gales at 1 P M took
4	5		E by N	S S E	in the maintopgallant sail at 3 P M close
6	3				reefed the fore topsail and double reefed
8	3				the main topsail at 4 P M took in the
10	3				Pit and mainsail at 5 P M took in the
12	3				foretopsail and close reefed the main top
2	3				sail mid part heavy gales and rainy
4	3				but part more moderate at 8 A M set
6	3				close reefed foretopsail at noon took it
8	3				in again
10	3				
12	3				Lat by Dr 47.37 S

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Wednesday August 23d 1837
2	3		E by N	S S E	First part strong gales and rainy mid
4	3				part more moderate and squally at 3 A M
6	3				set close reefed fore topsail but part light
8	3				winds at 5 turned a reefed out of the main
10	3		E N E	S E by S	topsail at 6 set the Pit and mainsail at 7
12	2	½			turned 2 reefs out of the fore topsail and one
2	2	½			out of the main topsail at 10 turned the
4	2	½			reef out of the main topsail and set the
6	2	½			main topgallant sail and mizz topsail
8	1	½			
10	3		N E by E	S E by E	Lat by Obs 46.53 S
12	3				

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Thursday August 24th 1837
2	2		E S E	N E	First part strong breezes and clear mid part
4	2				strong gales and cloudy at 9 P M took in
6	2				the main topgallant sail at 10 P M dou
8	3				ble reefed the main topsail at 11 P M
10	4		E	N N E	double reefed the fore topsail and took in
12	5				the mizz topsail at ½ past 12 took in the
2	4	½			Pit and mainsail at 3 A M closed reefed
4	3	½			the main topsail at 5 A M took in the fore
6	3				topsail at 7 took in the foresail but part
8	2				heavy gales at 10 A M took in the main
10	1				topsail
12	1				Lat by Dr 47.33 S

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Friday August 25th 1837
2	1		ESE	NE	First part heavy gales and rainy mid part light winds and pleasant with a heavy swell at ½ past 12 set close reefed main topsail and fore sail at 8 A M toolsen the fore sail last part moderate with heavy squalls at 10 A M set the foresail and close reefed foretopsail
4	1				
6	1				
8	1				
10	1				
12	2		ENE	NW	
2	2				
4	2		E	NNE	
6	1	½			
8	1	½	E		Lat by Dr 47.51 S
10	2		ENE	NW	
12	2				

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Saturday August 26th 1837
2	3		ENE	NW	First and mid part strong breezes with squalls of rain at 1 P M turned one reef out of the fore and main topsail at 3 P M set the Fib at P M set the mainsail at 9 P M turned one reef out of the main topsail at 10 P M turned one reef out of the foretop sail at 3 A M double reefed the foretopsail last part moderate breezes and pleasant at 7 A M turned one reef out of the fore top sail and set the maintop gallant sail at 10 A M turned the reefs out of the fore and main topsail and set the mizz topsail
4	3	½			
6	2	½			
8	2	½			
10	2				
12	3				
2	4				
4	3		E by N	N by E	
6	3				
8	3				
10	3				
12	3				

Lat by Obs 47.40

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Sunday August 27th 1837
2	4		E by N	N by E	First part moderate winds and pleasant
4	4				
6	4				Middle and last parts moderate winds with light squalls of rain
8	3				
10	3		ENE	NNW	
12	3				
2	4				
4	4				Lat by Obs 47.55 S
6	4	½			
8	4	½	E	NNE	
10	5				
12	5	½			

H	K	Hk	Courses	Winds	Monday August 28th 1837
2	4		E	NNE	First part moderate winds and squally
4	4				1 P M tookin maintopgallantsail and mix
6	6		ENE	NNW	topsail at 5 P M set 5 P M ...
8	6	½			topgallantsail mid part ...
10	8				at 8 P M took in the m...
12	8				sail and Jib Last part ...
2	8				A M set the main topga...
4	8		ENE	WNW	A M set the fore topmast
6	8				at ½ past 10 A M took ...
8	8				noon tookin the mainsail
10	8				sail and double reefed the
12	9				

Lat by Dr 47.39

H	K	Hk	Courses	Winds	Tuesday August 29th
2	9		EbyN	W	First part heavy gale ...
4	9				double reef the main top...
6	9				more moderate at 12 turn...
8	9				of the maintopsail at 4
10	8				... 5 A M
12	7	½			and ...
2	7	½			Lat ...
4	7	½			rains
6					
8					
10					
12					

do

TROTTING AT EAST SAGINAW, MICH.

East Saginaw, June 27.—Purse $1,500; 3:00 class.
J. Wilson & Son's ch m Elsie Good, by Blue Bull 1 1 1
W. W. Alexander's blk g Gilt Edge 3 2 4
J. M. Grier's b g Janesville 4 4 2
H. L. Johnson's b g Smoke 2 5 5
F. Van Ness' gr g Albermarle 5 3 3
Time, 2:30—2:28¾—2:28.

Same Day.—Purse $1,250; 2:34 class.
J. H. Bebout's gr g Russell, by Blue Bull 1 1 1
J. S. Lackey's ch h Archie Alexander 2 4 3
D. Muckle's blk m Girlie 4 3 2
W. L. Beck's br s Young Wilkes 3 2 7
J. Keitzmiller's gr g Judge Waite 6 5 4
D. Shean's gr g Salem 5 6 5
Time, 2:26—2:27½—2:30.

East Saginaw, June 28.—Purse $1,250; 2:50 class.
Geo. C. Brown's b s George 1 1 1
C. F. Emery's s b Capt. Sellick 2 2 6
F. Van Ness's gr g Albermarle 7 5 2
Geo. Wickham's br g Sweet William 3 8 8
Mosher & Chidester's b g Miraculous 4 7 3
A. A. Rogers' b g Henry G. 6 4 4
R. J. Lee's ch s Robt. McGregor 5 6 5
J. H. Brown's b m Hattie Wood 8 8 7
Time, 2:32—2:32—2:32¾.

Same Day.—Purse $1,250; 2:28 class.
C. W. Phillips' b m Amy B., by Winnebago 2 1 5 7 1 1
T. Megen & Co.'s b m Little Gypsie 7 4 1 1 7 2
J. Hines' g g Silverside 1 3 6 2 2 3
T. Slatterly's blk m Lady Byron 3 2 2 3 3 ro
R. J. Lee's ch s Monroe 5 5 3 4 4 ro
H. C. Goodrich's ch g Granville 4 6 4 6 6 ro
G. Glidden's b g Billy Lambertson 6 7 7 5 5 ro
Time, 2:24—2:24¼—2:26—2:25½—2:25—2:28¼.

TROTTING AT STILLWATER, MINN.

Stillwater, June 27.—Purse $700; 3:00 class.
Owner's b g General McArthur 5 2 1 1 2 2 1
Owner's b m Moxey 2 3 4 2 1 1 2
Owner's blk g Jim Raven 1 1 3 3 3 3 3
Owner's blk g Black Dock 3 6 2 6 4 ro
Owner's gr s Pat 4 5 5 4 5 ro
Owner's gr s Gray Eagle Jr. 8 7 7 7 6 ro
Owner's br s Fearnaught 7 4 6 5 dr
Owner's ch m Anna B. 9 dr
Time, 2:38¾—2:40¼—2:40½—2:42¼—2:29½—2:38½—2:42¼.

Same Day.—Purse $200; running.
Owner's Gol Ricely 1
Owner's Janitor 2
Owner's John McCormack 3
Alice and Uncle Tom not placed.
Time, 1:45¼.

Stillwater, June 28.—Purse $700; 2:40 class.
Owner's gr g Gayo 1 1 1
Owner's blk g Quarry Boy 2 2 5
Owner's b m Lady Mack 3 3 2
Owner's br s Stillwater Jim 7 5 3
Owner's b m Portigue 5 6 4
Owner's b s Mambrino Chief Jr. 6 4 6
Owner's b m Bay Brig 4 dis
Time, 2:36¾—2:39—2:33¾.

Same Day.—Purse $700; 2:30 class.
Owner's rn g Loafer, by Blazing Star 1 1 0 1
Owner's ch g Princeton Boy 3 2 0 1
Owner's blk s Gen. Lee 2 3 3 3
Owner's b m Lady Mack 2 dis
Time, 2:30¾—2:30—2:35¼—2:32¾.

TROTTING AT HARTFORD, CONN.

Charter Oak Park, June 29.—Purse $600; 2:45 class.
J. Golden's ch g Dick Moore 3 1 1 1
M. Dorsey's ch g Mike Jefferson 1 4 2 2
H. A. & J. L. Barclay's b m Nell 3 2 5 3
J. J. Hornbeck's ch g Limestone 5 3 3 5
J. H. Goldsmith's b g Driver 4 5 4 4
J. Killin's gr g Sandbank 6 6 6 dis
Time, 2:29¼—2:31½—2:32¼—2:31¼.

Same Day.—Purse $800; 2:31 class.
J. A. Williams' ch g Charley Mack 1 6 2 1 5 2 1
J. J. Bowen's blk m Maggie S. 6 2 5 2 1 1 2
Edwin Thorne's b m Enigma 2 1 1 4 3 3 dis
J. H. Goldsmith's b g Alley 4 4 4 3 2 dr
C. Dickerman's b g Harry Spanker 3 3 3 5 4 dr
H. & J. Barclay's b s Banker 5 5 dis
Time, 2:26¼—2:26—2:27—2:29½—2:26¼—2:30—2:29½.

Same Day.—Purse $1,200; 2:22 class.
W. H. Harrison's ch m Susie 3 1 1 1
J. H. Goldsmith's b m Huntress 1 2 2 2
J. A. Bacheldor's b g John H. 2 4 4 4
D. A. Snell's b m Lady Snell 4 3 3 3
J. N. Woodward's b m Amy dis
Time, 2:22¼—2:22¼—2:23¾—2:24½.

STALLIONS.

FASHION STUD FARM, Trenton, N. J.

HOME OF GOLDSMITH MAID, LUCY, LADY THORN, ROSALIND, AND MANY OTHER NOTED TROTTERS.

STALLION SEASON, 1875.

JAY GOULD, $200.

Bay stallion, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; foaled in '64; record, 2:21½; first dam Lady Sanford, by American Star, grandam by Exton Eclipse, and he by Old Eclipse.

LIMITED TO TWENTY SELECT MARES.
SEASON MARCH 1 TO JULY 1.

GENERAL KNOX, $150.

Black stallion, foaled in 1855; sired by Vermon Hero, he by Sherman Black Hawk, he by Vermon Black Hawk; dam by Young Hambletonian, he by Harris' Hambletonian, grandam by Harris' Hambletonian. Gen. Knox is the well-known stallion formerly owned by Col. Thos. S. Laing, North Vassalborough, Maine, and is the sire of Gilbreth Knox, Camors (record 2:19¾), Lady Maud (record 2:22¾, fourth heat, at five years old), Plato (record 2:27¼), and many other very fast ones.

LIMITED TO FORTY MARES.
SEASON MARCH 1 TO OCTOBER 1.

SOCRATES, $100.

Bay stallion, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; foaled in 1866; first dam by American Star; second dam by Long Island Black Hawk.
SEASON MARCH 1 TO OCTOBER 1.

TATTLER, $50.

Bay stallion, by Pilot, Jr., foaled in 1863, record 2:26 as a five-year old; dam Telltale (thoroughbred), by Telamon, he by Medoc (the four-mile running horse), grandam Flea, by Medoc.
SEASON MARCH 1 TO OCTOBER 1.
Tattler is the sire of Mr. Alexander's colt Indianapolis, that trotted in Kentucky in 2:25¼ as a five-year-old.

Fashion Stud Farm is one mile from Trenton, and can be reached by New Jersey Railroad—trains at all hours; by the Merchants' Transportation Company's steam propellers from New York via Delaware and Raritan Canal, making semi-weekly trips, and furnishing a cheap and safe conveyance for stock, the boats leaving from Pier 39 North River, foot of Vestry street; by boat from Philadelphia daily; and also by boat from Baltimore.
Ample facilities for pasturing or boarding mares and colts summer and winter.
All accidents at owner's risk.

ALL BI... RVICE, KEEP, ETC., MUST ... FORE STOCK LEAVES ... PLACE. ... consign mares ... Philadelphia, ... ster street, ... ter or tele...
... KNEELAND, ... UD FARM, Trenton, N. J.

TROTTING AT SUFFOLK PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

Suffolk Park, June 29.—Purse $1,000; 2:26 class.
B. Doble's gr g Abe Edgerton, by Stockbridge Chief Jr. 1 1 4 0 1
J. Splan's sp g Prince 4 2 1 0 5
J. B. Smith's w m Twilight 2 3 3 0 2
W. H. Doble's br g Gen. Howard 5 5 6 0 3
L. Morris' gr g ... Ayer 6 5 5 0 4
A. B. DeHart's br m Hannah D. 3 4 2 0 *dis
Time, 2:28—2:27—2:28¼—0:00—2:32.
* Hannah D. was distanced in the fourth heat, but the judges awarded her fourth money.

Same Day.—Purse $400; 2:33 class.
J. McAndrews' Jr.'s ... C. M. Bedle, by Goodin's Champion 3 2 1 1 1
M. Bebin's blk m Topsy 1 8 3 2 2
C. H. Smith's br g Modoc 7 1 4 3 8
R. D. Cummings' blk g R. D. 2 4 5 4 4
J. B. Serrill's b g Midway 4 5 2 4 5
J. McKee's br m Lady Weller 8 6 dr
R. Steel's b m Fleetfoot 6 7 dr
Time, 2:31—2:33—2:24—2:32½—2:33.

Suffolk Park, June 30.—Purse $1,000; 2:24 class.
W. H. Crawford's br m Annie Collins 0 1 1 2 1
D. S. Quinton's b m Susie Parker 0 2 2 1 2
R. Paterson's b m Belle Brasfield 3 3 3 3 3
Time, 2:35—2:25—2:28—2:27—2:28.

Same Day.—Purse $800; 2:29 class.
L. Morris's br g John S. Heald, by Gen. Knox 1 1 2 1
J. Trout's b g Banquo 4 2 1 5
J. E. Turner's br m Dora 5 6 3 2
R. Steel's b m Lady Kildeer 2 3 6 6
W. H. Doble blk g Scotland 6 5 4 4
J. H. Phillip's b g Bay Jack 3 4 6 3
Time, 2:28½—2:30—2:30—2:31¼.

Suffolk Park, July 1.—Purse $500, for 3:00 class.
E. Hart's ch g Jupiter 1 3 1 1
S. Smith's b s Hambletonian Mambrino 5 1 4 5
C. Reed's br s Bismarck 3 2 3 2
R. Steel's b s Milton Medium 2 4 2 3
R. Penistan's b g Stiletto 6 5 7 4
R. F. Galloway's br s Sparkle 4 7 6 6
J. Brockie's g m Kate Clyde 8 8 8 7
C. H. Smith's b m Sallie S. 7 6 5 dr
A. B. DeHart's br m Transit dis
S. B. Connell's ch m Gyp dis
Time, 2:35—2:32½—2:36—2:35.

Same Day.—Purse $300, for gentlemen's road horses.
W. H. Doble, Jr., b g O. A. Hickok 1 1 1
R. F. Galloway's b g Rosebud 2 2 3
N. P. Duffy's ch g Washington Irving 6 3 2
G. W. Irwin's ch g Arthur Wild 3 5 5
W. McBride's gr m Belle of Philadelphia 8 4 4
F. Herdic's b m Little Rachel 4 7 7
S. B. Connell's g m Morning 7 6 8
Wm. Stewart's b m Minerva 9 8 6
C. A. Parry's s g Coal Mine 5 dr
Time, 2:41—2:41—2:41.

TROTTING AT EAST SAGINAW, MICH.

East Saginaw, June 29.—Purse $1,250; 2:40 class.
Hook & Kinney's b s Coaster, by Caliban 1 1 1
A. A. Rogers' ch m Belle Fairfield 2 2 2
C. F. Emery's ch m Flora D. 4 3 9
R. Smith's ch s Woodpecker Golddust 9 6 3
P. Shean's gr g Salem 3 9 6
G. G. Hartung's ch g Golden Farmer 6 4 4
A. C. Barnes' b g Rochelle 5 5 5
M. S. Forbus' b g Chas. W. Woolley 7 7 7
W. J. Slipper's ch m Easter Maid 8 8 8
Time, 2:30½—2:26¼—2:30.

Same Day.—Purse $1,250; 2:30 class.
J. Kietzmiller & Son's ch s Hylas, by Alcalde 2 1 1 1
G. E. Brownell's gr s White Lime 1 10 7 7
D. P. Bissell's ch g Marion 7 3 2 2
Foster & Nye's gr g Mambrino Kate 8 2 4 9
S. W. McDonald's ch g S. W. McD. 7 8 9 3
John Brown's b m Josephine 6 4 3 5
F. W. Boyd's b g Allen 3 6 11 4
L. Glenn's b m Monarch Rule 11 6 5 6
W. R. Armstrong's b g Calmar 10 7 8 8
C. B. Harvey's b g Lew Scott 5 11 10 10
W. W. Hamilton's b g Wolford Z. 4 12 6 dr
J. T. Dewey's ch g Nelson 12 9 12 dr
Time, 2:30—2:26¼—2:26—2:24¼.

Same Day.—Purse $1,500; 2:22¼ class.
J. S. & Ira Rowell's gr m Badger Girl, by Flying Cloud 3 3 1 1 1
G. W. Voorhees' blk m Cozette 1 1 2 2 6
D. W. Mattocks' ch g Observer 2 4 3 4 2
G. J. Fuller's b g Frank Reeves 5 2 5 3 3
Frank Van Ness' b m Lady Star 4 6 6 5 4
I. A. Browne's blk m Lady Turpin 6 5 4 6 5
W. R. Armstrong's b g Fred Hooper 7 7 dr
No time.

East Saginaw, June 30.—Purse $1,250; 2:26 class.
R. Pennistan's ch g Richard, by Blue Bull 2 1 1 1
John Hines' gr g Silversides 1 4 2 2
J. S. Growe & Son's b g Capt. Jack 5 2 5 4
J. H. Brown's ch g Tom Brown 4 5 3 3
J. H. Williams' b g Tom Britton 3 3 4 5
Time, 2:27—2:25—2:25½—2:25.

Same Day.—Purse $1,500; free for all.
David Muckle's b g Kansas Chief, by Arnold Harris 1 1 1
H. C. Goodrich's b g Bodine 3 2 2
W. R. Armstrong's b g Gen. Garfield 2 3 3
Time, 2:24—2:21½—2:21¾.

TROTTING AT HARTFORD, CONN.

Charter Oak, June 27.—Purse $800; 2:38 class.
W. D. Balch's ch g Grateful 1 1 5 2 1
J. H. Goldsmith's b g Driver 5 2 1 4 2
J. J. Hornbeck's b m Nightingale 3 5 3 1 3
C. Dickerman's ch m Lady Lowe 4 3 2 3 dr
H. A. & J. L. Barclay's br s Banker 2 4 4 5 dr
E. Thorne's b g Wild Oats 6 dis
Time, 2:30—2:28¼—2:30¼—2:29¼—2:33¼.

Same Day.—Purse $1,000; 2:25 class.
W. H. Harrison's ch m Susie 1 1 1
J. H. Goldsmith's b g Bateman 3 2 2
C. Dickerman's sp g Spotted Colt 2 3 3
Time, 2:27¾—2:26—2:27¾.

Same Day.—Purse $300; running.
Daly Bros.' b m Lorena, 6 yrs, by Revolver, dam Gentle Annie 1 1
J. T. Blanchard's b s Washington, 5 yrs 2 2
C. D. Sessions' b c Bambino, 3 yrs 3 dis
Time, 1:48¾—1:50½.

Charter Oak, June 28.—Purse $800; 2:31 class.
J. J. Bowen's g g Razor, by Young America 1 1 1
J. H. Goldsmith's b g Alley 4 3 3
M. Roden's b m Lucca 2 5 4
W. Basford's b m Carrie N. 3 8 3
C. B. Gilman's b g Bay 5 4 5
Time, 2:27¾—2:30¾—2:28¾.

Same Day.—Purse $1,000; 2:28 class.
J. Golden's b s Ned Wallace, by Taggart's Abdallah 1 1 1
J. A. Williams' ch g Charley Mack 2 2 2
Time, 2:25¼—2:29—2:25½.

Same Day.—Purse $300; running.
Daly Bros.' b m Lorena 1 1
C. D. Sessions' b c Bambino 2 2
Time, 1:49—1:49½.

Charter Oak, June 29.—Purse $600; 2:45 class.
Jas. Golden's b g Dick Moore, by Belmont 2 1 1 1
M. Dorsey's ch g Mike Jefferson 1 4 2 3
H. A. & J. L. Barclay's b m Nell 3 2 5 2
J. J. Hornbeck's ch g Limestone 4 3 3 5
J. H. Goldsmith's b g Driver 5 5 4 4
J. Killin's gr g Sandbank 6 6 6 6
Time, 2:29¼—2:31¼—2:32¼—2:31¼.

Same Day.—Purse $800; 2:31 class.
J. D. Williams' ch g Charley Mack, by Young Ethan 1 6 2 1 5 2 1
J. J. Bowen's blk m Maggie S. 6 2 5 2 1 1 2
Edwin Thorne's b m Enigma 2 1 1 4 3 3 dis
J. H. Goldsmith's b g Alley 3 4 4 3 8 ro
Chas. Dickeman's b g Harry Spanker 8 3 3 5 4 ro
H. A. & J. L. Barclay's b s Banker 5 5 dis
Time, 2:26¼—2:26—2:27—2:29¼—2:26¼—2:30—2:29½.

Same Day.—Purse $1,200; 2:22 class.
Wm. H. Harrison's ch m Susie 3 1 1 1
J. H. Goldsmith's b m Huntress 1 2 2 2
J. A. Batchelder's b g John H. 2 4 4 4
D. A. Snell's b m Lady Snell 4 3 3 3
J. N. Woodward's b m Amy dis
Time, 2:22¼—2:22¼—2:23¾—2:24¼.

TROTTING AT SUFFOLK PARK.

Suffolk Park, July 3.—Purse $1,000; 2:22 class.
J. H. Phillips' b m Adelaide, by Phil Sheridan 3 3 1 1 1
J. M. Petit's r g Slow Go 1 2 3 2 2
J. A. Batchelor's b g John H. 2 1 2 dis
Time, 2:25½—2:25—2:25—2:27—2:27.

Same Day.—Purse $700; 2:40 class.
H. Killian's b m Lady Blessington 3 3 1 2 1 1
D. Wilson's b g Erie 1 1 3 3 3 3
C. H. Smith's b g Billy Watson 2 2 2 1 2 2
R. Penistan's ch g Alonzo 4 4 4 dis
Time, 2:34—2:35—2:37—2:42¼—2:40½—2:44.

TROTTING AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Hampden Park, July 4.—Purse $600; 2:26 class.
Dan Mace's gr g Royal George, by Royal George 2 1 1 1
Ben Mace's b m Nellie Walton 1 2 3 4
J. H. Goldsmith's br g Bateman 3 3 2 2
W. H. Crawford's g Basil Duke 4 4 4 3
J. Splan's sptd g Spotted Prince 5 5 5 5
Time, 2:27¾—2:30¾—2:31—2:27—2:28.

Same Day.—Purse $1,000; 2:21 class.
W. B. Harrison's ch m Susie 2 1 1 1
A. Goldsmith's b m Huntress 1 2 3 2
W. H. Crawford's b m Annie Collins 4 3 2 3
Ben Mace's b g Sensation 3 4 4 4
J. N. Woodard's b m Amy 5 dis
Time, 2:24¼—2:22—2:25—2:28¼.

H	H½	Hk	Courses	Winds
2	4		6 N E	S E
4	4			
6	4			
12	3		6½ N	S S E
2	3		E	S
4	6			
6	6		E½ N	S S W
8	6			
10	8			
12	8			

Thursday August 31st 1837

First part fresh breze and pleasant mid part light winds at ½ past 9 P M turned one reef out of the foretopsail and set the maintopgallant sail at 1 A M turned the reef out of the fore topsail but part strong brezes at 8 A M set the fore top mast studding sail

Lat by Obs 47.35

H	H½	Hk	Courses	Winds
2	9		E½ S	S W
4	9			
6	9			
8	9	½		
10	9			
12	9			
2	9			
4	9			
6	9			
8	9		E	
10	10			
12	10			

Friday August 32d 1837

These 24 hours strong gales and pleasant weathe at 6 A M carryed away the fore topmast studding sail yard bent another and set it again

Lat by Obs 47.52 S

H	H½	Hk	Courses	Winds
2	10		E by S	S
4	9			
6	1	½	S E	
8	1	½		
10	1	½		
12	1	½		
2	1	½		
4	1	½		
6	1	½		
8	7		E	S
10	7			
12	7			

Saturday Sept 2d 1837

These 24 hours heavy gales with squalls of hale at 3 P M tooken the maintopgallant sail mainsail and close reefed the fore and maintopsail at 4 P M tooken the fore topsail at 5 P M tooken the main topsail and fore sail and set the close mizen and main spencer and hove the ship to heading S E at 8 A M set close reefed mantopsail as I reefed fore sail and kept off East

Lat by Ob 48.06 S

IRELAND
Shipping Powder,
ALL KINDS A... PERSONAL TON
Kegs of lbs

H	H	H	Hbs	Course	Winds	Sundry Sept 3d 1837
2	4	½		E by S	S W	These 24 hours strong gales at 3 P M
4	4	½				set close reefed fore topsail 5 P M turned
6	6					the reefs out of the foresail and one out
8	6					of the main topsail at 6 A M turned
10	7	½				the reefs out of the main topsail and
12	7	½				two out of the fore topsail
2	7	½				
4	8					
6	9					Lat by Obs 48 - 57
8	9					
10	9					
12	9					

H	H	H	Hbs	Course	Winds	Monday Sept 4th 1837
2	1			E by S	W	These 24 hours heavy gales and squally
4	9					at 4 P M set the main top gallant sail
6	9					and double reefed the fore topsail at
8	9					½ past 10 A M taken the main top
10	9					gallant sail at 12 double reefed the
12	9					main topsail at ½ past 5 A M took in
2	9					the foresail at 6 A M close reefed the
4	9					

GRAND CENTRAL TROTTING CIRCUIT

(MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.)

Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica,
JULY 25, 26, 27, 28. AUG. 1, 2, 3, 4. AUG. 8, 9, 10, 11. AUG. 15, 16, 17, 18.

Poughkeepsie, Hartford, Springfield.
AUG. 22, 23, 24, 25. AUG. 29, 30, 31, SEPT. 1. SEPT. 5, 6, 7, 8.

PREMIUMS, $175,000 PREMIUMS.

Programme of each Meeting:

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY.

No. 1.—Purse $2,500, for 2:36 class; $1,250 to first, $625 to second, $375 to third, $250 to fourth.
No. 2.—Purse $2,500, for 2:24 class; $1,250 to first, $625 to second, $375 to third, $250 to fourth.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY.

No. 3.—Purse $2,500, for 2:29 class; $1,250 to first, $625 to second, $375 to third, $250 to fourth.
No. 4.—Purse $3,000, for 2:22 class; $1,500 to first, $750 to second, $450 to third, $300 to fourth.
No. 5.—Purse $2,000 for Special Fast Trial of Speed; $1,000 to the horse trotting in harness the Three Fastest Average Consecutive Heats, and $1,000 additional; with entrance money added, if said horse beats 2:14 in any one heat; each horse to have three trials, and have running horse to accompany, if desired. It is a condition of this purse that entries made therein must be made in the same purse at the meeting of each Association forming this Circuit.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY.

No. 6—Purse $2,000, for 2:35 class; $1,000 to first, $500 to second, $300 to third, $200 to fourth.
No. 7.—Purse $1,000, open to all; $2,400 to first, $1,000 to second, $375 to third, $250 to fourth.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY.

No. 8.—Purse $2,500, for 2:30 class; $1,250 to first, $625 to second, $375 to third, $250 to fourth.
No. 9.—Purse $3,000, for 2:20 class; $1,800 to first, $750 second, $450 to third.

The following is the disposition made of the $1,000 reserved by the Cleveland Club:

TUESDAY—FIRST DAY—Running, mile heats, $500 | FRIDAY—FOURTH DAY—Running, two-mile dash, $500

FOR DETAILS SEE SMALL PROGRAMMES.

CONDITIONS:

HAY AND STRAW free to all horses entered in races. Races will be called at 2 P. M., and started at 2:15 promptly.

POSTPONEMENT.—If owing to bad weather or other unavoidable cause, either member of this Circuit shall be unable to start one or more of its races on or before 5 o'clock P. M. of the last day of the week allotted to such member, such race or races shall thereby be considered Secretary on or before 7 o'clock P. M. of the Monday next preceding the commencement of each meeting.

ENTRANCE-FEE.—Ten per cent. of the purse, of which one-half only shall be forfeited by those parties who desire to withdraw; provided they shall so declare, and notice written notice to that effect with the Secretary on or before 5 o'clock P. M. of the last day of the week allotted to such member, such race or races shall thereby be considered and declared "out," and the entrance-money therein refunded.

In heats, when eight or more horses start, the distance will be one hundred and fifty yards. Heats in each day's races may be trotted alternately.

All of the premiums are for trotting, unless otherwise specified, and to be mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, and will be conducted under the rules and regulations of the National Association for the Promotion of the Interests of the American Trotting Turf, as amended February 9, 1876. The attention of exhibitors is particularly called to Rules Nos. 2, 3, 6, 7, 11, 12, 32, and 36, the provisions of which must be complied with.

ENTRIES.—When making entries please observe the following directions:
1. Name class in which the animal is entered.
2. State color, sex, and name of animal.
3. Give the name of sire and dam.
4. If sire and dam are unknown, state the fact when entry is made.
5. If the animal has trotted under another name within two years, the former name must also be given.
6. Entrance-fee (ten per cent. of purse) should be remitted when the entry is made.
7. Entries made by telegraph should also be repeated by mail.
8. Name and residence of owner, as well as party making an entry must always be given with the nomination.

Attention to the above directions will save all parties interested from delay and unnecessary inquiry.

ENTRIES CLOSE TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1876, at eleven o'clock P. M., and should be made, for CLEVELAND, to SAM. BRIGGS, Secretary; BUFFALO, to H. A. MORRIS Treasurer; ROCHESTER, to E. B. PARSONS, Secretary; UTICA, to ALEX. BUELL, Treasurer; POUGHKEEPSIE, to JOS. G. FROST, Secretary; HARTFORD, to ALEX. HARRISON, Secretary; SPRINGFIELD, to D. J. MARSH, Treasurer.

BOARD OF STEWARDS:

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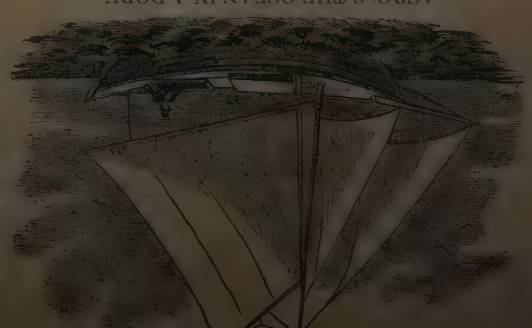
SAM. BRIGGS, Secretary, Cleveland, O.

H	H	Hh	Courses	Winds	Wednesday Sept 6th 1837
2	1		S	W	First part heavy gales mid part more
4	1				moderate at 2 A M set close reefed fore top
6	1				sail and hip off but part heavy gales and
8	1				thick weather at 5 A M set reefed foresail
10	1				
12	1				
2	5		E by S	W N W	
4	6	½			
6	7				Lat by Dr 51.32 S
8	8				
10	8				
12	8				

H	H	Hh	Courses	Winds	Thursday Sept 7th 1837
2	8		E by S	W N W	These 24 hours heavy gales with squall
4	8				s of hail at 5 A M toohn the fore sail
6	8		N	W N W	and fore topsail buffed to heading North
8	1				
10	1				
12	1				
2	1				
4	1				
6	1	½	N W	W S W	Lat by Obs 51.57 S
8	1	½			
10	1	½			
12	1	½			

H	H	Hh	Courses	Winds	Friday
2	1		N W	W N W	First pa
4	1				moderate
6	1				et fore to
8	1				keep off
10	1				winds and
12	1		E	W N W	et maint
2	5				the fore
4	5				of the m
6	6				topsail
8	6				the fore
10	7				sail emp
12	7				water

ACROSS THE OCEAN IN A DORY.



Above we give a cut of the dory "Centennial," in which Mr. Alfred Johnson left Gloucester on the 15th of June for a trip of three thousand miles across the ocean. We are indebted to Messrs. Proctor Brothers, the enterprising proprietors of the Cape Ann *Advertiser*, for the cut, and also for the following particulars:

The dory was built under Mr Johnson's own supervision, by Messrs. Higgins & Gifford of Gloucester, but natives of the Cape. The material is of pine, and extra thickened with oak, and the dory is 16 feet in length on the bottom, and 20 feet on top, 5½ feet in width, and 2½ feet in depth; is decked over with the exception of sanitting room and hatchway; has three water-tight compartments; and is provided with a mast ingeniously contrived to hoist or lower at will. She will carry a mainsail, two jibs and a square-sail. The accommodations for sleeping are in the hatchway, where he has fitted up a mattress; there is also a hatchway aft, where he will have an opportunity for rowing if he should desire.

The craft is nothing more nor less than a common fisherman's dory decked over and provided with a mast and sails. He proposes to take the direct course across, which is followed by ocean steamers, and is provided with chart, compass, quadrant and other nautical instruments. His provisions consist of canned meats, condensed milk, fruit, hard bread, tea, coffee, etc., and he has a stock sufficient to last him ninety days; also sixty gallons of water. He has an awning, from which he expects to catch sufficient water to keep up the supply. He also has a stock of medicines which have been provided for him by Dr. Charles E. Cummings of Lowell, who has been here on a visit, and taken a great interest in this trip. He is provided with a kerosene stove, on which he can cook, a powerful lantern to hoist at night, to keep vessels from running him down, which is one of the greatest dangers attending the trip. He also has a drag with which to heave the dory to in case of a storm, and proposes to get the most of his sleep during the day-time in order that he may be on the watch at night.

By a dispatch received from Barrington, N. S., we learn that the dory put into that port on the 25th ult., to change iron ballast, which affected the compass. Capt. Johnson had experienced rough weather with head winds and dense fogs while crossing the Bay. He reported his dory to be all that he anticipated. It is probable that he will not have any rougher weather on his entire passage than he has thus far experienced.

H	H	Hk	Course	Winds	Saturday Sept 9th 1837
2	8		E by S	N W	First part strong breezes at 1 P M
4	8				close reefed the fore topsail mid part
6	8				strong gales at 6 P M tooken the main
8	9				topgallant sail at 8 P M close reefed
10	9				the maintopsail at 9 P M tooken
12	7				the fore topsail at 11 P M tooken the
2	5		N E by E	N W by N	maintopsail at 1 A M tookin the fo
4	1				sail and hauled to the wind heading
6	1		E by S	W	N E by E lat part more moderate at
8	7				A M set the fore sail and close reefed fo
10	7				top sail and kept off at 7 set close reefed
12	7				main topsail

Lat by Obs 53 10 S

H	H	Hk	Course	Winds	Sunday Sept 10th 1837
2	5		E by S	W S W	First part moderate breezes and cloudy
4	5				at 2 P M turned one reef out of the fo
6	3	K			topsail at 6 P M turned one reef out of
8	4				the main topsail and set the main topalla
10	4				sail mid part strong breezes and rainy
12	5		E by S	N W	at at 5 A M tookin the maintop gallan
2	7				sail at 7 A M close reefed the fore and
4	7				main topsail lat part more moderate
6	7		E by S	N N E	and foggy
8	6	K			
10	4				Lat by Dr 54 19 S
12	4				

H	H	Hk	Course	Winds	Monday Sept 11th 1837
2	4		E by S	W	First part moderate breezes and cloudy
4	4				at 2 P M turned one reef out of the fore and
6	5				maintopsail at 5 P M turned one reef out o
8	7				maint topsail sail mid part strong gales
10	7				at 11 P M tookin the fore and main top
12	7		E by S	S W	lat part fresh breezes at 6 A M set dou
2	6				le reefed fore and maintopsail at 9 A M
4	5				turned the reefs out of the main topsail
6	6				and set the main topgallant sail and t
8	7				one reef out of the fore topsail
10	4	K			
12	6				Lat by Dr 55 35

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9.

Purse $2,500, for 2:29 class.

Chas. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m Mattie, by Hambletonian, dam Lucy Smack.
E. Foster's (Albion, N. Y.) br s Damon, by Palmer Bogus, dam Eclipse.
A. M. Harris & Son's (Watertown, N. Y.) dk b g, Colburn.
Chas. Schwartz's (Chicago, Ill.) b g Frank Davis.
M. Goodin's (Chicago Ill.) gr g Geo. A. Ayer.
John Trout's (Chicago, Ill.) b g Banquo.
West & Emerson's (Georgetown, Ky.) gr m Lady Monroe.
D. P. Bissell's (Chicago, Ill.) ch g Marion.
J. McAndrews, Jr.'s (New York) ch g Planter.
R. P. Stevens & Sons' (Chicago, Ill.) ch s Gen. Grant.

Purse $3,000, for 2:22 Class.

Thos. Grady's (Amsterdam, N. Y.) b m Idol, by Swift's Stephen A. Douglass.
Chas. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) blk g Prospero, by Messenger Duroc, dam Green Mountain Maid.
Dan Mace's (New York) b m Amy.
A. J. Peck's (Syracuse) ch g Bonner.
J. H. Phillips' (Philadelphia) b m Adelaide, by Phil Sheridan.
Geo. W. Voorhies' (Detroit, Mich.) blk m Cozette.
Sam. A. Browne's (Grand Rapids) br m Lady Turpin, by Bell Morgan, dam by Brignoli.
J. S. & Ira Rowell's (Chicago, Ill.) gr m Badger Girl, by Flying Cloud.
J. A. Batchelor's (Cincinnati, O.) b g John H.
D. Jenkins' (Glen Falls) gr s Joe Brown.

Purse $2,000 for Special Fast Trial of Speed.

Charles S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m Lula, by Alexander's Norman, dam by imp. Hooton.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, AUGUST 10.

Purse $2,000, for 2:32 Class.

Charles S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b g Proctor.
George Thompson's (Brooklyn) b g Judge, by Ethan Allen.
W. Van Valkenburg's (Ogdensburg, N. Y.) gr g Capt. Smith, by Gray Eagle, dam Minnie Rolston.
W. W. Barnes' (Syracuse), blk g Frank, by Pathfinder.
D Shears' (Buffalo) gr g Gray Salem.
W. H. Saunders, Jr's (New York) blk s Young Wilkes.
Samuel A. Browne's (Grand Rapids, Mich.) Woodpecker Golddust.
Frank Vanness' (Rochester) sp g Albemarle.
John McGrew's (Columbus, O.) b g Romeo, by Star's Hambletonian.
Frank Boyd's (Milwaukee) b g Allen.
C. H. Martin's (Columbus, O.) dn g Jerry Postell.

Purse $4,000, Free-for-All.

Chas. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m Lucille Golddust, by Dorsey's Golddust, dam by Bald Hornet.
H. S. Russell's (Home Farm, Milton, Mass.) b s Smuggler, by Blanco, dam by Herod's Tuckahoe.
H. C. Goodrich's (Chicago, Ill.) b g Bodine, by Volunteer, dam by Henry Clay.
Chas. S. Green's (Babylon) b m Lula, by Alexander's Norman, dam by imp. Hooton.
W. M. Humphrey's (New York) ch g Judge Fullerton, by Edward Everett.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, AUGUST 11.

Purse $2,500, for 2:26 Class.

H. W. Brown's (Prescott, Ont.) br s Phil Sheridan, by Smith's Young Columbus, dam Black Fly.
E. C. White's (Watertown) gr g Jack Draper, by Humbird.
E. H. Brodhead's (Milwaukee, Wis) ch g Mazo Manie, by Curtis' Horse, dam by Brown's Old Bellfounder.
A. J. Feek's (Syracuse) b g Great Eastern.
Niel & Keltner's (Columbus, O.) b g Lewinski.
Titus Ives' (Watertown, N. Y.) b g Lew Ives.
M. Goodin's (Chicago) gr g Gray Chief.
J. H. Phillips' (Philadelphia) b m Ella Madden, by Hambletonian, dam by Sackett's Hambletonian.
A. M. Wilson's (Cleveland, O.) br m Frank.
Benj Mace's (New York) b m Nellie Walton.
D. Brinkerhoff's (Fishkill, N. Y.) b g T. A.
H. Lloyd's (Columbus, O.) cn g Tom Brown.
B. D. Hart's (Reading, Pa.) br m Hannah D.

Purse $3,000; for 2:20 Class.

W. H. Harrison's (Hartford, Conn.) ch m Susie.
Chas. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m May Queen, by Alexander's Norman, dam by Crockett's Arabian.
W. R. Armstrong's (Detroit, Mich.) b g Gen. Garfield, by Kentucky Black Hawk, dam by Capt. Walker.
R. B. Conkling's (New York) b g Rarus, by Abdallah, dam by Telegraph.

Purse $1,000, for 2:45 Class.

H. W. Brown's (Prescott, Ont.) b g Deceit.
A. Howard's (Rochester, N. Y.) b m Hattie R, by Bourbon Chief, dam Nellie Gray.
W. Van Valkenburgh's (Ogdensburg, N. Y.) b g Moose.
M. Goodin's (Chicago, Ill.) gr m Irene.
B. M. Anderson's (Nashville Tenn.) b s Enfield.
A. J. Gilbert's b g Prince Arthur.

ENTRIES TO UTICA SUMMER MEETING.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, AUGUST 15.

Purse $2,500, for 2:36 Class.

Nye & Foster's (Flint, Mich.) gr m Mambrino Kate.
C. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m Rose.
W. Van Valkenburg's (Ogdensburg, N. Y.) gr g Captain Smith.
R. M. Anderson's (Nashville, Tenn.) b s Enfield.
M. Goodin's (Philadelphia, Pa.) gr m Irene.
John McGrew's (Columbus, O.) b g Romeo.
W. Bassford's (New York) b m Carrie N.

Purse $2,500, for 2:24 Class.

C. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b g Breeze.
Jerry Walker's (New York) blk m May Bird.
John Trout's (Boston) b m Nettie Burlew.
Ben Mace's (New York) b g Orient.
B. Reeves' (Columbus, O.) b g Frank Reeves.
C. W. Phillips (Chicago) b m Amy B.
Budd Doble's (Philadelphia, Pa.) b m Belle Brasfield.
M. McMannus' (Buffalo, N. Y.) b m Carrie.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16.

Purse $2,500, for 2:29 Class.

C. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m Mattie.
A. M. Harris & Sons' (Watertown, N. Y.) b g Colburn.
Chas. Schwartz' (Chicago, Ill.) b g Frank Davis.
A. C. Holbridge (Batavia) br s Damon.
West & Emerson's (Columbus, O.) gr m Lady Monroe.
John Trout's (Boston) gr g Banquo.
M. Goodin's (Philadelphia, Pa.) gr g George M. Ayer.
J. McAndrew, Jr.'s (New York) ch g Planter.
D. P. Bissell's (Chicago, Ill.) ch g Marion.

Purse $3,000, for 2:22 Class.

Samuel A. Brown's (Grand Rapids, Mich.) blk m Lady Turpin.
C. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) blk g Prospero.
George W. Voorhies' (Detroit, Mich.) blk m Cozette.
A. J. Peek's (Syracuse, N. Y.) ch g Bonner.
D. Mace's (New York) b m Amy.
Thos. Grady's (Amsterdam, N. Y.) b m Idol.
J. H. Phillips' (Philadelphia, Pa.) b m Adelaide.
J. M. Pettit's (Philadelphia, Pa.) rn g Slow Go.
Ben Mace's (New York) b g Sensation.
W. W. Smith's (Mechanicsville, Pa.) b g Joker.
Budd Doble's (Philadelphia, Pa.) b s Sam Purdy.

Purse $2,000, for Special Fast Trial of Speed.

C. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m Lula.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, AUGUST 17.

Purse $2,000, for 2:32 Class.

S. A. Brown's (Grand Rapids, Mich.) ch s Woodpecker Golddust.
C. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b g Proctor.
Geo. J. Whitney's (Rochester, N. Y.) b m Hattie R.
Geo Van Valkenburg's (Ogdensburg, N. Y.) b g Moose.
Geo. Thomson's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) b g Judge.
W. H. Saunders, Jr. (New York) blk s Young Wilkes.
W. N. Barnes' (Syracuse, N. Y.) blk g Frank.
D. Spier's (Buffalo, N. Y.) gr g Grey Salem.
Frank Vanness' (Rochester, N. Y.) ch g Albemarle.
John McGrew's (Columbus, O.) b g Romeo.

Purse $4 000, Free-for-All.

C. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m Lucille Golddust.
C. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m Lula.
H. E. Goodrich's (Chicago, Ill.) b g Bodine.
H. S. Russell's (Milton, Mass.) b s Smuggler.
Budd Doble's (Philadelphia, Pa.) b m Goldsmith Maid.
W. M. Humphrey's ch g Judge Fullerton.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, AUGUST 18.

Purse $2,500, for 2:26 Class.

Titus Ives' (Watertown, N. Y.) b g Lew Ives.
A. J. Feek's (Syracuse, N. Y.) b g Great Eastern.
E. H. Brodhead's (Milwaukee, Wis.) ch g Mazo Manie.
H. W. Brown's (Prescott, Ont.) b s Phil Sheridan.
E. C. White's (Watertown, N. Y.) gr g Jack Draper.
J. H. Phillips' (Philadelphia, Pa.) b m Ella Madden.
Milo Keltner's (Columbus O.) b g Lewinski.
M. Goodin's (Philadelphia, Pa.) gr g Gray Chief.
Ben. Mace's (New York) b m Nellie Walton.
D. Brinckerhoff's (Fishkill, N. Y.) b g T. A.
A. B. De Hart's (Reading, Pa.) br m Hannah D.
Budd Doble's (Philadelphia, Pa.) gr g Abe Edgerton.

Purse $3,000, for 2:20 Class.

C. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m May Queen.
W. H. Harrison's (Cincinnati, O.) ch m Susie.
W. R. Armstrong's (Detroit, Mich.) b g Gen. Garfield.
R. B. Conklin's (Philadelphia, Pa.) b g Rarus.
Budd Doble's (Philadelphia, Pa.) b m Clementine.
M. McMannus' (Buffalo, N. Y.) b m Carrie.

ENTRIES TO POUGHKEEPSIE SUMMER MEETING.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, AUGUST 22.

Purse $2,500, for 2:36 Class.

C. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) br m Rose.
Phelps & Co.'s (Brooklyn, L. I.) b m Sadie Howe.
Patrick McCann's (New York) blk g Pat McCann.
Wm. Sargent's (Goshen, N. Y.) b g Lafitte.
W. Van Valkenburgh's (Ogdensburgh, N. Y.) gr g Capt. Smith, by Gray Eagle, dam Minnie Polston.
Nye & Foster's (Flint, Mich.) gr m Mambrino Kate, by Mambrino Patchen, dam by Old State of Maine.
M. Goodin's cn m Irene.
A. B. Post's (Goshen, N. Y.) b g Big Fellow, by Edward Everett, dam a Clay mare.
Walter Basford's (New York) b m Carrie N.
W. H. Peck's (Hartford) b s Voltaire.
John McGrew's (Columbus, O.) b g Romeo.

Purse $2,500, for 2:24 Class.

C. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b g Breeze, by Hambletonian, dam Kate.
Gerry Walker's (New York) blk m May Bird, by George Wilkes.
John Trout's (Chicago, Ill.) b m Nettie Burlew.
B. F. Reeves' (Columbus, O.) b g Frank Reeves.
Benj. Mace's (New York) b g Orient.
C. W. Phillips (Chicago, Ill.) b m Amy B.
Budd Doble (Philadelphia, Pa.) b m Belle Brasfield.
W. H. Crawford's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) br m Annie Collins.
W. R. Hunt's (New York) wn g White Cloud.
A. Boyce's (Cincinnati, O.) b m Nellie Irwin.
M. P. Van Scoter's (Hornellsville, N. Y.) rn m Blue Mare.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23.

Purse $2,500, for 2:29 Class.

C. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.), b m Mattie, by Hambletonian, dam Lucy Almack.
Mason & Travis' (Peekskill, N. Y.) ch m Martha Washington, by Long Island Black Hawk, dam a Star mare.
A. M. Harris & Son's (Watertown, N. Y.) dk b g Colburn.
John Trout's b g Banquo.
M. Goodin's gr g George A. Ayer.
Wm. Bodine's (Middletown, N. Y.) b m Lady Mills, by Choeroes, dam a Second Star.
J. McAndrews, Jr.'s (New York) ch g Planter.
Wm. Sargent's (Goshen, N. Y.) b g Rutledge.
Chas. Schwartz's (Chicago, Ill.) b g Frank Davis.
A. C. Holdridge's (Batavia, N. Y.) br s Damon, by Palmer Bogus, dam Eclipse.
A. P. Stevens & Son's (Joliet, Ill.) ch s Gen. Grant.
Jas. McKee's (Philadelphia, Pa.) b s Fleetwood.
Alden Goldsmith's (Blooming Grove) br m Trio.

Purse $3,000, for 2:22 Class.

Charles S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) blk g Prospero, by Messenger Duroc, dam Green Mountain Maid.
Thomas Grady's (Amsterdam, N. Y.) b m Idol, by Swift's Stephen A. Douglass.
C. H. Read's (New York) blk m Blanche, by Young Morrill, dam by Long Island Black Hawk.
D. Mace's (New York) b m Amy.
J. H. Phillips' (Philadelphia, Pa.) b m Adelaide, by Phil Sheridan.
J. M. Pettit's (West Philadelphia, Pa.) rn g Slow Go.
A. J. Feek's (Syracuse, N. Y.) ch g Bonner.
Benj. Mace's b g Sensation.
Budd Doble's b s Sam Purdy.
Wm. N. Smith's (Mechanicsville, N. Y.) b g Joker.
J. A. Batchelor's (Cincinnati, O.) b g John H.
P. Jenkins' (Glenn Falls, N. Y.) gr s Joe Brown.

Purse $2,000, for Special Fast Trial of Speed.

Charles S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m Lula, by Alexander's Norman, dam by imp. Hooton.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, AUGUST 24.

Purse $2,000, for 2:32 Class.

Charles S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b g Proctor, by Mambrino Chief, dam Vermont Hambletonian.
George Thompson's (Brooklyn, L. I.) b g Judge, by Ethan Allen, dam imp. mare.
John Murphy's (Morrisania, N. Y.) ch g Dan Bryant.
Morgan L. Mott's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) br g William H.
Patrick McCann's (New York) blk g Pat McCann.
William Sargent's (Goshen, N. Y.) b g Lafitte.
W. Van Valkenburgh's (Ogdensburgh, N. Y.) b g Moose.
J. McAndrews, Jr.'s b g Chauncey M. Beadle.
H. Vanness' (Columbus, O.) sp g Spotted Gelding.
R. M. Anderson's (Nashville, Tenn.) b s Enfield.
W. H. Sanders, Jr's (New York) blk s Young Wilkes.
Edwin Thorne's (Millbrook, N. Y.) b s Thorndale.
A. B. Post's b g Big Fellow, by Edward Everett, dam a Clay mare.
W. N. Barnes' (Syracuse, N. Y.) blk g Frank.
A. Howard's (Rochester, N. Y.) b m Hattie R., by Bourbon Chief, dam Nellie Grey.
John McGrew's (Columbus) b g Romeo.
Frank Boyd's (Milwaukee) b g Allen.
C. H. Martin's (Columbus) dn g Jerry Postel.
S. W. McDonald's (Terre Haute) b g S. W. McD.

Purse $4,000, Free-for-All.

Chas. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m Lucille Golddust, by Dorsey's Golddust, dam by Bald Hornet.
Frank Boyd's (Milwaukee) b g Allen.
M. M. Humphrey's (Philadelphia, Pa.) ch g Judge Fullerton.
H. C. Goodrich's (Chicago, Ill.) b g Bodine.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, AUGUST 25.

Purse $2,500, for 2:26 Class.

H. C. Woodnutt's (Flushing, L. I.) br m Rosewood, by Blackwood, dam Frazier's Mambrino.
H. W. Brown's (Prescott, Ont.) br s Phil Sheridan, by Young Columbus, dam Black Fly.
E. C. White's (Watertown, N. Y.) gr g Jack Draper, by Humbird, dam a Messenger mare.
J. H. Phillip's (Philadelphia, Pa.) b m Ella Madden.
Edwin Thorne's (Millbrook, N. Y.) b m Enigma, by Alcade, dam Leila.
Titus Ives' (Watertown, N. Y.) b g Lew Ives.
Wm. Sargent's b g Rutledge.
M. Goodin's gr g Gray Chief.
Du Bois Brinckerhoff's (Fishkill-on-Hudson) b g T. A.
Ben Mace's b m Nellie Walton.
A. J. Feek's b g Great Eastern.
Budd Doble's gr g Abe Edgerton.
A. B. DeHart's (Reading, Pa.) br m Hannah D.
E. H. Broadhead's (Milwaukee, Wis.) ch g Mazo-Manie.
Alden Goldsmith's (Blooming Grove) b g Bateman.

Purse $3,000, for 2:20 Class.

Chas. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b m May Queen, by Alexander's Norman, dam by Crockett's Arabian.
W. H. Harrison's (Hartford, Conn.) ch m Susie.
R. B. Conkling's (New York) b g Rarus.
Budd Doble's b m Clementine.

ENTRIES TO SPRINGFIELD SUMMER MEETI

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

Purse $2,500, for 2:36 Class.

C. S. Green's br m Rose.
J. Goldsmith b g Dick Swiveller.
Phelps & Co.'s b m Sadie Howe.
W. Sargent's b g Lafitte.
J. A. Frazee's b m Carrie N.
A. S. Parson's b g Arlington.
H. Van Valkenburgh's b g Captain Smith.
Nye & Foster's b m Mambrino Kate.
John McGrew's b g Romeo.
A. B. Post's b g Big Fellow.

Purse $2,500, for 2:24 Class.

Gerry Walker's blk m May Bird.
Charles S. Green's b g Breeze.
J. J. Bowen's b g Honest Harry.
M. McMannus' b m Carrie.
W. S. Sargent's br s Commonwealth.
John Trout's b m Nettie Burlew.
Ben Mace's b g Orient.
Budd Doble's b m Belle Brasfield.
A. Boyce's b m Nellie.
M. D. Van Scoter's r m Blue Mare.
W. H. Crawford's b m Annie Collins.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER

Purse $2,500, for 2:29 Class.

Chas. S. Green's b m Mattie.
Mason & Travis' ch m Martha Washington.
A. M. Harris' d b g Colburn.
John Trout's b g Banquo.
T. S. Foster's gr g Gray Bill.
W. Sargent's b g Rutledge.
A. C. Holdridge's b s Damon.
Chas. S. Gilmore's b g Bay.
J. McAndrews, Jr.'s ch g Planter.
A. P. Stevens & Bro.'s cn s Gen. Grant.
Alden Goldsmith's bt m No Name, by Volunteer.

Purse $3,000, for 2:22 Class.

Chas. S. Green's blk g Prospero.
D. Muckle's b m Bella.
Dan Mace's b m Amy.
C. H. Read's blk m Blanche.
J. H. Phillip's b m Adelaide.
J. M. Pettit's rn g Slow Go.
Ben Mace's b g Sensation.
Budd Doble's b s Sam Purdy.
Wm. W. Smith's b g Joker.
D. A. Snell's b m Lady Snell.
J. N. Batchelor's b g John H.

Purse $2,000, for Special Fast Trial of Speed.

Chas. S. Green's b m Lula.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

Purse $2,000, for 2:32 Class.

Charles S. Green's b g Proctor.
G. Thompson's b g Judge.
John Murphy's ch g Dan Bryant.
H. S. Smith's gr g Warwick.
A. Walker's wh m Frances.
Phelps & Co.'s b m Sadie Howe.
W. H. Saunders, Jr's blk s Young Wilkes.
Morgan L. Mott's br g William H.
Wm Sargent's b g Lafitte.
W. S. Sargent's b g Ed. Chapin.
J. A. Frazee's b m Carrie N.
W. Spear's b g Decatur.
Sam. A. Brown's Woodpecker Golddust.
W. H. Peck's b s Voltaire.
Frank Vanness' sp g Albemarle.
W. Van Volkenburgh's b g Moose.
J. McGrew's b g Romeo.
C. H. Martin's dn g Jerry Postel.
A. B. Post's b g Big Fellow.
Frank Boyd's b g Allen.
S. W. McDonald's br g S. W. McD.

Purse $4,000, Free-for-All.

Charles S. Green's b m Lula.
Charles S. Green's b m Lucille Golddust.
H. S. Russell's b s Smuggler.
W. H. Harrison's ch m Susie.
H. C. Goodrich's b g Bodine.
Wm. M. Humphrey's ch g Judge Fullerton.
Budd Doble's b m Goldsmith Maid.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

Purse $2,500, for 2:26 Class.

C. C. White's gr g Jack Draper.
B. Mace's b m Nellie Walton.
J. H. Phillip's b m Ella Madden.
Edwin Thorn's b m Enigma.
Wm. Sargent's b g Rutledge.
E. H. Broadhead's ch g Mazo-Manie.
Budd Doble's gr g Abe Edgerton.
A. B. DeHart's b m Hannah D.
Dubois Brinkerhoff's b g T. A.
Alden Goldsmith's br g Bateman.

Purse $3,000, for 2:20 Class.

Chas. S. Green's b m May Queen.
M. McMannus' b m Carrie.
W. H. Harrison's ch m Susie.
J. H. Phillip's b m Adelaide.
R. B. Conklin's b g Rarus.
Budd Doble's b m Clementine.

SHUPES, Cleveland.—A party of horsemen interested in your an to me about lumps left in horses' throats after epizootic, one of eminent physicians, who is also interested, remarked that rec acetic acid, introduced by hypodermic process, had been successf London and Paris, on human throats. He, with all of us, would lik read your views in THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, sometime when you b believe. *Answer.*—Your eminent physician is perfectly right; acetic will have the effect mentioned. We have seen it used with advant but whether it is more efficacious or reliable than iodine and other m cines used for the same purpose, is, to say the least of it, questionable. Also, its mode of application (hypodermic) makes its availability more difficult. People who can readily administer or apply ordinary me cines, cannot be depended upon to administer hypodermically, for y physician can easily explain that it requires a knowledge of anato etc., that all do not possess, in order to administer as suggested.

G. AND MCK., Providence.—We are subscribers to your most valuable paper, and would like to have your advice about the following: We have a horse six years old. About two months ago, we put him out to pasture, where he struck his hind ankle against a sharp stump, as we presume, and cut it about three and a half inches, up and down. It not seen to until there had accumulated about three and a half by inch of proud flesh, which leaves it swollen, and looking bad. drive him a little, and he does not seem to favor it any. If yo perience could give us any information with regard to it, it wo most thankfully received? *Answer.*—Take a sharp knife, and the excessive granulation, or proud flesh, on a level with the sk dress the part with carbolic acid lotion, of the strength of one pa acid to twenty of water, morning and evening. This is all that w necessary.

J. E. S., Binghamton, N. Y.—1. I have a mare, five years old, was found in pasture, last fall, with hind leg swelled, with the s ance of having been bruised; reduced the swelling with water. found a small bunch on inside of leg, a little above ankle joint, on co is about an inch in diameter; is not hard; more of the nature of a callous; has never been lame, but, after driving, will swell, but disappears with exercise, or by bandaging. What can be done to remove the enlargement and prevent the swelling? 2. How soon would you advise using a horse that has been fired for a bog spavin, now running at pasture? *Answer.*—The enlargement may be reduced by continued application of iodine ointment, one part of iodine to eight parts palm oil; rub in about a quarter of an ounce of the ointment twice a week. 2. Two months.

J. C. T.—I have a valuable mare, taken suddenly sick (on Sunday); and, after describing her case, will be obliged if you will tell me what to do for her? When I saw her first, the off hind leg was terribly swollen all the way down, and is so yet. She would not put the foot to the ground, seeming to be in great agony; cannot mount her. I had her bathed with hot water? *Answer.*—The mare suffers from lymphangitis, and will require exercise every day; or, in all probability, will have a thick leg. Treatment: Bathe the leg twice daily with cold water; then dry, and apply a little of the following lotion: Take of spirits of wine, three ounces; acetic acid, four ounces; and water, one quart. Mix. Give two drachms of nitrate of potash in the horse's water, every morning for a week.

D. D., Marion.—Yes.

SMUGGLER.

The advent of Smuggler in the free-for-all list was not expected until within a very few days. We announced, some two weeks since, that Col. Russell intended to trot him during the circuit, but at that time his record stood at 2:20, and it was supposed that he would compete in that class. The great event of last Saturday, when this stallion beat Judge Fullerton in such a brilliant manner, and trotted a third heat in 2:17, fairly eclipsing his own former achievement, though that had been surpassed by no other entire horse, changed the programme; but the owner of Smuggler seems not to be discouraged at the prospect of meeting such flyers as Goldsmith Maid and Lula, and has boldly entered him throughout. The result of the struggle between these giants of the turf will be watched for with the deepest interest throughout the country. Smuggler is by Blanco, dam a pacing mare by Iron's Cadmus, and is the property of Col. H. S. Russell, of Milton, Mass. In 1874, as all our readers are aware, both he and Mambrino Gift trotted a heat in 2:20, and since that time, up to last Saturday, have shared the honor of the fastest stallion record. The recent achievement of Smuggler is fully described elsewhere in this issue.

LULA.

Everybody knows this grand mare, record 2:15, the only flyer that has conquered Goldsmith Maid since the latter came to her highest speed. She is by Alexander's Norman, dam by imp. Hooten, was foaled in 1864, and bred by David W. Crockett, Rock Island, Ill. She is owned by Mr. Joseph Harker, and driven by Green, and is entered throughout the circuit in the special purse for the horse trotting the three consecutive heats, and with an extra prize if 2:14 is beaten. Her owner and driver are united in the belief that she will accomplish this great feat this season and depose the Maid from her position as Queen of the Turf. We should rejoice in such a triumph, not as over Goldsmith Maid, but as over Time; but the last-mentioned individual is a stubborn foe to fight in his 2:14 stronghold, and we doubt the result of the conflict.

GOLDSMITH MAID.

Comment in regard to her performances would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that her owner believes she can reduce her record at least two seconds, and we are quite sure she will be compelled to do it to defeat Lula on some one of the six occasions which will bring them together during the Circuit meetings. Smuggler must not be entirely left out when the experts make up their books. The little mare is in grand form at present, and recently trotted a trial four seconds faster than she had ever shown before under similar conditions.

THE 2:26 CLASS.

PHIL SHERIDAN.

This very promising and speedy brown stallion will take his chances in the 2:26 class of the Circuit this year. He was sired by Smith's Young Columbus (the sire of Henry Harley and Myron Perry), dam by a son of Tippoo, and is not only well known as a trotter himself, but notably as the sire of such flyers as Commonwealth and Adelaide. He is owned by Robert Dalzell, of Waddington, N. Y. Phil Sheridan is now fourteen years old. He made his first appearance on the trotting turf in in 1870, and since then has frequently engaged in contests, especially in purses for stallions, in which he has always acquitted himself creditably. On June 21, 1872, at Mystic Park, he got a record of 2:28¼, which is now his figure.

MAZO-MANIE.

This chestnut gelding, owned by Mr. E. H. Brodhead, of Milwaukee, Wis., is by Paul Jones, dam a Bellfounder mare. He created quite a sensation by his fine trotting in the West in the early part of last season, getting a record of 2:27¼ in a race for green horses, and distancing the entire field, at Grand Rapids, Mich. But it cost him dear, as he injured his leg in that race, and was obliged to be withdrawn from his Circuit engagements, and has not trotted since, having been almost constantly under treatment. But he has now, we are assured, come out all right, and bids fair to be a dangerous customer in the 2:26 class.

NELLIE WALTON.

This bay mare is the only trotter we know of on the turf, sired by that stallion of great promise who was cut off in the flower of his youth, Jules Jurgensen. She is owned, we believe, by Mr. J. Dunn Walton and Benny Mace. Her trotting career began in 1873, when she won several races, and got a record of 2:36¾. In 1874, she won about everything she started for, and reduced her record to 2:32. Last season she was kept very busy, trotting eleven races, of which she won three, and got money out of several others. At Rochester, she scored a fifth heat in 2:26, which is her present record.

JACK DRAPER.

This old trotter is going well this year. He is a gray gelding, by Humbird, a son of Thos. Jefferson, dam of Messenger descent, and is owned by E. C. White, Watertown, N. Y. As far back as 1869 we find him winning a heat in 2:37, and since that time he has been an inveterate campaigner. Last season he trotted no less than twenty-two races, and reduced his record to 2:29, and this season, at Poughkeepsie, he cut it down to 2:28¾, throwing him out of the 2:29 class of the Circuit. He is an old stager, and can trot all day long, which ability comes from his grandsire, doubtless.

ELLA MADDEN.

This mare is by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam by Davis' Hambletonian. She made her turf *debut* under the auspices of J. H. Phillips, in 1874, and had a right successful season, trotting about a dozen races, winning three, getting a nice slice of the money in most of the others and acquiring a record of 2:30. Last season she reduced her record to 2:26¾, where it now stands, and she must develop the ability to trot considerably faster than that in order to win anything from the company in which she now finds herself.

T. A.

This bay gelding, by Sentinel, is owned by Mr. D. Brinckerhoff, of Boston, and made his *debut* as a trotter last season. He won several races, and got a record of 2:28. This season he was early in the field, and at Beacon Park, June 6, he won a good race, trotting the first heat in 2:26½. This performance showed him to be a good horse this year, but on June 22, at Poughkeepsie, he did not show up so well, being distanced by Jack Draper, in 2:28¾. When he is at himself, he is very speedy.

ABE EDGERTON.

This gray gelding was brought on from California in Budd Doble's string last spring. His record is 2:26. His sire was Stockbridge Chief Jr., a horse that was taken to California, a son of Stockbridge Chief, who, in turn, was by Hill's Old Black Hawk. Abe Edgerton's dam was by Belmont, Mr. Alexander's Kentucky stallion. Abe was purchased by Ex-Gov. Stanford, of California, for $20,000 from the gentleman after whom he was named, Mr. Abe Edgerton.

ROSEWOOD.

This is a brown mare, by Blackwood, dam by Frazier's Mambrino, owned by Harrison Durkee, Esq., of New York City. She is now only six years old, but gallantly steps in to do battle with the veterans in the 2:26 class. Her present record of 2:27 was obtained in a third heat at Lexington, Ky., last September. Rumor credits this mare with remarkable speed. She is entered in the Breeder's Centennial Stakes, in the purse for six-year-olds.

GREAT EASTERN.

This big bay gelding, by Walkill Chief, dam by imp. Consternation, is owned by George Hammill, Esq., of Rome, N. Y., and is handled by A. J. Fecks, of Syracuse, N. Y. Last season he got a record of 2:27½, and this year has to try his fortune in the 2:26 class. He is very fast.

TOM BROWN.

This is a chestnut gelding by Bald Chief, dam by Sam Slick, who got a record last year of 2:27¼, in a second heat, at Cynthiana, Ky., and was beaten in the race. He has trotted some this season, but has not surpassed his record.

LEWINSKI.

The bay gelding with this peculiar name is by Mambrino Messenger, and is owned by Keltner & Neal, of Columbus, O. His trotting career was begun last year, and was quite brilliant. He won the race in the 2:31 class, at Cleveland, and made a record of 2:26¾ in a seventh heat, which is now his record. He also won several other good races, and proved himself a thoroughly reliable trotter. He has not appeared on the turf thus far this season.

BROWN MARE FRANK.

This brown mare Frank is owned by Mr. George Tod, of Youngstown, O. Her pedigree is unknown to us. She has trotted a great many races in the West, and has taken an occasional shy at the Circuit before this, but without much success. Last season, in a race at Cleveland, which she won, she trotted a fifth heat in 2:27¼, which is her present record. Her reputation is that of being very speedy, but not equally reliable.

ENIGMA.

This bay mare, by Alcalde, he by Mambrino Chief, dam Lula, by Gill's Vermont, is the property of Mr. Edwin Thorne, of Thorndale, N. Y. She has trotted for a number of years, and is now twelve years old. In 1871, she got a record of 2:33¼, where it remained until this season, when she has trotted several races in the neighborhood of her home, and reduced her record so that she now goes in the 2:26 class.

EATEMAN.

This brown gelding, by Harry Clay, dam by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, is owned by Alden Goldsmith, Esq., of Blooming Grove, N. Y. He began trotting in 1874, and last year was one of the busiest horses in the country, taking part in twenty-two races, of which he won eleven, and got a record of 2:27. This season he has taken part in the sport at several meetings, but has not figured as a winner.

HANNAH D.

This bay mare was sired by Magna Charta, and is owned by Mr. A. B. DeHart. She came out green in 1874, and was trotted in seventeen races that season, winning six of them, and getting a record of 2:35¼. This she reduced last season to 2:27½, in a race at Fleetwood Park, and that is now her record. She was quite successful in an arduous campaign last season.

LEW IVES

is a horse of unknown pedigree, owned by Mr. Titus Ives, of Watertown, N. Y. In 1873, at Watertown, he got a record of 2:28, and at this mark he has since been industriously pegging away, but has failed to beat 2:30 since. It is probable that he has developed increased speed this season, or his owner would scarcely enter him among the flyers of the 2:26 class.

GRAY CHIEF.

This gray gelding is by Louis Napoleon, a Canada horse, and is in the stable of M. Goodin, of Philadelphia. In 1874, in a race at Point Breeze Park, which he won, he got a record of 2:31¾, in a fifth heat. This he reduced to 2:26¼, in a fourth heat, last season, also made at Point Breeze Park. We believe he is owned by J. G. Ross.

THE 2:20 CLASS.

RARUS.

This bay gelding, by Conklin's Abdallah, dam by Telegraph, is owned by Mr. R. B. Conklin, of Greenpoint, L. I. Many of the most experienced horsemen were of the opinion last year that he was "the coming horse," such wonderful speed did he display, and so easily did he win his races. He began his trotting in 1874, and his march to the high honors of the turf was very rapid. In his first year he won several races, and made a record of 2:28¼. In 1875, he made the Circuit in the 2:27 class, and some of the greatest flyers of the day succumbed to his prowess. He won at Cleveland, getting a record of 2:23½; won third money at Buffalo; swept the board at Rochester, getting a record of 2:22 in a fifth heat; won at Utica; did not start at Springfield; and at Hartford won in three straight heats, and also carried off a gift purse of $2,000, getting his present record of 2:20¾. This was quite a triumphal procession, and fully justified the prognostications of the turfites to which we have alluded. But this season he has done badly thus far, and won nothing. Perhaps he has been saved up. If so, and he strikes the tracks right during the Circuit, look out for fast time.

GENERAL GARFIELD.

General Garfield, bay gelding, by Kentucky Black Hawk, dam by Capt. Walker (formerly named Bedford), is owned by Mr. George H. Baker, ex-President of the Cleveland Club. He was little known until last season, when he made his appearance on the Western tracks, in the earlier trots of the season, getting a record of 2:27½, at Jackson, Mich., after which he entered the Circuit, in the 2:24 class, and met with singular fortune. At Cleveland he won the first heat, in 2:22¼, and was distanced in the third heat. At Buffalo he got second money, but won no heat. At Rochester, he won the first heat, in 2:22¾, but could get no other. At Utica, he won the third heat, in 2:21, but could not place himself better than sixth in the next heat. At Springfield, he won the first heat, in 2:22½, and could get no other. At Hartford, he had no show in the race, and his general record was that of a very fast, but easily tiring horse. In his trots thus far this season, the same characteristics have been displayed. If he could trot three heats as fast as he can one, he would be a hard horse for any company to beat.

MAY QUEEN.

This gallant little mare, the property of Mr. Joseph Harker of New York City, will make the campaign in the 2:23 class, her record, obtained in a fourth heat, at Utica, last season, being precisely that figure. She has become suddenly famous, her *debut*, which was one of the most brilliant in trotting annals, having been made in 1874. It is very remarkable about this mare—who, by the way, was known as Nashville Girl in 1874—that she has only trotted eight races, all during the grand circuit, and she is justly a favorite on these tracks, for of the eight races she has won six, and of the other two, in one she won two heats and made a dead heat, and, in the other, won one heat and made a dead heat. She is regarded as well nigh invincible, and will, probably, be a favorite in her class. She is in Charley Green's stable. Her sire was Alexander's Norman, and her dam Crockett's Arabian.

CLEMENTINE.

This mare is the property of Budd Doble, and our Chicago correspondent wrote of her on her arrival there from California, in April last, as follows: "The little beauty is looking finer than ever we saw her before, and the boys about Budd's stable intimate that 2:20 will be nothing for her this year; but Budd blandly smiles, and says, 'He don't know how fast she will go.'" She is by Addison Jr., and made her record of 2:21, at Rochester, Aug. 10, 1875.

ENTRIES TO CLEVELAND SUMMER MEETING.

FIRST DAY.—TUESDAY, JULY 25.

Purse $2,500; for 2:36 Class.

Gray mare Mambrino Kate.	Gray mare Charmer.
Black stallion, Kinsman Boy.	Bay gelding Romeo.
Grey mare Irene.	Brown mare Rose.

Purse $3,500; for 2:24 Class.

Brown gelding Sleepy John.	Bay mare Amy B.
Black mare May Bird.	Bay mare Carrie.
Chestnut gelding Richard.	Bay gelding Breeze.
Bay mare Nettie Burlew.	Roan mare Blue Mare.
Bay gelding Frank Reeves.	Bay mare Belle Brassfield.

Purse $500; Running, Mile Heats.

Bay filly Daisy Miller.	Chestnut colt Waddell.
Bay gelding War Jig.	Chestnut colt Vicksburgh.
Bill Bruce.	

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, JULY 26.

Purse $2,500; for 2:29 Class.

Gray mare Lady Monroe.	Bay gelding Calmar.
Bay gelding Banquo.	Bay mare Mattie.
Gray gelding Geo. A. Ayer.	Bay mare Lady K.
Chestnut gelding Marion.	Chestnut stallion Gen. Grant.

Purse $3,000; for 2:22 Class.

Black mare Cozette.	Gray stallion Joe Brown.
Gray mare Badger Girl.	Bay stallion Sam Purdy.
Black gelding Prospero.	

Purse $2,000 for Special First Trial of Speed.

Lula.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, JULY 27.

Purse $2,000; for 2:32 Class.

Spotted gelding Albermarle.	Bay gelding Proctor.
Bay stallion Enfield.	Bay gelding Allen.
Bay gelding Romeo.	Bay gelding Jerry Postell.
Bay mare Hattie R.	Brown gelding S. W. McD. (for. Ripon Boy).
Bay gelding Judge.	
Black gelding Frank.	

Purse $4:000; Free for All.

Bay gelding Bodine.	Bay mare Lula.
Bay stallion Smuggler.	Gay mare Goldsmith Maid.
Bay mare Lucille Golddust.	Chestnut gelding Judge Fullerton.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, JULY 28.

Purse $2,500; for 2:26 Class.

Chestnut gelding Mazo-Manie.	Gray gelding Jack Draper.
Brown mare Frank.	Gray gelding Abe Edgerton.
Bay gelding Lewinski.	

Purse $3,000; for 2:20 Class.

Chestnut mare Susie.	Brown mare May Queen.
Bay gelding Gen Garfield.	Bay gelding Rarus.

Purse $500; Running Two-mile Dash.

Bay gelding War Jig.	Chestnut colt Waddell.
Bill Bruce.	Chestnut colt Vicksburgh.

ENTRIES TO BUFFALO SUMMER MEETING.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, AUGUST 1.

Purse $2,500, for 2:36 class.

G. A. Frost's b m Versailles Girl.
Nye & Foster's gr m Mambrino Kate.
Charles S. Green's b m Rose.
W. Van Volkenburgh's ch g Moose.
M. Goodin's gr m Irene.
J. McGrew's b g Romeo.
R. M. Anderson's b s Enfield.
O. Woolsen's b g St. Patrick.

Purse $2,500, for 2:24 class.

R. Penistan's ch g Richard.
B. F. Reeves' b g Frank Reeves.
M. McMannus' b m Carrie.
G. Walker's blk m May Bird.
J. Trout's b m Nettie Burlew.
Charles S. Green's b g Breeze.
C. W. H. Phillips' b m Amy B.
A. Boyce's b m Nellie Irwin.
M. D. Van Scoter's rn m Blue Mare.
M. Higbee's b g Little Fred.
Nugall & Co.'s b m Little Gipsey.
Budd Doble's b m Belle Brassfield.

SECOND DAY.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2.

Purse $2,500, for 2:29 Class.

J. Trout's b g Banquo.
West & Emerson's gr m Lady Monroe.
A. M. Harris & Son's b g Colburn.
E. Foster's b s Damon.
M. Goodin's gr g George A. Ayer.
Chas. S. Green's b m Mattie.
A. Howard's b m Hattie R.
J. McAndrews, Jr.'s ch g Planter.
A. P. Stevens & Bros.' ch s General Grant.
D. P. Bissell's ch g Marion.
A. Goldsmith's br m Trio.

Purse $3,000, for 2:22 Class.

Chas. S. Green's b g Prospero.
G. W. Voorhies' b m Cosette.
J. S. & J. Rowett' gr m Badger Girl.
Budd Doble's b s Sam Purdy.
S. A. Brown's blk m Lady Turpin.

Purse $2,000, for Special Fast Trial of Speed.

Chas. S. Green's b m Lula.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, AUGUST 3.

Purse $2,000; for 2:32 Class.

A. E. Clark's b m Adeile Clarke.
G. N. Frost's b m Versailles Girl.
D. Shean's gr g Gray Salem.
Charles S. Green's gr g Proctor.
W. Van Valkenbergh's gr g Captain Smith.
W. E. Weck's b g Judge.
H. Vanness' ch g Albemarle.
W. N. Barnes' blk g Frank.
W. H. Saunders, Jr.'s blk s Young Wilkes.
J. McGrew's b g Romeo.
S. W. McDonald's br g S. W. McD. (for. Ripon Boy).
C. H. Martin's dn g Jerry Postel.
E. E. Rood's b g Allen.
E. Thorne's b s Thorndale.

Purse $4,000; Free-for-All.

Charles S. Green's b m Lucille Golddust.
H. C. Goodrich's b g Bodine.
H. S. Russell's b s Smuggler.
Charles S. Green's b m Lula.
W. M. Humphrey's ch g Judge Fullerton.
Budd Doble's b m Goldsmith Maid.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, AUGUST 4.

Purse $2,500, for 2:26 Class.

M. Goodin's gr g Gray Chief.
Neal & Keltner's b g Lewinski.
Titus Ives' b g Lew Ives.
E. B. Broadhead's ch g Mazo-Manie.
E. C. White's br g Jack Draper.
H. W. Brown's b s Phil Sheridan.
A. M. Wilson's br m Frank.
H. Lloyd's ch g Tom Brown.
Budd Doble's gr g Abe Edgerton.
A Goldsmith's br g Bateman.
A. B. DeHart's br m Hannah D.

Purse $3,000, for 2:20 Class.

Chas. S. Green's b m May Queen.
M. McMannus' b m Carrie.
W. R. Armstrong's b g Gen. Garfield.
W. H. Harrison's ch m Susie.
R. B. Conklin's b g Rarus.

ENTRIES TO ROCHESTER SUMMER MEETING.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, AUGUST 8.

Purse $2,500, for 2:38 Class.

Nye & Foster's (Flint, Mich.) gr m Mambrino Kate, by Mambrino Patchen, dam by Old State of Maine.
Chas. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) br m Rose.
A. Howard's (Rochester) b m Hattie R., by Bourbon Chief, dam Nellie Gray.
M. Van Valkenberg's (Ogdensburg, N. Y.) b g Moose.
John McGrew's (Columbus, O.) b g Romeo, by Star's Hambletonian.

Purse $2,500, for 2:24 Class.

Gerry Walker's (New York) blk m May Bird, by Geo. Wilkes.
Chas. S. Green's (Babylon, L. I.) b g Breeze, by Old Hambletonian, dam Old Kate (dam of Young Bruno).
M. McMannus' (Buffalo) b m Carrie, by Volunteer, dam by American Star.
John Trout's (Chicago, Ill.) b m Nettie Burlew.
C. W. Phillips' (Chicago, Ill.) b m Amy B.
B. F. Reeves' (Columbus, O.) b g Frank Reeves.
B. Mace's (New York) b g Orient.
A. Boyce's (Cincinnati, O.) b m Nellie Irwin.
M. D. Van Scoter's (Hornellsville, N. Y.) rn m Blue Mare.

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds
2	8		E by S	N
4	8			
6	8			
8	9			
10	8			
12	5			
2	5		E by S	W
4	5			
6	3			
8	4			
10	4			
12	4			

Tuesday Sept 12th 1837

First part moderate breezes mid part heavy gales ½ past 8 tookin the maintopgal lant sail 10 P M close reefed the fore top sail and double reefed the maintopsail at 3 A M tookin the fore and main top sail at 6 A M tookin the fore sail lat part more moderate at 8 A M set the foresail and close reefed fore and main top sail at 10 A M set the Fil

Lat by Obs 55.36

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds
2	2		E	W
4	3			
6	6			
8	8			
10	5		S E	S S W
12	1			
2	1			
4	1			
6	1		E	S W
8	5	½		
10	5	½		
12	5	½		

Wednesday Sept 13th 1837

First part moderatt breezes and pleasant at 5 P M reefed the fore sail at 9 P M tookin the fore sail fore and maintopsail and set the close mix and luffed by the Wind mid part heavy gales lat part more moderate at 7 A M set reefed fore sail and close reefed fore and maintopsail and hep off

Lat by Obs 56.44 S

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds
2	6		E by N ½ N	W N W
4	7			
6	7			
8	6			
10	6			
12	7			
2	7			
4	7			
6	7			
8	7			
10	7			
12	7			

Thursday Sept 14th 1837

First part fresh breezes and pleasant mid part strong breezes lat part more moderate at 8 A M set turned one reef out of the fore topsail and two reefs out of the main topsail and set the maintop gallant sail at 12 Mer turned the reefs out of the fore and main topsail

Lat by Obs 56 36

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Friday Sept 15th 1837
2	7		E by N	W by N	First part fresh breezes pleasant mid
4	7				part strong breezes and squally at
6	6				tookin the maintopgallant sail close reef
8	6				the fore and main topsail and reefed
10	6				the fore sail lat part more moderate
12	6				at 8 A M turned one reef out of the fore
2	7				topsail two out of the main top sail and
4	7				set the maintopgallant sail at 1 P M
6	8				Spoke the Ship Leorlone of Havre
8	8				
10	8				
12	8				Lat by Obs 76 55 S

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Saturday Sept 16th 1837
2	8		E by N½ N	N	The 24 hours moderate breezes and pl
4	8				ant weather with light squals at 5 A M
6	4				set the Pilot and reefed main sail
8	4				
10	5	½			
12	6				
2	6				Lat by Obs 57.01 S
4	6				
6	5	½	E by N	N by E	
8	5	½			
10	5				
12	5				

H	H	Hk	Courses	Winds	Sunday Sept 17th 1837
2	4		E by N	N by E	First part moderate breezes and
4	4				pleasant mid part calm lat part
6	5				strong gales at 6 A M tookin the
8	4				Pilot and mainsail and close reefed
10	4				the fore topsail saw a Ship to
12	4				the leward
2	0				
4	0				
6	9		ENE	SW	
8	9				Lat by Obs 56 10
10	9				
12	9				

SLOW GO.

This roan gelding is a very notorious horse, having passed a large portion of his turf career in the hands of unprincipled parties, and we presume as many races have been "dumped" by his various drivers as have disgraced any other horse on the turf. He has been expelled by the Board of Appeals, but this resolution was rescinded subsequently, and the horse reinstated, it being shown that his present owner, Mr. J. M. Pettit, when he bought him, was not cognizant of the frauds perpetrated in his name. In Mr. Pettit's hands he seems to have been sent to the front when he could get there, and this season he has been trotting brilliantly and successfully. Indeed, we think that, up to this time, he has won more money this year than any other horse on the turf, unless it may be Joe Brown. At Belmont Park, which has been the track for record-making this season, he secured that which he now has, 2:22¼, and the fact of his being entered in the 2:22 class in the Circuit shows that his owner believes he can go still faster. His pedigree is not known.

BLANCHE.

This old campaigner, the black mare Blanche, is owned by Mr. C. H. Read, the Proprietor of the Hoffman House, New York City. She was sired by Young Morrill, dam by Long Island Black Hawk. Though she trotted in 1872, it was in 1873 that she first attained prominence, being entered through the Grand Circuit, trotting many races with good success, and in one which she finally won, a rouser of nine heats, getting a record of 2:26¼. She took the last three heats of this famous race, fairly tiring out the party. In 1874 she was not so busy, trotting only three races and winning one, but not reducing her record. Last season she made a very arduous campaign, trotting no less than seventeen races, all in fast company, and winning five of them, and at Prospect Park, October 4, she reduced her record, in a third heat, to 2:23½. A study of her performances shows that she is most liable to win in races where the heats are badly split up, and no contest will be too long for her, as her speed improves with hard work. She is always a dangerous customer when the field of horses is large.

AMY.

This bay mare was regarded by many last season as the most likely animal in the country to wipe out all exleting records. Her career was very brilliant, as she lost only one out of nine races in which she started. She entered the campaign of 1875 with a record of 2:35, and closed it with one of 2:22¼, acquired at Hartford, in a race of five heats, in which she beat Joker, Molsey, Blanche, and other good ones. This season, however, she has not, thus far, carried out the promise of last. She has appeared at both Hartford and Springfield, in races with horses of her class, and was distanced at both places—at Hartford in 2:22¼, and at Springfield in 2:22. It is reported that she was troubled with the thumps. She will make the circuit under charge of the veteran driver, Dan Mace, and he will be likely to develop the great turn of speed she undoubtedly has at her command when she is all right. Amy is by Volunteer, dam by Ryedyk's Hambletonian, making her very closely inbred to the "old horse." She is owned by David Nevins, Jr., of Framingham, Mass.

BADGER GIRL.

We scarcely thought, two years ago, that this gray mare, by Black Flying Cloud, would be trotting this year in the 2:22 class; but the old girl is there, having lowered her record away down this season. She is owned by J. S. and I. Rowell, of Beaver Dam, Wis. Her first trotting was done in 1872, when, at Milwaukee, Wis., she won a good race, and got a record of 2:31½. In 1873, at Chicago, she trotted a fine race, taking three heats in 2:25½—2:26¼—2:26½, and the time of the first heat remained her record until very recently. In 1874 and 1875 she had rather unsuccessful seasons, and was unable to reduce her record, though trotting very fast for inferior positions in heats. But this year, June 29, at East Saginaw, she won a magnificent race, taking the third, fourth, and fifth heats over such flyers as Cozette, Observer, Frank Reeves, and others, and getting, in the third heat, a record of 2:22½. Indeed, she seems to be just coming to her speed, and all in the 2:22 class must watch for the gray mare.

JOE BROWN.

This horse has become a formidable competitor for the highest stallion honors. He began trotting in 1870, and continued to improve from year to year, but first acquired prominence by trotting a dead heat with Blanche, in 2:26¼, at Catskill, October 17, 1873. In 1874, he did not lower his record, but was thought well enough of to be entered in the great stallion championship purses, at Buffalo and Boston. In 1875, he trotted ten races, and won all but two, and reduced his record to 2:26. This season he was early in the field; and we have already published accounts of eight races in which he has been engaged, of which he won five, though in very fast company, and he has reduced his record to 2:22. Joe Brown is owned by Daniel Jenkins, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., and was sired by Woodward's Rattler, a son of Biggart's Rattler. For a further account of him, we direct attention to a letter published in this issue.

PROSPERO.

There is, perhaps, no horse in the country that has gained so much reputation, by so little trotting, as the black gelding Prospero, by Messenger Duroc, dam Green Mountain Maid, Mr. Charles Backman's famous mare by Harry Clay, who has produced, besides Prospero, such good ones as Dame Trot, Miranda, and others. Prospero is the property of Hon. Wm. M. Parks, of Brooklyn, one of the members of the Board of Appeals, of the National Trotting Association, and is now seven years old. He became famous in his three-year-old form, by distancing his only opponent, in a race at Prospect Park, in 2:33½. He did not trot again until October 20, 1875, when, in a match for $10,000 against the chestnut stallion, Honest Dutchman, at Prospect Park, he again distanced his opponent, in 2:22½. This performance places his speed beyond a question, and his endurance will shortly be tested.

LADY TURPIN.

This fine black mare, by Bell Morgan, dam by Brignoli, is the property of Mr. S. A. Brown, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and it will be singular if she does not more than repay her entrance-money during the seven weeks' campaign. In 1874, she trotted a number of races, winning only one, and getting a record of 2:41½. She started in the 2:40 class at the Cleveland meeting that year, and earned third money. In 1875 she came out fine, and showed so much speed that Mr. Brown entered her through the circuit, in the 2:31 class. She won third money at Cleveland, fourth at Buffalo, first at Rochester (where she got her record of 2:23), fourth at Utica, and second at Springfield. This shows her to be both speedy and a good campaigner. She has been in several races this season, but thus far has not gone to the front.

IDOL.

The bay mare Idol, by S. A. Douglas, dam by Long Island Black Hawk, gained what celebrity she possesses last year, and had a very successful season, winning first money at Buffalo, and second money at Cleveland and Rochester. On the latter track she gained her present record of 2:23. She was purchased last fall by Mr. Green, of Amsterdam, N. Y., for the sum of $10,000. This season she trotted a race at Syracuse, and after winning two heats, best time 2:29¾, she was beaten by Bonner. We have heard no report as to her condition this year, but she is a young mare, and ought to train on, and we shall not be surprised to see her among the foremost of even the very fast ones that she will now have to contend with.

JOKER.

This bay gelding by Parish's Hambletonian, dam by Vermont Hambletonian, trotted in a great many races, and was quite successful, gradually doing better work, lowering his record to 2:22½, on August 24, 1875, at Springfield, Mass., beating a strong field. Rumor has it that he has wintered well, and he has a number of friends who pin their faith upon him, and believe that he will, before the season is over, earn an enviable right to his peculiar name,

COZETTE.

This fine little black mare, by Black Bashaw, dam unknown, is owned by J. W. French, of Detroit, Mich. She has been an improving mare for several years, and has trotted an immense number of races in her time, and won many shekels for her fortunate owner. She first achieved notoriety in 1870, by winning a race in the 2:40 class, for which there were nineteen entries and twelve starters. Her best time was 2:34¾. This record she reduced in 1871 to 2:30¼. In 1872, she did little trotting; in 1873, she did more, but her record was not lowered; in 1874, her speed materially improved, she won several fast races, and got a record of 2:23½; last year she was also very fast, and reduced her record to 2:23. She is a very determined little trotter, and can be depended upon to the extent of her speed.

LADY SNELL.

This fine mare, by Godfrey's Patchen, dam by Biggart's Rattler, took rank among the very fast ones last season, not having had a previous record better than 2:30, when she won races in fine style, at Hartford, Mystic Park, and Taunton, Mass., and at the former place acquired her record of 2:23¼. The three heats of the race she trotted in 2:24—2:23¼—2:24. Her breeding is a novel cross, which we do not recall in any other animal, but it has a right to produce a very speedy trotter, her sire being the sire of Hopeful, and her maternal grandsire the grandsire of Joe Brown. She is owned by Mr. D. A. Snell, of New Bedford, Mass., who feels confident that he has one of the fastest mares in the country, and he is a gentleman who will always take pleasure in sending her to the front.

BONNER.

This chestnut gelding is by American Star, of Cortland, N. Y., a son of old American Star; dam, a Hunter mare. He is owned by A. Stephens, Esq., of Syracuse, and a silent partner, and is under charge of A. J. Feeks, of Syracuse. In 1874, he obtained a record, at Poughkeepsie, of 2:30. Last season he was entered in some of the Grand Circuit races, and won at Poughkeepsie, in the 2:27 class, but later, at Springfield, obtained his present record of 2:23, though not winning the race. He is said to be in fine shape this season, and has already appeared at Elmira and Syracuse, winning second money in the first place, and first in the second, and also in a match race, at Messina, in which he was beaten by Frank.

BELLA.

This very speedy bay mare, formerly called Maud, is by Ryedyk's Hambletonian, dam by Jupiter Abdallah, and is entered by D. Muckle, of Lexington, Ky. She made her reputation in the campaign of 1874, in which she was an active participant, trotting many races, and winning a good share of them. Her best race that year was one of nine heats, at Prospect Park, which she finally one, getting a record of 2:23½ in the seventh heat. Last year she trotted in eight races, but won none, being in very fast company. Her present record is 2:22. She is a mare of great speed and endurance, and can never be reckoned as beaten until a race is finished.

SENSATION.

Sensation is a bay gelding, 15.1 hands high, weighing about 880 lbs., by Dixon's Ethan Allen, dam by Indian Chief. He won the great $20,000 purse at Buffalo in August, 1873, by a fluke, Camors, Fullerton, and Gloster fighting so hard in the first two heats as to ruin their chances for the race, Camors winning the first heat in 2:20¼, and the second in 2:21¾. Sensation winning the next three in 2:24—2:26¾—2:28. He obtained his record of 2:22¼ at Fleetwood Park on October 22, 1875, in a dead heat with Thomas L. Young, after forcing him out the heat before in 2:19½. He is owned by Mr. A. W. Richmond, who also owns Orient.

SAM PURDY.

This noted California stallion is by Geo. M. Patchen Jr., dam Whiskey Jane, by Illinois Medoc, and is owned by Mr. Kellogg, of San Francisco. In the spring of 1874 he made his record of 2:22, and was sold at auction for $22,000. He is a bay, 16 hands high, and very level headed. High hopes are entertained that he will this year eclipse his former record.

THE 2:32 CLASS.

DAN BRYANT.

This chestnut gelding, formerly called Reserve, is the property of Mr. Thomas P. Wallace, of New York City, who gave $8,000 for him in the winter of 1874-75. He had a record of 2:47¼ at the time of his purchase. Last season, in the hands of Roden, he trotted numerous races, getting no record, but often picking up a slice of the purses, and showing himself to be a fast and resolute trotter. At both Rochester and Hartford he finished a close second to Orient, the latter putting in his heats in 2:24 and 2:25. This season he has trotted several races, but has not been sent to the front. As he is entered in the name of John Murphy we presume that the conqueror of Peralto will drive him, and he will be in good hands, if such is the case. The pedigree of Dan Bryant is unknown.

THORNDALE.

This is the splendid stallion which heads the stud at Millbrook, N. Y., the residence of Edwin Thorne, Esq. He is by Alexander's Abdallah, dam by Mambrino Chief, and is eleven years old. He has a record of 2:51, but has not trotted in public for a long time. This season the attraction of the stallion purse at the Breeders' Centennial Meeting tempted him from his retirement, and now his owner has decided to let him try his speed in the Circuit meetings. He is under the charge of Budd Doble.

JUDGE.

This bay gelding is a new trotter this year, but has already distinguished himself. He is sired by that staunch old horse Ethan Allen, while his dam is an imported mare, and is owned by Mr. G. Thompson, of Brooklyn, L. I. He earned his spurs in a race at Poughkeepsie, June 20, 1876, in which he beat a field of fourteen horses, in three straight heats, best time, 2:32, which is his present record. He is a young horse, and bids fair to become a very fast trotter.

S. W. MCD.

These initials are the name of a brown gelding, owned by S. W. McDonald, Esq., of Terre Haute, Ind., a son of the Mr. McDonald who formerly owned Flora Temple. The horse has had his name changed from Ripon Boy, but must not be confounded with the Ripon Boy (formerly Fete Matthews) who is dead. S. W. McD. was sired by Ira Allen, and last season, as Ripon Boy, got a record of 2:41, which has been cut down this year so as to throw him into the 2:32 class.

PROCTOR.

Proctor is a big bay gelding, standing nearly seventeen hands high, and weighing 1,250 pounds, owned by Messrs. Dana and Graham, of Utica, N. Y. He trotted last year in the 2:38 classes at Poughkeepsie, Rochester, and Utica, and got a slice of the purse in two of those places without acquiring a record. He is by Mambrino Chief Jr. dam by Ryedyk's Hambletonian. Although so large, he is pony built, and handles himself easily, and it is said can trot very fast.

ED. CHAPIN.

This is a bay gelding, by Phil. Sheridan, owned by Mr. J. R. Farnum, Waltham, Mass., who began his trotting career in 1874, being beaten in the only race in which he started. In 1875, he started in a number of races, and won two, getting a record of 2:46. This season he has scored a heat in 2:33¼, at Beacon Park, Boston, and is said to be in fine form and able to trot fast.

FRANCES.

This is a white mare, by H. W. Genet, dam Danvers Belle, with a record of 2:33, owned by Mr. A. Walker. Her reputation is entirely local, and we know very little of her merits.

JERRY POSTLE.

This dun gelding owned by C. H. Martin, of Columbus, O., and has a record, obtained at Massillon, O., last year. We hear him reported as being very fast.

BLACK GELDING FRANK.

At the present writing we cannot positively identify the black gelding Frank, but from the class in which he is entered we presume him to be the same horse which won a race at Elmira, N. Y., in 1875, getting a record of 2:32. This horse is by Pathfinder 2d, but there are so many Franks that we cannot positively identify this one.

YOUNG WILKES.

This is a black stallion, by George Wilkes, and is owned by Wm. H. Saunders, of Clyde, N. Y. He trotted a few races in 1874 without obtaining a record; but at Pottstown, Pa., October 29, 1875, he won a good race, and trotted the fastest heat in 2:32¼. He comes of good stock, and has a perfect right to be a very speedy horse.

WOODPECKER GOLDDUST.

The chestnut stallion, Woodpecker Golddust, is owned by Mr. Samuel A. Brown, of Grand Rapids, Mich. He is by Dorsey's Golddust, dam Capitola, by Bob Jordan. He has a colt record of 2:40, and is now seven years old. This horse is entered in the Stallion Purse at the Breeders' Centennial Meeting, at Philadelphia.

ALLEN.

This bay gelding is sired by Ethan Allen Jr., and is handled by E. E. Rood. He trotted a great many races, mostly in the West, last season, and at Cincinnati, O., got a record, in a race which he won, of 2:33. He has done a little trotting this year, just for practice, but begins business in the Circuit.

CHAUNCEY M. BEADLE.

Bay gelding, by Goodin's Champion, dam by Bellfounder, owned by J. McAndrews, Jr., of New Jersey. He trotted in 1874, without winning anything; in 1875 he won several races, and got a record of 2:35; this he reduced this season, in a race which he won, at Suffolk Park, to 2:32½.

ALBERMARLE.

This gray gelding is owned by Mr. Frank Van Ness, of Rochester. We do not know his pedigree. He trotted in two races last season, without getting a record. This year, at Detroit, Mich., he won a race, in which he trotted two heats in 2:32, and that is his present record.

VOLTAIRE.

This bay stallion, by Tattler, dam by Mambrino Chief, is owned by Mr. William H. Peck, of Hartford, Conn. He trotted a couple of races last year, but he has no record. Voltaire is entered in the stallion purse at the Breeders' Centennial Meeting, at Philadelphia.

WILLIAM H.

We are without the pedigree of this brown gelding, owned by Morgan L. Mott, Esq., President of the Hudson River Driving Park Association. He appears to have got a record of 2:40½, at White Plains, N. Y., in 1874, and not to have trotted since.

WARWICK.

This is a gray gelding, pedigree unknown to us, who began trotting last year, and got a record of 2:40½, at Walpole, N. H. As he is entered now in the 2:32 class, we presume he has beaten 2:36 since in some race which has escaped us.

DECATUR.

We are obliged to confess total ignorance of this horse. We find no trace of him in stud-books, trotting records, or our own files. He is, doubtless, one of the nags that can truly be denominated shady.

GRAY SALEM.

This is a gray gelding, owned in Western New York, who first trotted this year in the Buffalo, Le Roy, and Medina Circuit, but won no heats.

ADELLE CLARK.

This mare we know know nothing of, nor have we any record of any of her performances.

FREE-FOR-ALL.

JUDGE FULLERTON.

This famous chestnut gelding, by Edward Everett, dam of unknown pedigree, is the property of Wm. M. Humphreys, Esq., of New York City. He was raised in Orange County, and was first known as the Bull colt, but his present name was given him when he became the property of Mr. Humphrey. His first great race was trotted at Buffalo, in 1871, when he defeated a field of fine horses, and got a record of 2:26¼. This he reduced to 2:25¾ the same week, but was beaten in the race, which was one of the most sensational in turf annals, by Judge Brigham (now Jay Gould). In 1872, he reduced his record to 2:21¾, and in 1873 cut it down to 2:21. The season of 1874 was an unsuccessful one for him, as he won only three races out of eighteen in which he started, but the majority of these defeats were from Goldsmith Maid; he thrice scored a record of 2:19, and at San Francisco, Nov. 21, he crowned himself with glory by wiping out all records to wagon, in a race with Occident, Judge Fullerton taking three heats, in 2:20¼—2:22¾—2:21¼. Last season he was not kept so busy, trotting only six races and winning three, but he reduced his record to 2:18, showing that he is a constantly improving horse. If he strikes his tracks right in 1876, we expect that he will show a mile faster than he has yet done, especially as he has already made 2:18, for the second time this season, in a dead heat with Smuggler. He is very speedy, but a bad breaker.

BODINE.

This great flyer is all right this season, and will be a formidable competitor in the free-for-all class. He is a bay gelding, by Volunteer, dam by Harry Clay, and was bred by Alden Goldsmith, of Orange County, N. Y. In 1869, as a five-year-old, he trotted in 2:45½ at Goshen, N. Y. The next season, in his six-year-old form, he gained a reputation as a trotter by beating a good field of horses at Fleetwood, best time 2:30½. His present owner, Mr. H. C. Goodrich, of Chicago, bought him in the spring of 1872 and took him West. He did not acclimate readily, and was not trotted that year, but in 1873 came out in good shape, won several races, trotted eight heats better than 2:30, and got a record of 2:25½. In 1874 he entered the Grand Circuit, at Cleveland, and trotted with great success, winning everywhere, except at Cleveland and Hartford. During that season he won twenty-five heats better than 2:30, and got a record at Beacon Park of 2:19¼. In 1875 he began finely, winning a match against time, and beating Judge Fullerton, at East Saginaw, getting his present record of 2:19¼. But at Grand Rapids he hit his ankle and became so lame in consequence that he had to be withdrawn from his engagement, and did not appear again that season. This year he has distinguished himself by beating Kansas Chief and others at Detroit, trotting in 2:21, showing that he is in good shape.

SUSIE.

This well-known chestnut mare, the property of Mr. W. H. Harrison, was taken, like Flora Temple, from a cart, in Westfield, Mass. She is a trotter, every inch of her, as she has shown on many an occasion, and has proved a most lucky purchase for her owner. Her pedigree has been quite satisfactorily proved to be—sire, Hampton Boy; dam by son of Vermont Black Hawk. In 1872 she got a record of 2:35, and though she has been a constant campaigner since, she has not been able to wipe it out until this season, when, at Belmont Park, June 7, she won in a third heat in 2:21, though losing the race, and a week later won fine race in three heats; time, 2:23¼—2:22—2:22¾. This performance ranks her among the very fast ones, and she will make trotting in the classes.

LUCILLE GOLDDUST.

This bay mare, by Dorsey's Golddust, dam by Bald Hornet, has been steadily lowering her record since her advent on the turf, until she marked it down to 2:19¼, at Rochester last season, and now she enters the free-for-all lists. She was very successful last season, beating many of the fastest horses in the country, and only lowering her colors to a stable companion, Lula, Hopeful, and Grafton, the latter of whom she subsequently beat several times. She has been a splendid "money horse" for her owners—M. G. Thomson, of Utica, and Charles Green, of Babylon. Lucille does not display such wonderful fractions of miles as some others, but can always be depended upon to trot "from end to end." She is dangerous in any company.

VERSAILLES GIRL

is a bay mare, of no breeding that we are aware of, formerly called the Parker Mare, who has a record of 2:40½, made at Buffalo, this season. Her reputation is entirely confined to Western New York.

DICK SWIVELLER.

This is a six-year-old bay gelding, by Walkill Chief, dam by Harry Clay, owned by Hollingsworth & Co., of Boston, Mass. He has never trotted, and we have heard no reports as to his speed.

CHARMER

is a gray mare, whose pedigree we do not know. She trotted two races last season, without getting a record; but this year, won twice at St. Petersburgh, Pa., and made a record of 2:38.

KINSMAN BOY.

This is a black stallion, entered by C. S. Case, and owned in Ohio. He got a record last year of 2:45. We do not know his pedigree, and his reputation is purely local.

THE 2:24 CLASS.

MAY BIRD.

There will be a general feeling of gratification that this speedy mare is to appear in the circuit, notwithstanding her recent severe accident at Philadelphia, on June 3, occasioned, it will be remembered, by her taking fright on the road, running away and colliding with several obstacles, and injuring herself so badly, that it was thought, at first, her trotting days were over. But skilful treatment has brought her round in good shape, and, if she holds her present form, she will make things lively in the 2:24 class. She is a black mare, by George Wilkes, and is owned by Mr. George Walker, of New York, and driven by John Splan. She began her trotting career in 1874, when she was engaged in numerous races, and got a record of 2:27, which she did not improve upon last season, winning no race. This year, she is reported to have come out in splendid form, and on May 31, at Belmont Park, she beat a fine field of horses, in three heats; time, 2:24—2:25½—2:21. This is the best criterion of her ability, though rumor credits her with much greater speed than this.

COMMONWEALTH.

The performance of this very speedy stallion will be looked for with more than usual interest. He is by Phil Sheridan, dam by Young St. Lawrence, and is owned by Mr. John R. Farnum, of Waltham, Mass. He made his trotting *debut* in 1872, in his native town of Waddington, N. Y., getting a record of 2:49, when a five-year-old. The next season he reduced his record to 2:27¾, winning two heats in a race with St. James. In the stallion championship race of 1874, won by Smuggler, he got fourth place, taking no heat; but in the same class of race, in 1875, won by Thomas Jefferson, he took a heat in 2:24½, and was second in the race. His trotting this year has been speedier than ever, he having won four races at Beacon and Mystic Parks, and trotted a heat in 2:24, while all his heats have been fast. He is able to make it lively for even the very fast company he will start in.

LITTLE FRED.

The pedigree of this fast trotter is entirely unknown. He came out green in 1874, and trotted a great number of races in the West, getting a record of 2:30¼. In 1875 his owner thought so well of him that he was entered in the 2:29 class throughout the grand circuit, and started in all the races, getting second money at Cleveland, first money at both Buffalo and Rochester, third money at Hartford, and nothing at Utica or Springfield, although at the latter place he got his present record of 2:24, in the first heat, but he was distanced in the fifth by Adelaide. He is reported to have come out finely this season, and Mr. M. Higbie, who owns or controls him, is said to have made a bet that he would show three heats under 2:20 in 1876. We fancied him much last year, especially his way of breaking.

AMY B.

This is a bay mare, by Winnebago, owned by C. W. Phillips, of Delevan, Wis., in which State the mare was raised. In 1873, she made her appearance as a trotter, and got a record of 2:33, which she reduced in 1874, in which year she trotted a great many races in the West, to 2:32¾, and she still further reduced it last season, to 2:30. This season she showed herself to be very speedy, and in one race, which she won at East Saginaw, she trotted a second heat in 2:24½, and placed herself in the 2:24 class. Her owner appears to think she has plenty more left, or he would not have entered in the Circuit, where she will be obliged to compete with some of the sturdiest trotters in the country, and where it will be as much as ever that 2:20 is a winning clip.

BELLE BRASFIELD

is a bay mare, sired by Viley's Cripple, owned by Mr. R. Patterson, of Cadiz, O., and handled, this season, by Budd Doble. Her trotting *debut* was made in 1873, in which year she secured a record of 2:43½, at Pittsburgh, Pa. In 1874, she had a very unsuccessful season, trotting in seven races, and getting but one parenthesis to her credit, though she reduced her record to 2:30 on two occasions, and showed that she possessed considerable speed. Last season was a much more active and successful one for her. She took part in twelve races, and scored victories in four of them, and in a match race with Annie Collins, at Cleveland, O., June 23, she got a record of 2:25¼, which now stands to her credit. She has done a little trotting this season.

BREEZE.

This candidate for honors in the 2:24 class, is one of the illustrious "B" family, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Old Kate. He is owned by Mr. Joseph Harker, and driven by Green. Last year he made his *debut* in the slow classes, and won at Buffalo and Utica, but was beaten at Cleveland. He did not start at Rochester, because the first day of that meeting collided with the last day at Buffalo, and Green had to drive Lula at the latter city. Breeze is a small bay gelding, very speedy and reliable, and ought to get a piece of the money he starts for. We understand that he has already, this season, turned the Babylon track, which is several seconds slow, in 2:25.

FRANK REEVES.

Little is known of the pedigree of this bay gelding, except that he is said to be a close relation to Mr. Bonner's mare Molsey. He is owned by B. F. Reeves, of Nashville, Tenn. He was busy trotting last season, and came out of the campaign with a record of 2:30. This season he has shown increased speed, and has been very successful in his races. In the famous 2:22½ heat of Blackwood Jr., Frank Reeves was close up, and before that he won the first heat of a race with Blackwood Jr., in 2:25½, which performance puts him in the 2:24 class. He is a very speedy and promising horse, and has plenty of pretensions in the company he is obliged to keep.

NETTIE BURLEW.

Nettie Burlew is a bay mare, by Champion Jr., he by old Champion, dam by Nipper, and is thought by some to be a dangerous customer in the 2:24 class. Last year, she trotted several races with good success, winning a majority, and getting a record of 2:25½. Thus far this season, she has not been extremely successful in her races, but rumor has it that she has been reserving her strength for the circuit. Whether this is so, and she has the speed to go to the front in her class, is a question which will soon be solved. She is in the stable of John Trout, of Boston, and is owned, we believe, by John F. Merrow, of that city.

NELLIE IRWIN.

This bay mare, by Middletown, is owned by Mr. Fowler, of Duchess County, N. Y. Her record of 2:26 was obtained in 1874, at Rochester, N. Y., in the 2:31 class, and during that year she trotted with a great deal of success. In 1875 she had a very lively campaign, and won a number of races, but did not reduce the record. She has been very busy this season, and quite successful besides, and has abundantly shown that she is in good form and able to show a clean pair of heels to any but the very fastest flyers.

RICHARD

is a chestnut gelding, by Blue Bull, dam by Sir Leslie, owned by Richard Penistan, Esq., of Philadelphia. He is a trotter of great merit, but has, thus far, had bad luck. He got a record of 2:31 last season, and was entered through the Circuit in the 2:29 class, but made a very poor show, and was drawn in some of the races. This season he appears to have come out in fine form; after trotting several races at Philadelphia, and getting a record of 2:26, at Belmont Park, he went West, and, at East Saginaw, June 30, won a race handsomely, trotting both second and fourth heats in 2:25. This shows him to be a good horse this year.

HONEST HARRY.

This game little roan gelding, whose gait exemplifies his name, is by Winthrop Morrill, and is owned in Boston, Mass. He first appeared on the turf in 1874, when he won several races and got a record of 2:34¾. The season of 1875 was a very busy and successful one for him. He trotted seventeen races, of which he won four, but he never failed in the others to get a share of the money. He trotted last season through the circuit, and in the 2:31 class, at Buffalo, he took the first and third heats, each in 2:25, which is his present record. He will be driven this season, in the 2:24 class, by J. J. Bowen, who drove him last year.

BLUE MARE.

The roan mare with this peculiar name is sired by Wood's Hambletonian, and is now owned by M. D. Van Scoter, of Hornellsville, N. Y. This mare first appeared on the turf in 1874, trotting two races, but not winning a heat. In 1875 she trotted a number of races, and was engaged in some of the Circuit meetings, and made for herself a record of 2:33¾. This season she has come out in fine shape and very fast, and has been kept quite busy, at Washington, Philadelphia, and other places. She has won several races, and at Belmont Park got a record of 2:25. Those who know her best say she can beat that time by several seconds.

ORIENT.

This horse is by Smith's Patchen, and was bred at Hartford, Conn., and afterwards went into the hands of Mr. J. P. Wiser, of Prescott, Ont., and was by him sold to Mr. A. W. Richmond for $10,000. He won many races last year, and is considered on improving horse. His record is 2:24, made at Hartford, Conn., September 3, 1875. It has been reported that he has not shown his usual good form this season, but his owner must be satisfied with him or he would not undertake to wrestle for victory with the known fast ones of his class.

CARRIE,

is a bay mare, by Volunteer, dam by American Star, and is owned by Myron P. Bush, Esq., of Buffalo. She made the circuit last season, in the 2:27 class, and won third money at Cleveland, where she got her record of 2:24½, and second money at Buffalo, and proved herself a good campaigner. This season she has trotted at Elmira and Syracuse, but has been beaten in comparatively slow time, getting third money at both places. If she is in good form, she will likely lower her record considerably before the end of the season.

SLEEPY JOHN.

This horse is of unknown pedigree, and has not trotted since 1872, except in some minor races in the West. In 1872 he won the $10,000 purse at Buffalo, beating Red Cloud, Lula, Flora Belle, and five others, in 2:25—2:25—2:25¼. Three weeks later he won, at Springfield, a hard-fought race of six heats, beating H. W. Genet, Sea Foam, Lydia Thompson, Grand Duchess, and four others, reducing his record in the fourth heat to 2:24½. He has recently been used as a road-horse by his owner, Mr. John Tod, of Cleveland.

ANNIE COLLINS.

The pedigree of this old campaigner, owned by W. H. Crawford, Augusta, Ga., is entirely unknown. She has been on the turf since 1871, and has had a busy life. Last year she trotted in thirty-seven races, more than any other horse in the country, was almost constantly traveling, and dropped her record from 2:30 to 2:25, where it now stands. Probably the limit of her speed has not been reached, or her owner would not enter her in the Septilateral 2:24 classes.

LITTLE GYPSY.

This is a bay mare, by Tom Hall, who began her career as a trotter in 1875. She is owned by George Newgin, Esq., of Kentucky. This mare won three out of four races, in which she was engaged last year, and in one which she did not win this year, at East Saginaw, she scored a record of 2:27¼, which forces her into the fast companionship of the 2:24 class.

WHITE CLOUD.

This is a white gelding, by Joe Brown, dam a Bellfounder mare, owned by W. R. Hunt, of New York City. Last year he reduced a previous record of 2:34 to 2:28¾, and this season, at Suffolk Park, he won a heat in 2:25¾, which drops him into the 2:24 class.

THE 2:29 CLASS.

MATTIE.

The bay mare Mattie makes her first appearance upon the turf this season, and is entered in the 2:29 class through the circuit. She is reputed to be very fast, although she has never tried conclusions with other flyers. Her breeding is most excellent, being by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Lucy Almack, by Young Engineer, a son of Engineer 2d, the sire of Lady Suffolk. Mattie was bred at Stony Ford, and was, until a few weeks since, the property of Mr. Charles Backman, but is now owned by Mr. Joseph Harker. She has been in Charley Green's stables for some time, and will be driven by him.

RUTLEDGE.

This horse is by Conqueror, a son of Ed. Holly. He is a bay gelding, and was purchased, in 1874, from Mr. James Galway by Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt. The purchase was made after a very successful season by Rutledge, he having come out green, and won four races, all in which he started, and scored two heats in 2:30, which is his present record. He will be driven, we presume, by Wm. Sargent, in whose name he is entered. Sargent is the trainer who brought out St. Julien, and rumor says that he has one similar to him, as far as speed is concerned, in Rutledge.

MARION.

This is a chestnut gelding, owned by Mr. D. P. Bissell, of Terre Haute, Ind., who purchased him last season from Mr. Enoch Warman, of Mendota, Ill., for $5,000. We are without the pedigree of this horse. He trotted several races in 1875, and got a record of 2:33. This season he has been engaged in a few contests in the West, and has lowered his record to 2:31½, which has thrown him into the 2:29 class. He is highly thought of by Western parties, who say that he has never yet been trotted out for all he was worth.

HATTIE B.

This bay mare is the property of George J. Whitney, Esq., President of the Rochester Driving Park Association. She is by Bourbon Chief, and shows fine breeding in all her points. Last season was her first on the trotting turf, and although she won no heat and is now without a record, she showed a great deal of speed, especially in the 2:38 race at Rochester, in which she was second to Orient in the third heat. The many friends of her owner will heartily wish her success in the Circuit.

CALMAR.

This bay gelding is by Bourbon Chief, dam by Bolivar, and was formerly called Honest Joe. He is owned by ex-President Baker, of the Cleveland Club, the owner of Gen. Garfield. Last year, Calmar trotted through the Grand Circuit, in the slow class, and at Utica won a third heat, in 2:30, which is now his record. This season he tries conclusions with the 2:29 horses.

GENERAL GRANT.

This is a chestnut stallion, sired by Wapsey, dam by Hawley's Hiatoga. He trotted a large number of races last season, and at Peru, Ind., got a record of 2:29. He is owned by A. P. Stevens & Brother.

LADY MONROE.

This is a young gray mare, six years old, by Jim Monroe, a son of Alexander's Abdallah, dam by Texas, owned by Col. Richard West, Edge Hill Farm, Ky. She is a candidate for honors in the six year-old stakes at the Breeders' Centennial Meeting next September. She trotted several races last year, in her five-year-old form, and obtained a record of 2:30¼. This season she has appeared several times on the turf, but, if our recollection serves us, without lowering her record.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

This chestnut mare, by a son of Long Island Black Hawk, dam a Star mare, owned by Mason & Travis, of Peekskill, N. Y., made her *début* on the turf last season, and had the worst of luck, as she trotted ten races without winning one, yet she obtained a record of 2:33½, and showed, in several protracted contests, that she had endurance as well as speed. She will need both qualities to win in the company she will find herself in next month. She has not trotted in public thus far this year.

GEORGE A. AYER.

This is a gray gelding, owned by Mr. Sam Morris, of Boston. A report recently published that the horse had been purchased by Mr. John F. Merrow, for $5,000, was incorrect. The horse was also reported to have obtained a record of 2:30¼, at Beacon Park, last year; but we have received a letter from his owner, denying that he trotted faster than 2:34 in 1875. However that may be, it is of no consequence now, as he has trotted in 2:30 this season, at Point Breeze Park.

FLEETWOOD.

The bay stallion Fleetwood, owned by James McKee, Esq., of Paterson, N. J., is by Happy Medium, dam by Vernol's Black Hawk, is eight years old, and had no record up to the present year. He is entered in the stallion purse at the Breeders' Centennial Meeting, in Philadelphia. This year he trotted in several races at the city last named, and won one of them in three straight heats, in 2:31½—2:29—2:29. The latter figure is his record, and he is entered in this class at Circuit meetings.

LADY MILLS.

This is a bay mare, by Chosroes, dam by a son of American Star, owned by Mr. William Bodine, of Middletown, N. Y. Though this is her first season, she has done an abundance of trotting in the neighborhood of New York City, and seemed to be able to go to the front when she chose. At Poughkeepsie, the other day, she won a race in three straight heats, getting a record of 2:31, and now she enters the 2:29 class. She is very speedy.

BANQUO.

This is a bay gelding in John Trout's stable, owned by Mr. W. W. Comee, of Boston. We are not advised as to his pedigree. He came out green last year, and trotted several races, mostly over the Boston tracks, and acquired a record of 2:30½ in a race in which he was subsequently distanced, although his time was the fastest made. This year he has put in a race or two, just to keep his hand in. Judging from his name, he should trot like a ghost.

PLANTER

is a chestnut gelding, of unknown pedigree, and was sold last winter to Mr. J. McAndrews, of New Jersey, for the reputed price of $10,000. His record is 2:30, obtained last year in a race won by Huntress. This horse is credited with having a most remarkable turn of speed, which has never yet been properly developed. Whether the right place to develope it has been selected, by putting him in the Circuit, remains to be seen.

BAY.

This is a bay gelding, bred in Maine, dam a Knox mare, and is owned by Mr. C. B. Gillman, of New York City. He made his maiden trot at Westchester, Pa., last season, winning a race and getting a record of 2:44¼, which he reduced this year to 2:30¼, at Poughkeepsie, winning one heat in a race taken by Goldsmith's Alley. He is credited with great speed, but, it is said, has not yet been trotted for keeps.

TRIO.

This is a brown mare, by Volunteer; dam by American Star, owned by Mr. Alden Goldsmith, of Orange County, N. Y. She came out green this year, but has already trotted several races, and got a record of 2:30. This was at Suffolk Park, in a third heat. The get of Volunteer are always reckoned as dangerous customers in any kind of a race, and there is no telling how fast Trio may prove to be.

DAMON.

This brown stallion is by Lame Bogus, the sire of George Palmer, and is owned by E. Foster, Esq., of Western New York. His record of 2:31¼ was obtained at Buffalo this season. He is said to be a very promising horse, but his reputation as yet is purely local. When the clans gather he can show what stuff is in him.

COLBURN.

Of this bay gelding, owned by A. M. Harris & Son, of Watertown, we know very little. His pedigree is a matter which is, at present, a sealed book to us. In 1874, at Rochester, he trotted a dead heat with Planter, in 2:31½, which is his present record.

FRANK DAVIS.

This bay gelding obtained a record of 2:30 last season, and was subsequently sold to Chicago parties, from Dayton, O., where he was raised. We do not know his pedigree. He is said to be a good one, and ought to be, as $7,000 was paid for him.

LADY K.

We can get no track, at the present writing, of this mare. A bay mare Lady K., entered by O. W. Dimmick, trotted at Cincinnati, last year, and won a heat in 2:50½. As the present mare is entered in the 2:29 class, we scarcely think it can be the one mentioned.

GRAY BILL.

Gray Bill began trotting in the Eastern States last season, and got a record of 2:38½. This season he has won two races in Boston, and reduced his record to 2:30. He is owned by T. S. Foster, and is by Brandywine.

THE 2:22 CLASS.

ADELAIDE.

This mare, like Amy, is one of last season's notorieties. In 1874, she had made a vigorous campaign, and obtained a record of 2:30¼, and last season she took part in twelve races, in three of which she was victorious. The best of her races, and the one in which she secured her present record of 2:22½, was at Utica, during the Grand Circuit, in the 2:29 class. Her record throughout the meeting was rather peculiar, showing either that she is not a reliable mare, or that she was not, on all occasions, sent for first money. She took the field early this season, trotting her first race at Washington, May 3, where she was second to Huntress in three heats, none better than 2:25. Since that date she has trotted in a number of races, in the 2:22 class, at Philadelphia, and has won several of them. One very fine race she trotted at Belmont Park, June 6, beating John H. and Huntress. The latter mare won the first heat in 2:30¾, John H. the second and third in 2:22¼—2:21½, and Adelaide the next three in 2:22—2:21—2:23¾. The *cognoscenti* say she can beat 2:20 whenever she pleases. Adelaide is by Phil. Sheridan, dam a mare from Canada, of unknown pedigree. She is driven by J. H. Phillips.

JOHN H.

This old campaigner, by Black Bashaw, dam of Messenger descent, owned by J. A. Batchelder, is forced this year to try his fortunes in the 2:22 class. He began trotting in 1872, during which year he took part in several contests, and ran his record down to 2:29. In 1873, though he won two races, he did not excel this record, but, in 1874, he cut it down to 2:25½, although he did not win a race. Last year he trotted a number of races, in fast company, with good success, and obtained a record of 2:23. This year he has trotted with good success against such flyers as Huntress, Adelaide, Bells, and Susie, winning more than his share of races, and showing that he is fully entitled to take rank with them.

The New Racing Weights.—When, at the commencement of the present year, the American Jockey Club announced their new scale of racing weights, which in all their races, except those stakes which had previously closed, should be carried in future, a great sensation was created among turfmen, especially those of the Western States, whose recognized turf organ, the Kentucky *Live Stock Journal*, entered a vehement protest against the change. But the American Jockey Club had not made the alteration without long deliberation and careful consideration, and after a period of two months' experience of the raised weights, the wisdom and sound judgment of the course adopted by the club has been satisfactorily approved by the racing community. The Monmouth Park and Saratoga Associations, nearly simultaneously with the Jockey Club, adopted the new weights, while the Maryland Jockey Club, in consequence of there being a division of opinion among their members on the subject, preferred to await the result of the experiment before making any change. We were told by the Western opponents of the new weights, that the effect would be seen in the diminished number of entries for stakes on those courses where they were adopted, and in the slow time made by the winners in the different races under the heavy weights carried. We all know how false has proved the fear of diminished entries, for they have been more numerous than ever, considering the increased number of stakes opened. Let us see then, how far the falling off in time, in races, has proved true. Jerome Park Spring Meeting was the first gathering where the new weights were in operation, and in the first race, a dash of three-quarters of a mile, on the opening day, we find the winner, Madge, 5 years, carrying 117 lbs., or 6 lbs. more than the old weight-for-age scale, running the distance in 1:17¼; or a quarter second less time than she had won this same race the previous year, when she carried less weight in comparison with weight for age; Ore Knob, 4 years, won the mile and half dash at the same meeting, carrying 118 lbs., in 2:44½, or less time than Scratch, 4 years, the previous year's winner, with 15 lbs. less weight, had run it in. The veteran horse Spindrift, carrying 124 lbs., or 6 lbs. more than the previous weight-for-age scale, won the mile dash in 1:46½, a performance never equalled, under the weight, before or since; Leander, a four-year-old, with 118 lbs., was close up with the old horse at the finish. Viator, 4 years, carried 118 lbs. in the Westchester Cup, two miles and a quarter, and won it in 4:10½, which was considerably faster time than Helmbold, Preakness, and Harry Bassett, all four-year-olds, and carrying 10 lbs. less weight, had won the same race in. In the Juvenile Stakes for two-year-olds, half a mile, Idalia, with 107 lbs. up, or 10 lbs. more than a two-year-old filly had ever been asked to carry, won very easily in 49½ seconds, beating the time that Meko, with 100 lbs., and Faithless, with 97 lbs., had won the same stake in. Bertram, with 115 lbs. up, won the three-year-old purse in 2:01, which was excellent time; while the four-year-old Tom Ochiltree, carrying 123 lbs., won the Jockey Club Handicap, two miles, in 3:41¾, giving away lots of weight to every horse in the race. Other instances at this meeting might be given, where, under the increased weights, better time at the different distances was made than had been done at previous meetings, under the old and lesser weights, but the above is sufficient for our argument. At Monmouth Park, the two-year-old Idalia, the Juvenile Stakes winner, carrying 107 lbs., repeated her victory in the Hopeful Stakes, half a mile, in 49¾s., and won in such hollow style that she could easily have reduced that time. But the greatest performance was that of Mr. Belmont's three-year-old imp. filly Patience, who, after winning the Monmouth Oaks, mile and a half, in 2:48¼, carried 5 lbs. extra for the victory, or 115 lbs., and won the West End Hotel Stakes, one mile and three-quarters, in the commonest of canters, in 3:14¼. It is clearly evident, then, that, as regards increased weights producing slower time, the employment of superior skill and jockeyship in the saddle is more than a compensation.

Death of Allie West.—We announce with genuine regret the death of this very valuable young stallion, which occurred at Lexington, Ky., at the stables of Mr. B. J. Treacy, on the 12th inst. So far as we have heard, his death, which was very sudden, is without known cause. He had the distemper quite severely in the early part of June, but was supposed to have so far recovered as to be entirely out of danger. Allie West was owned by Capt. J. B. Wilgus, who purchased him last year for the large sum of $15,000, and it will be remembered that we published a picture of him and a full description in our issue of February 19, 1876. He was a black stallion, six years old, by Almont, dam by Mambrino Chief. His first trot was at Lexington, October 24, 1873, in his three-year-old form, when he was beaten by Doble, though he won the first heat in 2:47. As a four-year-old, he trotted one race, distancing Doble, Clement, and Stiletto, in 2:29½, the fastest record for that age. As a five-year-old, at Cynthiana, Ky., September 24, 1875, he won a heat in 2:25, being the fastest mile by a five-year-old stallion up to that date. His short stud career has been very successful, three colts sired by him as a two-year-old having been sold for a total of $2,100. His death is a severe blow to his owner, and a loss to the whole region where he was being used for breeding purposes.

Fleetwood Park.—The Fall Meeting of the Fleetwood Park Association will be held from September 18 to 23. Full particulars as to programme, etc., will appear in due course.

Monmouth Park Summer Meeting.—The second summer meeting at Monmouth Park was brought to a termination on Saturday last. Financially, both meetings have resulted disastrously, and it is rumored that the existing individual management will not assume the responsibility of next season's stakes, but that the association will be newly reorganized, and a Monmouth County Jockey Club, comprising the leading owners of racing stables, and many of the wealthiest citizens of the county, formally established, which will either purchase or lease the course, stands, clubhouse, stables, and entire appointments, and assume the entire management and control of future meetings. We trust this report is well grounded, and that the pleasant turf reunions on the beautiful course near Long Branch will not be permitted to become extinct. The racing on the third day of the meeting was not of a high degree of excellence, for the fields of horses in the different events were small. The selling race, one mile and a quarter, which opened the ball, was won by Mr. Hitchcock's old horse Galway, being his first appearance this season. The field opposed to him comprised Partnership, Shylock (both great favorites), Waco, Kenny, and Paladin; the latter making so close a race of it with the winner that the majority of the spectators believed that it had resulted in a dead heat. A complaint of foul riding against Paladin's jockey was, however, entertained by the judges, under whose direct cognizance it had occurred, and they at once disqualified the horse, which gave second and third money to Kenny and Waco, the two favorites failing to gain a place. The Thespian Stakes for two-year-olds, three quarters of a mile, was won by the Rancocus stable, who ran first and second with Zoo-Zoo and Idalia. The West End Hotel Stakes for three-year-old fillies; one mile and three-quarters, was won by Mr. Belmont's imported filly Patience, beating Mary (who finished second), Merciless, Explosion, and the very moderate Cornucopia. The winner carried 112 lbs., including 5 lbs. extra for winning the Monmouth Oaks, but even this great impost for a three-year-old was unable to stop her, for she won with the greatest ease. The Nursery Stable has been remarkably successful this season at Monmouth Park, for the five principal stakes—the Jersey Derby, Monmouth Oaks, Monmouth Sequel, Ocean Hotel, and West End Hotel Stakes—have been swept off by the victorious maroon and crimson. The last race of the day, mile heats, three in five, was won without any difficulty by Woodland, who had only the moderate Alton to oppose him. On the fourth and last day of the meeting, the August Stakes for two-year-olds, dash of one mile, was the first event on the day's card of sport. Five horses started, and, although P. Lorillard's entries, Orion and Bombast, were made hot favorites, they were both bowled over by the outsider Kingsland, a colt bred and owned by Mr. Thomas Puryear, by Narragansett, dam Maidstone, whose victory surprised none more than his own stable, who, although they knew him to be a good colt, never dreamt of his ability to beat the favorites Orion and Leonard, who had already shown successfully in public. The winner received his name immediately after his victory, and, as he is a remarkably fine-looking, symmetrically-formed colt, with plenty of substance and ability to carry weight, as he this day showed, he may yet further distinguish himself in his numerous engagements. The Valley Brook stable has twice accomplished a sensational surprise at these meetings at Monmouth Park, but, we regret to learn, without deriving any advantages therefrom; the fielders, as usual in such cases, carrying off the lion's share of the winnings. The Rancocus stable won the rich Robins Stakes, two miles, with Barricade, a full brother to Helmbold, but he had only the stale and used-up Rappahannock, and the moderate Cornucopia opposed to him. Paper Maker beat an indifferent field in the Consolation Handicap, and Coronet brought the meeting to a termination by winning the Steeplechase Handicap, being the fourth race of this description he had won here this meeting.

Maryland Jockey Club Stakes.—We call the attention of turfmen to the closing of stakes of the Maryland Jockey Club on August 15. These are the Bowie Stakes for all ages, $100 entrance, half forfeit, with $2,000 added, four mile heats; and the Grand Steeplechase Stakes, $50 each, half forfeit, with $700 added, about two miles and a half; both to be run at the coming Fall Meeting. Also the following stakes, to be run for at the Spring Meeting, 1877; the Chesapeake Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, $50 each, p. p., with $500 added; and the Preakness Stakes, for three-year-olds, one mile and a half, $50 each, p. p., with $1,000 added. The Central Stakes, for two-year-olds, $50 each, p. p., with $600 added, one mile; to be run for at the Fall Meeting of 1877. The following stakes for the Spring Meeting of 1878 also close on the same day as the above: The Annual Home-bred Stakes, for foals of 1875; the Chesapeake Stakes, for three-year-old fillies; and the Preakness Stakes, for three-year-olds. Read the advertisement.

Addresses of Game Protective Associations Wanted.—Boston, July 13.—*Dear Spirit:* Knowing that your valuable paper reaches every habitable quarter of the United States (not to mention other countries), there can be no better way to reach every first-class sportsman than through its columns; I therefore, beg you to insert this, if convenient. I am preparing a small work on "American Wing Shooting, Trapping, etc." for amateur sportsmen, in which I wish to furnish a complete list of our American shooting, hunting, and game protective organizations. If the Secretaries of the same will send me the names of their clubs and leading officers, or by-laws, if consistent, they will greatly assist me, and will be very thankfully received, by yours very truly,

G. W. Edwards, 55 Waltham Street, Boston, Mass.

THE SEPTILATERAL ENTRIES.

A survey of the entire field—descriptions of all the flyers entered at the seven meetings of the Septilateral Circuit—their pedigrees, performances, and peculiarities—a mass of information for every horseman to study, Etc., Etc.

We give this week to the readers of The Spirit of the Times a description, as full as our space will allow us to make it, of every trotter entered at the several meetings of the Septilateral Circuit. So great is the importance of these events, that we are sure these brief biographies will be found of the greatest interest to all our readers. The labor of preparing them has been great, owing to the fact that the entries did not close until 11 o'clock, Tuesday evening, and that they have come straggling in on us by telegraph and letter, up to the very hour of going to press, yet we are confident they will be found accurate. They are arranged in the order in which the circuit races are trotted, and by reference to the list of entries published elsewhere one can see at a glance for what meetings any particular horse is booked. In cases where a horse is entered for two classes, his description appears under the head of the earlier race on the programme. We now present the matter, beginning with

THE 2:36 CLASS.

MAMBRINO KATE.

Messrs. Nye & Foster, of Flint, Mich., the owners of Mambrino Gift, enter this gray mare in the 2:36 class. She is sired by Mambrino Patchen, and her dam is by State of Maine. She is seven years old, and has no record, although she trotted a number of races in 1874 and 18[illegible] being entered at some of the circuit meetings. Her certain speed, this season, is best shown by the fact that, at East Saginaw, a few weeks since, she lapped out the stallion Hylas, in a heat, which she won in 2:2[illegible] and many thought she was not fully extended, but was reserving her powers for the great races of the Septilateral. In our opinion, she will be called upon to show more speed than 2:26 to win in her class, although it is the slowest of the circuit.

ROSE.

This is the name given a young brown mare, which has never trotted in public, and which Green appears to have taken along with him, in order to be represented in as many races as possible. She is said to be, generally speaking, of Clay stock; but what her exact pedigree is, who her owner is, and how much speed she has, seem to be numbered among those celebrated "things which no fellow can find out." Rose is a comparatively recent addition to the Babylon stables, and was called by all manner of names, among the boys, to indicate a flighty temperament. Probably we shall know more about her before the campaign closes.

CAPTAIN SMITH.

This is a gray gelding, owned in Ogdensburg, N. Y., of whose speed marvellous stories have been circulated from time to time. His sire is Grey Eagle and his dam Minnie Ralston. He began trotting in 1873, getting a record but little below three minutes. In 1874 he appeared in but one race, in which he was not successful; but in 1875, after he had got a record of 2:37½, at Canton, N. Y., he showed so much speed that his owner entered him at Buffalo in the 2:34 class, where he got third money. He is known to be very fast indeed, if only he can have things to suit him, and he may capture some of the money during the circuit.

SADIE HOWE.

This is a bay mare, owned by Phelps & Co., of Brooklyn, L. I., and driven by Hiram Howe. We have not at hand her pedigree. She was a green mare this season, and trotted at Poughkeepsie, June 20, in the 3:00 class, and in a field of fourteen horses finished second to Judge, whose best time was 2:32. Her record as a trotter stands on this performance, but her owners must have confidence that she has much greater speed than she has yet shown, to enter her in so many races among the flyers of the Septilateral.

ENFIELD.

This bay stallion is by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Julia Machree, by American Star, and is owned by R. M. Anderson, of Nashville, Tenn. He is eight years old, and is one of the competitors in the stallion race at the Breeders' Centennial Meeting. Enfield is entirely green, but is a horse that is well known amongst breeders, and is popularly credited with the possession of a remarkable turn of speed. How he will carry himself in company remains to be seen.

PAT M'CANN.

Pat McCann is a black gelding, owned by the resident of New York after whom he is named. We are not posted as to his pedigree or other particulars, except that he started twice last season and was distanced in both races in slow time. Pat must do better than that this season to get any share of the money. He is entered only at Poughkeepsie.

BIG FELLOW.

This is a brown gelding, by Edward Everett, dam a Clay mare, and belongs to the stable of Wm. Sargent, while his owner is A. B. Post, Esq., of Goshen, N. Y. He never trotted before this year, but last month he went for second and third money at Rhinebeck and Poughkeepsie, and showed that he could move very fast when he took a notion.

MOORE.

Our ignorance of this horse, at the time of writing, is almost complete. We can only say that he is owned by the same gentleman that owns Capt. Smith, and that we think he is identical with a bay gelding of the name, which trotted one race at Stanstead Plain, P. Q., in 1874, but got no record. He may be the best horse in the race.

ST. PATRICK

is a bay gelding, with whose pedigree we are not acquainted. A horse of this name and description trotted at Lockport, N. Y., last season in 2:35½, and appears to be the same horse, though such a record would bar him from the 2:36 class. We wait for further light on this subject.

LAFITTE.

This is a young horse, of Bashaw stock, without a record, entered by Wm. Sargent, of Goshen, N. Y. Mr. Sargent is the man who brought out St. Julien last season, and as that trotting prodigy astonished all the turfites, perhaps Lafitte may do so this season.

CARRIE N.

We are not acquainted with the pedigree of this mare, but she has trotted many races, principally in the vicinity of New York, in 1874 and 1875, and also this season, and got a record of 2:40½ last year, which she cut down this season to 2:36, at Rhinebeck, N. Y.

ARLINGTON.

This is a bay gelding, about which we are not especially well posted. A horse of this name and description trotted at Lancaster City, Pa., last season, in a 2:45 race, and won nothing in it. Whether this is the one entered at Springfield or not, we cannot say.

IRENE.

This is a gray mare, by Conover's Gray Eagle, and is in the stable of M. Goodin, of Philadelphia. We find no record of her trotting prior to 1876, but this season she was a good second to Dora in a race at Point Breeze Park.

ROMEO.

This horse, entered in the 2:36 class, is by Star Hambletonian, dam unknown. He is probably the bay gelding named Romeo which trotted a race at Newport, Ky., last year, and was beaten in slower time than 2:50.

SEPTILATERAL BANNER UNFURLED.

...sday of next week the grand banner of the Septi... will be thrown to the breeze at Cleveland, and will ...urled until it has waved over seven of the noblest ... meetings the world has ever seen. The great Sep... Trotting Circuit, whose opening will be celebrated ...eland Tuesday, continues on its onward march until ...al disbandment of its array of fleet trotters, which ...place at Springfield. in September next. Seven weeks ...secutive trotting, under the finest management imag...e, at which $175,000 in purses will be paid to winning ...s, is an event in trotting history worthy of the Centen...year. We have received advices from the various as...sociations that the purses have filled, as a rule, remark...well.

...is week we have to deal more particularly with Cleve... as at this trotting centre, the corner-stone of the entire ...it, the seven weeks' history is to be initiated. We ..., as week blends into week, take up each of the asso... members, and give equal prominence to them, as their ...of triumph approaches. Last year Cleveland was par...larly fortunate in being blessed with bright skies on ...ly every day, and its meeting was an overwhelming suc...s, both financially and in the matter of exciting trotting ...ents. This year, we trust that the same good fortune ...aits it, and that from Tuesday to Friday of next week ...re will not be a cloud in the sky to mar the brilliancy of ... occasion. A light shower or two at night would be a ...on to all, both men and horses, as it would lay the dust ...d enhance the pleasures of driving to the Park. There ...re tens of thousands of citizens, including all the ladies of ...hat pleasant city, who look forward to race week with the ...veliest expectations of pleasure. It certainly does a true ... of turf sports good to witness such an outpouring of ...e masses, and to listen to their mighty wave of cheers ...hich fills the air as the winner of a hard-fought contest ...oots under the wire. This year will be no exception in ...e matter of attendance, for the people have become thor...ughly imbued with a genuine love of fiercely-fought con...sts, and will *en masse* come to the inaugural of the Septi...teral series.

The purses have filled with a quality of horses, never ...efore approached. A glance over the entries shows that ...he names of trotters, which have electrified the world by ...heir accomplishments, honor the list, not here and there ...ne, but all through the various classes, the very pick of ...ll, with but few exceptions, have decided to do battle for ...upremacy. Words fail to describe the intensity of excite...ment, which must of necessity be prevalent during each ...day of the meeting.

On the opening day we find the 2:36 class with six prom...ing entries, the 2:24 class has nine, several of which are ...apable of making a hot race for first honors, the day closes ...with a mile-heat running race, with five good ones in the ...list. The second day opens with the 2:29 class, with eight entries, which cannot fail to make an exciting race; the 2:22 class follows with a quartette of choice steppers, the day winding up with a special trial of speed by Lula. The third day we have the 2:32 class with ten, several of which are fit to trot for a man's life. The free-for-all, with six as fine ones as could be chosen, will create great excitement in trot...ting circles. The coming together of those wonderful mares, Goldsmith Maid and Lula, with respective records of 2:14 and 2:15, will lend an additional powerful attraction to this contest. The Maid, with her unequalled record, and Lula, with her unrivalled three heats, will afford a contest that it will, indeed, be worth travelling thousands of miles to see. The contest will be for no less a prize than the crown as Queen of the Turf, and it will be desperately fought. The fourth day is made up of the 2:26 class, which thus far has but five good ones, these are certain to be added to; the 2:20 class, with still another superb quartette, and the meeting winds up with a two-mile dash, for which four runners have entered. That the meeting will, providing the weather be pleasant, prove a glorious success there is not a shadow of doubt.

THE ENGLISH DERBY OF 1878.—Mr. M. H. Sanford has entered in the Epsom Derby of 1878, the yearling bay colt, by imp. Glenelg, dam La Polka, by Lexington, dam Dance, by imp. Glencoe; and the yearling bay colt, by the same sire, dam Niagara, by Lexington, dam Bayleaf, by York-shire. He has also entered in the Epsom Oaks of 1878, for three-year-old fillies, the yearling chestnut filly, by Bay-wood, dam Earring, by Ringgold, dam Emma Wright, by Musgrave. The above colts and fillies were purchased at Mr. Sanford's yearling sale last month by Mr. A. Cammack, but that gentleman having decided on retiring from the turf, Mr. Sanford took them back at the prices paid for them at the sale, and they will join his stable, now in England, at an early date.

CENTENNIAL REGATTA.—The Regatta Committee of the Schuylkill Navy announce that, as a great many clubs failed to understand that the entries closed on Saturday last, and thus did not send in their crews which they have selected to represent them in the regatta, the committee have generously decided to extend the date of closing of entries until August 1. This will be the last day of grace, and we trust that the clubs of this country will not wait for the last day, but enter at once. We hope that this regatta will be worthy of the event it commemorates, and that crews will be present from all over the country.

SMUGGLER'S GRAND PERFORMANCE—2:17!

One of the grandest performances ever made on the trotting turf took place at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, on Saturday, the 15th inst., and, owing to an unaccountable apathy or else to the terrible heat, was witnessed by only a handful of people. We refer, of course, to the race between Col. H. S. Russell's stallion Smuggler, and Mr. W. M. Humphrey's gelding Judge Fullerton, a full report of which appears in the proper place. It would seem that a race between such famous horses, for a purse of $2,000, in a city as large as Philadelphia, would attract an immense crowd, but there were not to exceed three hundred persons present. Smuggler, it is well known, has, since 1874, in company with Mambrino Gift, enjoyed the honor of the fastest stallion time, 2:20; but last Saturday he fairly distanced that, placing the mark at 2:17, fully three seconds lower. Had such a glorious race as it was, been anticipated, Belmont Park would have been crowded. The heats appear to have been quite similar, in all of them Judge Fullerton getting away first, and having a commanding lead at the quarter; but in the first, third, and fourth the stallion proved too speedy for him in the latter part of the mile, and beat him out, while the second heat was dead. The time of the four heats was: 2:17½, 2:18, 2:17, 2:20, and that of the third heat now stands as the fastest stallion record. This performance of Smuggler makes him by the record *facile princeps* among entire horses, and the champion of those stallions who have been claimed to be able readily to beat 2:20, have now a much harder task before them. We are not surprised at the performance, for we had heard from excellent authority that Smuggler was trotting very fast this year, and two years ago, in Buffalo, we timed him from wire to wire, in the heat in which he was credited with 2:20¾ in 2:18¾, he being sent off so far behind as to make a difference of two seconds. Smuggler was driven in the Belmont Park race by Charles Marvin, his old driver. We understand that he now wears a shoe weighing one pound instead of two pounds.

IMPORTANT TO OWNERS OF THOROUGHBREDS.—On another page will be found the advertisement of stakes now opened, by the American Jockey Club, which are to close August 15, 1876. These stakes include the greatest events of the racing season. The *Nursery Stakes* for 1877, for two-year-olds, to be run at the Fall meeting of that year, three-quarters of a mile, and the following fixed stakes for 1878: *Withers Stakes*, for three-year-olds, to be run on the first day of the Spring meeting, one mile; *Belmont Stakes*, for three-year olds, to be run at the Spring meeting, one mile and a half; *Ladies' Stakes*, for three-year-old fillies, to be run at the Spring meeting, one mile and a half; *Maryland Stakes*, also for three-year-old fillies, to be run at the Spring meeting, one mile; *Jerome Stakes*, for three-year-olds, to be run at the Fall meeting, one mile and three-quarters; *Hunter Stakes*, for three-year-old fillies, to be run at the Fall meeting, one mile and three-quarters; and the *Maturity Stakes*, for four-year-olds, to be run at the Fall meeting, three miles. In addition to these grand future events, we have a number of stakes for the coming Fall meeting, which are to close the same day, August 15. *Manhattan Handicap Sweepstakes*, one mile and a quarter, weights for same to be published September 2; *Grand National Handicap Sweepstake*, two miles and a quarter, weights published same date as above; and the *Champagne Stakes*, for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile. Two other important stakes are also opened, to close same date as those above specified. First, the *Home-Bred Produce Stakes*, for the produce of mares covered in 1876, to be run on the last day of the Fall meeting 1879, they then being two years old; three-quarters of a mile; for full particulars of the stake we refer to advertisement. Second, the *Woodburn Stakes*, 1878, for four-year-olds, to be run at the Spring meeting that year, two miles and a half. All nominations to be made to C. Wheatly, Secretary, Madison Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, New York.

BUFFALO PARK COLT STAKE.—This stake for foals of 1873, which closed May 1, with six nominations, is to be trotted on Wednesday, August 2. The following parties have paid the additional $50, necessary to bind their nominations: F. R. Loomis' (Grand Rapids, Mich.) bay filly Amazon, by Sentinel; M. McMannus' (Buffalo, N. Y.) black colt Allie East, by Allie West; E. J. Burton's (Buffalo, N.Y.) black colt Monte Christo, by Douglass; Albert Erwin's (Meadville, Pa.) bay mare Ruby, by Dustin Golddust.

THE MADELEINE.—This yacht was built at Rye, in 1868, by that prince of yachtsmen, Commodore Jacob Voorhies, and named for one of the most charming belles of Nyack, N. Y. Commodore Voorhies personally supervised all her alterations, and commanded her when she won most of her victories. Owing to a severe and prolonged attack of illness, he yielded to the advice of his family and friends, and last year sold his pet yacht to her present owner, Commodore Dickerson.

CORRECTION.—We desire to correct a slight error which has crept into the history of the yacht Madeleine, on our outside page. We state that the match with the Mohawk, grew out of a challenge issued by Mr. Dickerson to Mr. Garner. This is incorrect, and should read exactly *vice versa*, Mr. Garner having issued the challenge to Mr. Dickerson. Our outside forms had gone to press before this mistake was discovered.

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—The series of Centennial Expositions in Ohio and West Virginia, the full advertisement of which will be found on another page, will be inaugurated at Akron, O., commencing on Monday next, continuing through the entire week. There is every probability that these gatherings of the multitudes in the various chosen centres of industry will be greater than ever before known in Ohio at similar events. We learn that the entire energies of the solid yeomanry of the State will be devoted to the success of their entire circuit, never tiring until the curtain is finally rung down at Wheeling. With shrewd foresight the gentlemen who have arranged these gatherings have made a leading and striking feature of each, various trotting and running events, so that each day has a card of turf sport second to no other purely turf organization in the country. At Akron the curtain rises for the inaugural of the series. We have advices that already the various departments of the State industries are filling to repletion, and the officials are confident that the first gathering will be a confirmed success, ensuring to each following exposition brighter results than were calculated upon. We last week gave an extended notice of the racing programme of each day, so we will not repeat. Let Western owners bear in mind that, while the whole of next week is occupied at Akron, at Minerva, O., all are hard at work preparing for their share of the sport and success at their exposition, the second of the series, opening Monday, 31st, and also covering the entire week. In regular sequence the ball is kept rolling steadily forward, taking in Piqua, Zanesville, Quaker City, O., until it stops at Wheeling, W. Va. Bear in mind that the entrance-fee to trotting and pacing races is ten per cent. of purse, which in all cases must accompany nomination; and more particularly take notice that the entries close on the Thursday previous to each meeting, at 9 o'clock P. M. John S. Neugeon, the Exposition Secretary, will be on the grounds of each member of the series, to receive entries upon the appointed day.

BOAT RACING AT SARATOGA.—The college boating events which, last year and year before, created so much excitement all over the country, and attracted tens of thousands of visitors to Saratoga, have fallen decidedly flat this season. The cause of this is somewhat difficult to explain, but it is true that but few seem to take any interest whatever in the contests. On Tuesday, when the minor events should have been rowed, the lake was too much disturbed by the wind, rendering several short postponements necessary, and finally the entire programme was bodily thrown over until Wednesday. Fortunately for those who had suffered the disappointments of Tuesday, Wednesday dawned calm, and the lovely lake was as peaceful as an infant asleep. At 10:35, the University Race was called, and six crews being in line—Cornell, Harvard, Columbia, Union, Wesleyan, and Princeton—the word was given and they were off. Cornell, with a splendid stroke, at once pushed into the lead, the Columbia following. At the close of the first mile Columbia had obtained the lead, the Harvard second, Cornell third, and all doing their best work. Between this and the two-mile, Cornell spurted and retook the lead, Harvard passing Columbia. These positions were held to the finish, Cornell winning in 17:01¼; Harvard 17:05¾, Columbia 17:18¼, Union, Wesleyan, and Princeton coming home in the order named. The single-scull was one more bright laurel in the green wreath which crowns Cornell, their trusty sculler Francis winning this race, against three competitors, in 13:42¼, Danforth of Harvard second, Parmley of Princeton, and Weeks of Columbia third and fourth. Again, in the third race, the Freshman, Cornell carried her colors to the front, Harvard second, Columbia third. It was the grandest series of victories ever won by a single college in any one day in history, and stamps the system of training under direction of Ostrom of Cornell, as perfection.

FALL MEETINGS AT ST. PETERSBURG AND PARKER CITY, PA.—We publish on another page the programmes for the Fall Meetings of the above associations. The meetings will be held Sept. 19 to 22, at St. Petersburg, and Sept. 26 to 29, at Parker City. $6,000 will be given in premiums at each meeting, embracing the following classes of trotters, 3:00—2:45—2:38—2:33—2:25, and free-for-all. In addition to these, there will be a purse free for all pacers, and two running races. As these tracks are within five miles of each other, horses can enter at both places, without any inconvenience. For full conditions, parties interested will please send to the Secretaries for circulars. Entries for both meetings close Sept. 12, and for St. Petersburg, should be addressed to J. B. McElwaine, Secretary, and for Parker City, to A. B. Irwin, Secretary. We hope these active associations may meet with a generous support from owners of good trotting stock.

ILLINOIS FALL CIRCUIT.—The Grand Trotting Circuit, at which $28,000 is given in purses, commences on Tuesday of next week, at Sycamore, Ill., and continues four days. From this, the starting point, it sweeps in an unbroken line, as week follows week, embracing Freeport, August 1 to 4; Tiskilwa, 8 to 11; Mendota, 15 to 18, and Earlville, 22 to 25. We learn that the various purses have filled satisfactorily at each place, and a successful meeting assured. Parties desiring full programmes of the different meetings will please address the various Secretaries of the Associations who will cheerfully forward all information.

H.	Hk	Hk	Course	Winds	Monday Sept 18th 1837
2	8	½	E N E	S W	First part strong breezes and pleasant at 1
4	8	½			P M turned one reef out of the fore top
6	8	½			sail and set the main topgallant sail
8	8				mid and lat part light airs at 5 A M turn
10	6	½			ed the reefs out of the fore and main top
12	7				sail and fore sail at 6 A M set the main
2	7				sail and miz topsail at 8 A M got up
4	7				the fore topmast studding sail booms and
6	7		N E by N	S W	set fore topmast studding sail
8	7				
10	3				Lat by Obs 55 - 55 S
12	3				

H	Hk	Hk	Course	Winds	Tuesday Sept 19th 1837
2	2	½	N E by N	N W by N	First part light airs and pleasant
4	2	½			mid part calm with squalls of snow
6	2	½			lat part light winds and pleasant
8	2	½			
10	1	½			
12	0				
2	0				
4	1				Lat by Obs 55 - 09 S
6	2				
8	2				
10	2	½			
12	3				

H	Hk	Hk	Course	Winds	Wednesday Sept 20th 1837
2	6		N E	N N W	First part fresh breezes and pleasant at
4	7				3 P M tookin the mainlopgallant sail at
6	6				5 P M single reefed the topsails at 6 pas
8	6				t 8 P M tookin the miz topsail mid
10	5	½			part strong breezes and squally at 10 P M
12	5	½			double reefed the fore and main topsail at
2	5		E N E	N N E	3 A M tookin the mainsail at 4 tookin
4	5				the Pilot lat part strong gales
6	4				
8	4				
10	4				Lat by Obs 54 - 55 S
12	4				

THE MADELEINE:

Owned by Commodore John S. Dickerson.

We publish a correct engraving of the centreboard yacht Madeleine, chosen as the representative vessel of the New York Yacht Club to protect the "one hundred guinea cup" against the challenge of the Canadian yacht Countess of Dufferin. The series of three races, which are to decide the issue, will probably be sailed about the first week in August. The Madeleine was built originally as a sloop of about 70 tons, in 1868, at Rye, N. Y., since which time she has undergone several alterations, so that there is but little left, save the name, of the original yacht. We give her dimensions, as she now is: First-class Schooner Madeleine, tonnage, *old measurement*, 151.49; length over all, 106 feet; length on water line, 95 feet; beam on water line, 24 feet 8 inches; depth of hold, 7 feet 9 inches; draught of water, 7 feet 8 inches. After the club had decided to chose one yacht from the squadron, she to do loyal battle in the three races as the representative champion of the fleet, word was sent to the owners of the Madeleine, Idler, Tidal Wave, Columbia, and Palmer, appointing a day on which these yachts should contend, the victor to be accepted as the one to meet the coming Canadian yacht. The Madeleine and Idler alone responded, and as the Madeleine came through the test unscathed, she was definitely fixed upon, and word sent to Major Gifford that she would be ready on the appointed days to sail the races agreed upon. The Madeleine, since her keel first cut the waters, has made for herself a very good record, but since her extensive alterations in 1873, when her centreboard was lengthened, and a new set of spars and sails furnished her, she has done a great deal better, and proved that she is a yacht which can be depended upon in all weathers. On June 22, 1872, she won the regatta of the Brooklyn Yacht Club. Two days later, June 24, she started with six other yachts in the Wallack Cup Regatta, and won the cup handsomely. The course was from Sandy Hook to Long Branch and return, a distance of about twenty-six miles. She sailed well throughout the balance of the season. In 1873, on June 6, she was one of the fleet making up the annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club, over the club course, the regatta having failed for want of wind the previous day. She led the fleet home by nearly ten minutes actual time, taking first prize. On June 12, she won the Club Prize and Flag Officers' Prize in the Brooklyn Yacht Club annual regatta, having but two schooners to compete against. In the cruise of the Brooklyn Club, the season of 1873, she sailed splendidly, leading the fleet, as a rule, from port to port. She covered herself with honor in the New York Yacht Club cruise, winning the race from Fort Adams to Block Island and return, making the fastest time on record, and securing the Bennett Cup for her reward. August 24, she won the Douglass Cup, beating handsomely the Alarm, Tidal Wave, Rambler, and Eva, besides the sloops Vision and Vixen. In 1874, her owner refused to sail her in any race, as she had gained the synonym of "mug-hunter." So speedy was she that all of the yachts were afraid of her, and were it known that she intended entering, the majority of her sister yachts would keep diligently aloof. In 1875, she took part in the New York Yacht Club's annual regatta, but the wind being baffling and very treacherous she was some distance behind the winning yacht. In the Brooklyn Club regatta on June 19, she was beaten by the Comet on time allowance. On the 11th of July following, in the run from Sandy Hook to Cape May, she led a fleet of five of the crack schooners in the club. Two days later she won first prize in the Cape May regatta, having for her competitors such splendid yachts as the Mohawk, Rambler, Resolute, Idler, Dreadnaught, and Eva. The following September, she sailed against the Mohawk a match race for $1,000 a side. This race grew out of a challenge issued by Mr. Dickerson, owner of the Madeleine, to Mr. Garner, while his yacht, the Mohawk, was yet on the stocks, to sail over the regular club course. This race caused immense excitement, and on the day set nearly the entire fleet accompanied the contesting yachts over the course. The Madeleine covered herself with glory, and although with a light wind the early part of the race, the Mohawk took the lead, and passed out of the Spit with the lead, before the lightship was reached the Madeleine had regained all she had lost, and rounded the ship a good half mile in advance. On the run home she held her own, and beat the Mohawk outside of time allowance. This closed her racing for last year. This year she has only started once, in the New York Club annual regatta, but, meeting with a mishap, withdrew from the race. A glance at the foregoing will show that this yacht has proven herself worthy to defend the "100-guinea cup" against the Canadian challenger. In all weather, light wind or heavy, she has never been found wanting. Americans may feel content, that, barring accident, their representative yacht will carry the pennant of the New York Club Squadron to the front, and that at the close of the series of races, the stately Madeleine will gracefully sail up the harbor to receive the thunders of applause that will greet her. Should defeat rest upon her, one thing may be certain, that the Canadian yacht will have beaten as fine a yacht as the world possesses, and she can, with reason, claim all the honor due to a vessel which, having boldly thrown down the gauntlet in the face of the finest fleet of yachts in the world, carries away the glittering prize contended for.

TROTTING AT HARTFORD, CONN.

FIRST DAY.

A Successful Association—The Half Forfeit Plan Vindicated—Charter Oak Park a Model—Good Attendance and Fair Racing—Hopeful Makes a Record of 2:18¾, and Wins His Race—St. Julien Again a Winner.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

HARTFORD, Aug. 31.—No trotting association in the world has ever had a more prosperous career than that of the Charter Oak Park, at Hartford. Making its maiden effort last year, it boldly followed the suggestions of THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, and adopted the half-forfeit plan, in regard to entry-fees. The success which followed that new departure encouraged them to again give the plan a trial, and now that success is so marked that it may be set down as a settled question that the half-forfeit plan will be generally adopted by the leading associations hereafter. The park is very conveniently located, on a beautiful plain, about two and a half miles from the city, with its main entrance only a few rods from the railroad, so that the million can reach it quickly and cheaply, while the drive from the city, for those who prefer that means of locomotion, is really a delightful one. On reaching the park, one is impressed with the neatness and good taste everywhere displayed, in the condition of the grounds, the style of the architecture, the arrangement of the buildings, fences, etc.; indeed, it would be difficult to suggest an improvement in any of these particulars. It is more like Rochester in these respects than any other course we have seen, although the buildings are not on so grand a scale as at the latter place; but the grounds are more tastefully laid out, are kept in better condition, and it is rather more easily reached by the people. And then there is more of beauty upon which to feast the eye (no allusion to the ladies, for in that respect Rochester is incomparable), the landscape to the the westward being one of indescribable loveliness. The pool-selling is away at the far end of the grand stand, out of sight and out of hearing of those who do not choose to see and hear it, while all the traffic in refreshments is confined to the space underneath the stand, which gives the park an air of refinement and respectability, which is all the more strongly marked by its contrast with the arrangement of these matters at Springfield. The attendance was among the largest we have seen for opening days, and was very gratifying to the management.

THE FIRST RACE

was for the 2:38 class, which, thanks to the half-forfeit entry plan, closed with twenty-four nominations, thirteen of which paid up the additional five per cent., and nine came out at the call of the bell for the word. Mr. Galway's gelding, St. Julien, was a hot favorite, at ten to one against the field, and most of the pools were sold with him left out. It proved the easiest kind of a victory for the favorite, as he had nothing harder than what was, for him, a moderate jog, and he won in three straight heats.

First Heat.—St. Julien is a hot favorite at $60 to $10 on the field, and some pools are sold with the favorite left out, in which case Bryant is sold as first choice, at about $5 against $40 on the field. At the word Goldfinder takes the lead, and at the quarter, in 38s., he has a length or more the better of Queen, with St. Julien third. Up the backstretch Julien is sent forward and soon goes to Queen's side, then passes her, and around the turn he gets on even terms with the leader. They trot together for some distance down the stretch, when Sargent gives St. Julien his head, and sends him to the front, winning by a length, never having been extended in the heat. Time, 2:28¼.

Second Heat.—St. Julien at once went to the front, closely followed by Queen to the quarter pole. Going up the backstretch, Great Eastern and Bryant both came up and got on even terms with Queen, and when St. Julien is at the half, in 1:12¾, he leads the trio by two lengths; but the two geldings soon gave Queen the go by, and, rounding the turn, Eastern went to second place, and Bryant broke and fell back to fourth place. Entering the homestretch, Eastern got on even terms with the leader, and they came down neck and neck. At the distance the big horse has a slight lead, but just before getting to the wire, Sargent calls on Julien, and shoots under, a winner by half a length, in 2:26¾.

Third Heat.—It is an easy race for St. Julien, who gets the lead at once, and keeps it all the way round, trotting just fast enough to keep out of the way of Great Eastern and Bryant, who are the only ones that ever get near him. At the finish, Great Eastern is at the leader's wheel, and Bryant is two lengths behind, the others as per summary. Time, 2:26½.

SUMMARY.

HARTFORD, August 31.—Purse $3,000, for horses that have never beaten 2:38; $1,500 to first, $750 to second, $450 to third, $300 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Wm. Sargent's b g St. Julien, by Volunteer, dam by Harry Clay	1	1	1
A. J. Feek's b g Great Eastern, by Walkill Chief, dam by Imp. Consternation	7	2	2
S. F. Twitchell's ch g Goldfinder	2	6	6
F. B. Cummings' br m Queen	3	4	4
M. Roden's ch g Dan Bryant (for. Reserve)	5	3	3
W. N. Peck's b g Voltair	4	5	8
J. H. Goldsmith's b m Sister, by Volunteer, dam by American Star	8	8	5
C. L. Railey's b g Calmar by Bourbon Chief	6	7	7
Geo. W. Miller's ch m Lady Bonner	9	9	9

Time, 2:28½—2:26¾—2:26¼.

THE SECOND RACE

proved to be an exciting one. Last night, Lucille Golddust was a warm favorite, bringing about $40 against $50 on the field, but this morning the betting changed from some cause, and Hopeful sold as choice. The gray colt of Godfrey's Patchen again proved himself a good and fast trotter, and came out of the race with a record lowered to 2:18¾. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction manifested at the result, as it was thought that Hopeful "quit" on the third heat, and that Maud, who took the third and fourth heats in gallant style, might easily have won the fifth, if she had been driven for it, and there were many who claimed that had Charley Green been at his accustomed place behind Lucille Golddust, that she would have had a hand in the race, at least that she would not have been beaten in 2:23½. Certain it is, that she made the poorest race to day that she has trotted this season, when she ought to have made the best one, having had a week's rest, yet there is not the slightest doubt that both times were driven to win. In the first heat Hopeful showed an electric burst of speed on the last half, trotting it in 1:08¾, which surprised everybody. This won him the race. We, ourselves, are confident that had Charles Green driven Lucille, the result would have been different. Turner, though an excellent driver, did not fully understand the mare's ways, and, under the circumstances, he did very well.

First Heat.—It has come to be understood that Charley Green is sick, hence Lucille has gone back from the position of favorite to that of a fielder; Hopeful now brings $100 against $60 for Maud, and $40 on the field. At the word, Hopeful and Maud go the front, and Henry breaks, falling two lengths behind. Lucille, having the worst of the send off, is a length behind Henry. At the quarter, in 34½s., Hopeful and Maud are neck and neck, and they go together to the half in 1:07¾, with Henry three lengths behind, and Lucille two lengths further from the front. Passing the half, Hopeful shoots to the front, and soon has a lead of an open length ahead of Maud, which he keeps to the wire. Lucille and Henry have a hot race of it down the homestretch for third place, but the mare gains it by half a length. Time, 2:18¾.

Second Heat.—Hopeful now brings $100 to $30 for the field. He takes the lead at the word, with Maud second, but, rounding the first turn, she breaks, and goes to last place, and Lucille is second at the quarter, in 36½s. Up the backstretch, Lucille is in front, and Hopeful is the leader, which she closes to two lengths at the half, in 1:11¾, and, at the turn, she comes up on even terms with Hopeful, who is trotting well out from the pole, and attempts to pass him on the inside, but Mace pulls his horse over and cuts her off, throwing her from her stride and breaking her up, by which she loses two lengths. Maud has now settled to her work, and, although she is six or seven lengths behind, yet she is coming for the lead, and coming very fast. Down the homestretch, she rapidly gains on the leaders, and both the mares are gaining on Hopeful, but, when within a hundred feet of the wire, Lucille breaks, and Maud goes by her finishing only a length behind Hopeful, with Lucille at her flank, in 2:22¾.

Third Heat.—Hopeful again takes the lead, and, at the quarter, in 35½s., he has three lengths the best of Maud, who is followed by Henry, with Lucille away behind. Up the backstretch, Lucille passes Henry and gets a length the better of him, while Hopeful and Maud are leading the fast pair by five lengths. The brown mare is at the gray gelding's wheel as they pass the half, in 1:10, but, rounding the turn, a length of daylight shows between them. They enter the homestretch in this order, and Maud at once begins to devour the gap. Half way down, she is at Mace's sulky—now at the gelding's flank—a shout goes up from the crowd. Hopeful breaks, and the mare is on even terms with him. He settles and makes a rush to retain his position, but he can't do it. He quits, breaks again, and Maud wins by a length, in 2:19.

Fourth Heat.—Notwithstanding the signs of weakening shown by Hopeful, he is still a hot favorite, and brings $100 against $22 on the field. At the word, Hopeful and Maud take the lead, and it is an exciting race between the two. At the quarter, in 34½s., they are on even terms, they go together up the backstretch, Hopeful struggles for the lead, but, do what he will, he cannot get his nose past that of Doble's mare. At the half, in 1:08¾, Hopeful shows signs of weakening, and Maud begins to draw away from him a very little. He cannot stand the pressure, but breaks, and relieves himself by a few good jumps, and again strikes his gait without having lost much. Maud keeps on in her even way, and Hopeful again breaks. It is all over with him. He runs half way round the turn, and, by the time they enter the stretch, Lucille has got up to him. Down they come, Maud having a lead of three lengths. Hopeful again breaks, and Turner sends the Golddust mare away from him in hot pursuit of the leader. He rapidly gains upon Maud, and, when at the distance-stand, it looks as though Lucille would win the heat, she is gaining so rapidly. But Doble calls upon the brown, and she lets out a link or two, and again shoots away from Lucille and wins the heat by two lengths, in 2:23¾. Hopeful four lengths behind Lucille, for, when Mace saw that he could not win the heat, he pulls up to save his horse.

Fifth Heat.—It is now considered a sure thing for Maud. Hopeful has shown the white feather, and he has no chance to win. But there are those who think that Lucille Golddust may now come in and take the race, and she is the main hope of the fielders, who bid $40 for the field against $100 for Maud. At the word, Hopeful and Maud again go off with a lead, but in rounding the turn they both break, permitting Henry and Lucille to take the lead. At the quarter, in 36½s. the gelding leads a length, and holds his position up the backstretch to near the half; but at that point, in 1:13¾, Lucille gets in front. Hopeful, who has settled to his work, at the quarter has rapidly overhauled the leadery, and, rounding the turn, he again goes to the front, and rapidly opens up daylight between him and Lucille. At the three-quarter he leads four lengths, and he keeps that advantage to the end of the heat in 2:23¼.

SUMMARY.

SAME DAY.—Purse $4,000, for horses that have never beaten 2:20; $2,000 to first, $1,000 to second, $600 to third, $400 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Benj. Mace's gr g Hopeful, by Godfrey's Patchen	1	1	2	3	1
W. H. Doble's br m Lady Maud, by Gen. Knox	2	2	1	1	3
C. S. Green's b m Lucille Golddust, by Golddust, dam by Bald Hornet	3	3	3	2	2
M. Roden's b g Henry	4	4	4	4	4

Time, 2:18¾—2:22¼—2:19—2:20¼—2:23¼.

SECOND DAY.

Magnificent Trotting—Red-hot Races and Fast Time—The Winners all Surpass their Previous Efforts—Lady Snell, 2:23¼—Amy, 2:22¼—Rarus, 2:20¾.

HARTFORD, Sept. 1.—This has been a red-letter day in the history of the Charter Oak Park, and one of the finest day's racing we have ever seen. There was no tameness, no flagging of interest, but the excitement was kept up to fever-heat to the last moment, the last heat of the last race being fought out from end to end with desperate determination, and the winner uncertain to the last moment.

The day's racing has developed three horses that have a good deal more speed than the public had heretofore given them credit for. Lady Snell, a very handsome bay mare, nine years old, by Godfrey's Patchen, out of a mare three-quarters thoroughbred, bred by B. D. Godfrey, and owned by D. A. Snell, started to-day in her first race of the season, and won in the easiest kind of style, making a record of 2:23¼. Rarus showed his mettle to the tune of 2:20¾, finishing fresh and strong, and making his last half faster than the first, in every heat. Frank J. proved himself but little inferior to Rarus, winning the first heat of the race, and only beaten by a trifle in the second and fourth, the fastest heats of the race. The attendance to-day was a little greater than on yesterday, and the weather was glorious.

THE FIRST RACE

was for the 2:31 class, for which there were thirteen nominations, and out of the lot four declared forfeit, leaving nine in the race, but out of this number there were but seven starters. In the betting, Unknown was the favorite, with Honest Harry and Lady Turpin alternating as second choice, or about even terms. Just before starting, Unknown brought $85, Turpin $30, and the field $40, but the result proved a great triumph for the fielders, and a horse indeed unknown, but not called by that name, carried of the purse in gallant style.

First Heat.—Before reaching the first turn, Lady Snell had the lead, which she increased to three lengths at the quarter in 35½s., with Harry second, Unknown third, while Turpin has acted badly, and fallen away behind. Going up backstretch, Harry closes up a part of the gap which separates him from the leader, and at the half, in 1:11½, she is only two lengths the better of him, with Unknown about the same distance behind Harry. Around the turn Harry gets a little nearer the mare, while Unknown breaks and falls back two or three lengths. Harry continues to gain, but at the three-quarter he breaks, and again the lady leads him two or three lengths. Snell now has an easy thing to the wire, beating Harry by two lengths. Bateman and Nellie Walton both pass Unknown down the homestretch. Time of heat, 2:24.

Second Heat.—Unknown is still a favorite, and the pools bring $30 for him to $15 on the field. At the word, Snell and Walton shoot to the front, and at the quarter, in 35½s., Snell has a lead of a length, with Walton and Unknown neck and neck. Up backstretch Unknown goes away from Walton and gives chase to Snell, who leads by two lengths at the half, in 1:11¾. Around the turn there is but little change; Turpin acts badly, and is in the rear rank. Down the stretch the leader weakens a little, and Unknown is rapidly gaining on her; but he breaks, and is passed by Walton, who finishes a length behind Snell, with Unknown close up for third place. Time, 2:23¼.

Third Heat.—Lady Snell's backers are now sanguine, and she brings $125 against $50 for the field. She takes the lead, and at once begins to let daylight shine between her and her pursuers. At the quarter, in 35¼s., she has a lead of three lengths, and she goes up the backstretch increasing the gap, when she breaks, and loses a couple of lengths; but she settles, and again commences to increase the gap. She is at the half in 1:12, over two lengths the best of the party, while the others are all in a bunch, excepting Turpin, who broke badly soon after the word was given, and was never in the race. From the half to the wire it was an easy thing for the lady, as she kept her party full three lengths away from her heels all the way around. Time, 2:24.

SUMMARY.

HARTFORD, Sept. 1.—Purse $3,000 for horses that have never beaten 2:31; $1,500 to first, $750 to second, $450 to third, $300 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

D. A. Snell's b m Lady Snell, by Godfrey's Patchen	1	1	1
Ben Mace's b m Nellie Walton	4	2	2
J. J. Bowen's r g Honest Harry, by Winthrop Morrill	2	6	0
J. H. Goldsmith's b g Bateman	3	4	3
H. Hamilton's ch g Unknown	6	3	6
S. A. Brown's blk m Lady Turpin	5	5	0

Time, 2:24—2:23¼—2:24.

THE SECOND RACE

this was for the 2:25 class, and had received twenty-three nominations, but five of the number drew out for the gift purse of $2,000, and eight declared forfeit, leaving ten on the list to start, of this number two were withdrawn, Amy and Clementine, who had sprained her leg at Springfield last week. On last night she sold as a hot favorite, at about even against the field. The following being a fair average: Clementine, $45; Joker, $21; Molsey, $15; Amy, $6; Monarch Jr., $5; Everett Ray, $3; field, $3. After the withdrawal of Clementine was announced, Joker became the favorite, and was heavily backed by the knowing ones at $50 against $55 for the field. Amy was a splendid race, and the triumph of Amy was a big thing for the fielders. She is, indeed, a great mare, and has to-day proved herself worthy of her high lineage. She is ten years old, was got by Volunteer out of Belle Brandon (the dam of Gov. Sprague), by Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

First Heat.—This heat was effected on the second attempt, with the whole field well together. Blanche, Amy, and Monarch, being the leaders. As they rounded the turn, Monarch took the pole, and reached the quarter-pole in 36½s., two lengths ahead of Amy, who showed half a length before Blanche, Ella Madden fourth, Joker fifth, Kittie D. sixth, Molsey seventh, and Everett Ray a distance out, and acting wretchedly. Along the backstretch, Amy closed on Monarch, and a beautiful race ensued to the half, which was passed in 1:12, the roan stallion leading, with Amy on his wheel, the latter improved her position on the third quarter and swung into the homestretch on even terms with Monarch. The pace home was a hot one, and proved too much for the stallion, who gave it up at the distance, at where Amy took the lead, and finished it to the wire, in 2:23, Joker and Kittie D. both finished very fast, and the former would certainly have taken the heat, but for a bad break close to the wire.

Second Heat.—Amy is now the choice, although Joker's backers are strong in the faith, and they keep up the field so that pools sell at $100 against $120 on the field. Amy goes to the front as soon as the word is given, and, at the quarter, she leads a length, with Joker and Madden neck and neck. From this point it is a race between Amy and Joker. At the half, in 1:12, Amy has the lead, but Joker is at her wheel. He hangs there all the way round, and when, at the distance-stand, he makes a terrible rush to go to the front, but, just as he gets on even terms with her, he breaks, and Amy beats him under the wire by a neck, in 2:22¼.

Third Heat.—Amy is now looked upon as a certain winner, and she brings almost any odds. At the word Molsey is in the lead, and she indulges in a nice little run around the first turn. Before she was settled, Blanche took a run and got to the front, and at the quarter, in 36s., she is trotting very fast, with a lead of full four lengths, with Molsey and Joker on even terms for second place. Amy made a bad break on first turn, and went to the rear before she could be settled, and Mace, from that point, never made an effort for the heat. Blanche holds her lead up backstretch, and Molsey and Joker pull out of the crowd after her. Joker breaks and goes back to the crowd, while Molsey alone pursues the leader, who at the half in 1:10¾. She breaks occasionally, but loses nothing, while Molsey steadily gains on her. Down the stretch Molsey steadily and surely closes the gap, and at the distance-stand she goes by the leader, and wins the heat by a length in 2:21¾, which is her best record up to this date.

Fourth Heat.—Amy's friends are now weakening a little, and Molsey has become favorite at $100 against $75 on the field. Molsey has shown so much speed on the last heat that it is not thought that she can be beaten. But before the word is given Amy's friends rally, and she brings about even against the field, while the horses are scoring. At the word Blanche leads, and she keeps her place to the quarter, in 36s., and up the backstretch to the half in 1:11¾, with Molsey at her wheel until nearing the half-mile pole, when she breaks and goes to fourth place, Madden and Joker passing her. It is now a hot run to the end between Joker and Blanche, sometimes one leading and sometimes the other. Down the homestretch Molsey got to going very fast, and bid fair to capture the heat, but the wire is a little too near, and Joker is first under the wire in 2:23¾. Amy made a bad break on this heat at the first turn, and her driver made no effort for the heat.

Fifth Heat.—Amy is still a favorite at $50 against $40 on the field. Joker cut out the work from the start, and kept his place to the quarter, in 37s., to the half in 1:13¾, at which point the horses were all in a bunch at Joker's wheel. Around the turn they goin the same way, Joker leading the race. Down the stretch they rush in splendid style, all in a bunch. Joker keeps his lead—it is his heat, sure. But, no! Mace is sending Amy through the crowd, and half way down she has once more taken the lead, and wins the race easily in 2:24¼, she having taken the last half in 1:09.

SUMMARY.

SAME DAY.—Purse $4,000, for horses that never beat 2:25; $2,000 to first, $1,000 to second, $600 to third, $400 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

M. Carroll's b m Amy, by Volunteer, out of Belle Brandon, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian	1	1	5	5	1
Jas. Dougrey's b g Joker, by Parish's Hambletonian	2	2	4	1	4
J. A. Chamber's b m Molsey	5	4	1	3	8
Briggs & Ross' blk m Blanche	6	6	2	2	2
J. H. Phillip's b m Ella Madden	3	3	3	4	5
Scanlan & Carson's b m Kitty D	7	5	dis		
J. M. Leech's r s Monarch Jr	4	dis			
J. C. Eckerson's b g Everett Ray	dis				

Time, 2:23—2:22¼—2:21¾—2:22¾—2:24¼.

THE THIRD RACE

was a gift purse of $2,000, for such as chose to draw out of the regular 2:25 class, and was contested for by five horses. It was supposed to be a soft thing for Rarus before starting, but the result proved that he had to-day a foeman worthy of his steel in Bachelor's dun gelding Frank J., who forced him to show a faster mile than he had ever before done in public, although it is evident from the way in which he finished his heat to-day, that he can do still better when it is necessary in order to win.

First Heat.—Rarus is a hot favorite and brings $100 against $35 on the field. They get the word with Frank J. leading, but Triumph soon gets to the front, and at the quarter in 35½s., he has a lead of a length, with Frank J. second. Up the backstretch they keep same position, with Rarus coming up to third place, but he breaks and falls back into the ruck. At the half, in 1:11, Triumph keeps his lead, but in rounding the turn, being closely pressed by the dun gelding, he breaks, and yields his position to his relentless pursuer. Down the stretch he makes a hot struggle to regain his lead, and it is a neck and neck race to the very wire, the dun gelding getting under first by the smallest possible odds. Rarus showed a fine burst down the homestretch and bid fair to give the entire party the go by, but when half way down he made a bad break, and was not settled in time to give the leaders any trouble. Time of heat, 2:23¾.

Second Heat.—Rarus is still favorite, and brings $50 to $60 for the field. It is an even race between Frank J. from the first turn, when they ran neck and neck up to within a hundred feet of the wire, when Rarus shot ahead, and won by half a length. Three-fourths of the way they trotted like a double team, Rarus apparently going at his ease all the way. It was thought that neither horse was doing his best, but with the time, 2:20¾, the public were satisfied that they had seen a *race* between the two geldings, from end to end. Time of quarter, 35½s.; half, 1:10¾; making the last half in 1:10.

Third Heat.—Rarus brings $100 against $33 for the field. He takes the lead with Frank J. at his side, but the latter soon breaks, and goes to the rear of the party. Parkis Abdallah goes to second place, and holds it to the end, keeping about a length behind the leader. Down the homestretch Abdallah makes a determined effort to get to the front, and Rarus has to be called upon to prevent such an accident. As it is, he has only half a length the best of it, at the finish, in 2:23¼. Frank J. came to the had to such an extent on the first turn that he was Guy driven to save his distance in the heat. The quarter was made in 36½s., half in 1:13.

Fourth Heat.—Betting is now at an end, for everybody concedes the race to Rarus. Frank J. springs to the front as soon as the word is given, but Rarus is at his wheel, and at the quarter, in 36s., they are neck and neck. Frank J. is determined not to yield, but will contest every inch of ground with the slashing bay gelding. The race is between these two, and it is a race. Now we see Frank's nose a little in front, and again it is Rarus, but neither gets the advantage. And thus they make the half in 1:12, and then they fight it out to within a hundred feet of the wire. Will it be a dead heat? It is nearly dark, and it is all one can do to distinguish the horses. They are still on even terms, but just at the last moment Rarus is called upon, and he is under the wire, victor by not more than a neck, in 2:22¾, having made the last half in 1:10¾.

SUMMARY.

SAME DAY.—Gift Purse $2,000, for horses that have never beaten 2:25; $1,000 to first, $500 to second, $300 to third, $200 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

R. B. Conklin's b g Rarus, by Conklin's Abdallah	4	1	1	1
J. A. Batchelor's ch g Frank J., unknown	1	2	4	2
J. S. Parkis' b s Parkis Abdallah, by Taggart's Abdallah	2	3	2	3
Dan Mace's wh g Crown Prince	3	4	3	4
D. Tallman's dn g Triumph	5	dis		

Time, 2:23¾—2:20¾—2:25¼—2:22¾.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

THIRD DAY.

HARTFORD, Sept. 2.—Puree $3,000, for horses that have never beaten 2:45; $1,500 to first, $750 to second, $450 to third, $300 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

W. Sargent's b g St. Julien	1	1	1
J. H. Goldsmith's b m Sister	2	2	2
A. J. Feek's b g Great Eastern	4	3	3
S. Twitchell's e g Goldfinder	3	4	4

Time, 2:25¾—2:23¾—2:24¼.

SAME DAY.—Purse $4,000, for horses that have never beaten 2:23; $2,000 to first, $1,000 to second, $600 to third, $400 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

W. C. Trimble's ch m Music	1	1	3	1	
Owner's b m Maud (alias Bella)	3	6	1	3	
Budd Doble's br g St. James	2	2	2	4	
Briggs & Ross' blk m Blanche	4	3	4	2	
C. L. Railey's b g Gen. Garfield	5	4	7	5	
W. B. Smiths' blk s Thomas Jefferson	6	5	5	6	
J. A. Batchelor's b g John H	7	7	6	7	
J. Splan's b g Jim Irving	dis				

Time, 2:23¼—2:22¾—2:22—2:21½.

TROTTING AT LYNN, MASS.

WYOMA PARK, Sept. 1.—Purse $300, for horses that have never beaten 2:49; $100 to first, $50 to second and $40 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

A. J. Perley's wh m Lady Thomas	2	1	1	4	1
A. Norton's blk m Lady Norton	1	5	4	1	4
Owner's br g Charles R	4	2	2	2	2
Owner's ch m Josie	5	3	3	3	3
C. O. Stone's b g Ben Bolt	3	4	5	5	dr
G. W. Loverling's b g John Mills	6	6	dis		
H. C. Perley's blk g Jake	6	8	dis		
A. J. Chasen's b g John Hayden	7	7	dis		

Time, 2:51—2:48¾—2:47—2:48¼—2:49¼.

TROTTING AT PASSAIC FAIR GROUNDS, N. J.

PASSAIC, N. J., September 1.—A very interesting trot came off this afternoon over the Fair Ground Track. The match was for $300, between the brown horse Joe Clark, the bay mare Lady Woods, and the bay horse Sherman. Joe Clark sold as the favorite; after the first heat he sold readily at two to one over the others. Clark won the first heat, with Lady Woods a good second. Sherman won the second heat after a hot fight. Clark took the third heat with the Lady close to his heels. The fourth heat was a sharp struggle all the way from wire to wire, Clark and the Lady trotting neck and neck. The former won by a short length.

SUMMARY.

PASSAIC, September 1.—Match $300; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

J. Spaulding's br h Joe Clark	1	2	1	1
Owner's b h Sherman	3	1	3	3
Owner's br m Lady Woods	2	3	2	2

Time, 2:41½—2:40¾—2:37¾—2:43.

BODINE:

The Trotting Whirlwind of the West.

THERE were few, if any, among the horses that entered upon the campaign of 1874, that came out with a reputation more enhanced by the performances of the season than the horse Bodine, bred by Alden Goldsmith, of Orange County, N. Y., and owned, for three years past, by H. C. Goodrich, of Chicago. He was foaled in June, 1865. He was got by Volunteer out of a strong, coarse-looking mare, by Harry Clay. She was a fair traveler, gentle and kind in all harness, but nothing further is known of her blood. He was raised entirely without grain until nearly five years old, and was not handled at all, excepting that during the winter after he was three years old he was driven double a few times—just enough to gentle him. When coming five years old he was broken to single harness, and in the May following Mr. Goldsmith commenced to drive him. He was a natural trotter, and his owner had high expectations of him from the day he first sat behind him. His stride was long and easy—there being no appearance of labor about it—and of that peculiar style which only requires quickening to produce great speed. When he had been driven two weeks, Mr. G. timed a straight quarter on the road to skeleton wagon in 57s., holding watch in one hand and the reins in the other. He was an honest, resolute trotter from the beginning, and his gait steadily improved with the light work that was given him. In the autumn of that year he was entered in the five-year-old class at the Goshen fair, where he won with ease in 2:45½. After the fair he was turned out, but was fed grain until the next spring, when he was again taken up, and, after the usual preliminary jogging, was given some pretty sharp work, with a view to preparing him for the saddle race at Buffalo' in August. Shortly before the closing of the entries at Buffalo, he showed a trial in 2:32, and repeated in 2:31, but Mr. Goldsmith was of the opinion that that time was too slow to win the race, and decided not to enter the lists. The sequel proved his judgment correct, as it will be remembered Clara G. won the race easily in 2:2[illegible]. The horse was kept in training, and on the 19th of September he started in a race at Fleetwood, where he won over Belle of Oneida, Constance, Nettie Morris, and Joe, in 2:31—2:3[illegible]¼—2:33—2:30¾—the third heat being a dead heat between Bodine and Belle of Oneida, the horse having thrown a shoe at the half-mile pole. This race made a reputation for Bodine, and stamped him as a coming trotter. Immediately after this race he was taken with the prevailing influenza, which used him severely for several weeks, but notwithstanding this, he was started in several races afterward, before going into winter quarters, and was beaten but once. He was then turned out for the winter with a loose box stall, but into which he could seek shelter, when he chose to do so, but the door was not closed on him during the winter. The next spring he was taken up, and appeared very strong, and showed a fine turn of speed, but before he had been driven a trial he was sold to his present owner, Mr. H. C. Goodrich, of Chicago, who took him West. The change of climate, or some other cause, operated unfavorably on him, and he did but little that season; but the next year Mr. Goodrich placed him in the hands of William Johnson, who has had charge of him ever since, and in whose hands the horse soon began to show a return of his former speed. During this season he won several good races, winning eight heats better than 2:30, and making a record of 2:25½, on a slow track. He commenced the campaign of 1874 at Freeport, Ill., June 6, where he won in three straight heats, over Pilot Temple and others, in 2:31¾—2:26—2:27¼. He entered the Grand Quadrilateral at Cleveland, and in this first race of the series for the 2:24 class, he won the first heat in 2:2[illegible]¼, but was beaten the next three heats by Lula in 2:20¼—2:23¼—2:24¾. From this on he was the winner of every race in which he was engaged with horses of his own class, his only defeat during the remainder of the season being at Hartford, where he was pitted against Gloster and Sensation, and in this race he won the first heat in 2:21. But, although defeated in this instance, it was no disgrace to be compelled to lower his colors to such an antagonist as Gloster, after having repeatedly vanquished all the competitors with which he had entered the campaign on equal terms. His triumphs at Buffalo, Utica, Springfield, Mystic, and Beacon Park had crowned him with a laurel wreath that can never fade, and demonstrated that he possessed campaigning powers unsurpassed by any horse of his age upon the turf. During the season he won twenty-five heats better than 2:30, fifteen of which were in better time than he had ever shown prior to this year. Perhaps the best race of his campaign was at Buffalo, when he won what was, up to that date, the best race of five heats ever trotted, the time of the heats being 2:22¼—2:21—2:21¼—2:21½—2:22¼, and there is no doubt but it will take rank among the best and most hotly-contested races ever trotted on the American turf. During that season he started in twelve races, in nine of which he won first money, and second in one. His winnings for the year amounted to $19,400. His best record was made at Beacon Park, where he won in three straight heats in 2:21¾—2:19¼—2:21¾. He entered upon the campaign of 1875 in splendid condition, and bid fair to outstrip his last year's fame as a campaigner. His first race was a match against time at Grand Rapids, Mich., which he won with ease. On the week following he met and defeated Judge Fullerton at East Saginaw, in 2:19¼—2:20—2:21¼—2:21, Fullerton taking the second heat. This was Bodine's last and greatest public performance, and the time, 2:19¼, constitutes his best record. In his race at Grand Rapids he had the misfortune to hit his ankle, which lamed him a little, but not seriously; but a few weeks later, after the wound had healed, he suddenly grew worse, so much so that it was thought best to withdraw him temporarily from his engagements

GLADIATEUR:

Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger.

GLADIATEUR, dark bay, was by Monarque, the winner of the Goodwood Cup of 1857, out of Miss Gladiator, was bred in France, by Count F. La Grange, in 1862. He made his first appearance on the turf at the Newmarket Second October Meeting, in 1864, as a two-year-old, when, carrying 122 lbs., he won the Clearwell Stakes, beating twelve opponents in a canter. At the same meeting, carrying 128 lbs. (including 6 lbs. extra), he ran a dead heat for third place with Longdown for the Prendergast Stakes won by Bedminster, carrying 124 lbs. Siberia, the subsequent winner of the One Thousand Guineas, was second; while behind Gladiateur was Gardevisure, the Cambridgeshire winner of 1865, and three others. At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, the same fall, he ran, unplaced, to Chattanooga, in the Criterion Stakes, for two-year-olds. At three years old, he came out the first time at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting for the Two Thousand Guineas, and with the odds of 7 to 1 against him, he won cleverly by a neck, after one of the finest races ever witnessed on the famed heath of Newmarket. Eighteen horses started; Bedminster, who had beat him in the Prendergast Stakes at two years old, being the favorite; the speedy Leddington, who had never been beaten at two years old, being next in estimation; while in the field were Archimedes (who finished second in the race), Regalia (the subsequent Oaks' winner), Bredalbane, Zambesi, and other good ones. Gladiateur's next race in public was for the Epsom Derby, which he won from twenty-eight opponents, with great ease, by two lengths, after being nearly knocked down in the race; Christmas Carol and Eltham being respectively second and third. He started the favorite, only 3 to 1 being laid against him. This performance was, at the time, warmly criticised, it being argued, in depreciation of Gladiateur's merits as a racer, that the horses he beat were of a very moderate class, for neither Christmas Carol nor Eltham ever beat any good horses afterwards. But his subsequent achievements effectually disproved the reasoning of his detractors. Crossing the Channel to his native land, he won the Grand Prix de Paris very easily, by three lengths, from five opponents, and, returning to England, came out at Goodwood, and won the Drawing-room Stakes by forty lengths, beating Longdown and Princess of Wales; walking over, at the same meeting, for the Bentinck Memorial Stakes. At Doncaster he put the crowning stone to the edifice of his racing fame by winning the St. Leger from thirteen opponents, among them being Regalia, the winner of the Oaks. The odds of 13 to 8 were laid on Gladiateur winning; but in the race he lay so far behind the field that his backers became terribly anxious. But the ground was very hard, and Grimshaw rode the great French crack with tenderness, to avoid its severity, and waiting patiently, until rounding the final bend, he passed his horses in rotation, and, amid loud shouts of "The Frenchman walks in," won very easily by three lengths. Mr. Graham, the owner of the second in the race, Regalia, made an ill-advised objection to the winner, on the ground that he was not of the right age, three years, and protested against the stakes being paid over to Count La Grange until his mouth was examined by competent veterinary surgeons. In the absence of all evidence of this statement on the part of Mr. Graham, the stewards declined to order an examination. Later in the day Count La Grange addressed a letter to the stewards, thanking them for their courtesy, and stating that if they thought fit, they were perfectly at liberty to have the horse examined by whom and in any way they pleased. Convinced, however, that the horse was of the right age, the stewards declined the proposed examination. By this victory, Gladiateur had "avenged Waterloo," and placed himself alongside the renowned West Australian, by winning the triple honors of Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger, a triumph since achieved by Lord Lyon. Two weeks after the St. Leger, Gladiateur won the Prix de Prince Imperial, at Paris, and returning to England, carried off the Newmarket Derby. He next started for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, handicapped at the unprecedented weight for a three-year-old, of 138 lbs., including a penalty of 12 lbs.; but good horse as he was, although he started first favorite, he could not successfully carry the crushing impost, and ran unplaced to the winner Gardevisure, to whom he was conceding 52 lbs., in a field of thirty-six runners. At four years old, he started and won five times: walking over for the Derby Trial and Claret Stakes at Newmarket, and winning the Grand Prix de Imperatrice and Cup, at Paris, and the Ascot Gold Cup. He then retired from the turf to the stud, being purchased for a large price by the late Mr. Blenkiron, owner of the celebrated Eltham Stud. Like many other renowned racers, his fame as a sire has not been equal to that he achieved on the turf; indeed, he has been a complete failure in England. Some of his colts have been imported by Mr. Belmont and Mr. Withers into this country; two of them, Matador and Athlete, having run successfully. His sire, Monarque, was the best son of Gladiateur, who ran second to Bay Middleton for the Derby of 1836, and, as that popular turf writter, "The Druid," says, "he would have given the winner more to do in that race, if he had not sprung a curb at Snaresbrook a month before, in days when the solvent touch of iodine was not thought of in such emergencies." Monarque was a great racehorse in his day, winning the Goodwood Cup in the year that the American racehorses Prior and Prioress ran for it. He narrowly escaped missing the honors which accrued to him through the successes of his great son Gladiateur, for he took a dislike to his dam, Miss Gladiateur, and it could not be overcome until he was blindfolded, and thus cheated into the begetting of that renowned horse. In all his races, Gladiateur was trained by Tom Jennings, and ridden by Henry Grimshaw. In color he was a dark bay, with black points, fully sixteen hands in height; big, plain head and neck, standing high on the leg, and, although deficient in quality, his immense, low, lurching stride, gave evidence of an immense reserve of power and latent speed. He was a slow beginner, and required a distance of ground to develop his great speed—a fact amply proved by the style in which his victories in the Derby, St. Leger, and Ascot Cup were accomplished, compared with his neck triumph in the shorter race for the Two Thousand Guineas. As a weight carrier the great French horse stood unequalled on the English turf.

W. G. K., San Francsco.—To decide a bet, please state which horse, Goldsmith Maid or Gloster, has the fastest three successive heats, and what time made? 2 What is the fastest running time, one mile and a half, and by what horse? 3. Have you a copy of THE SPIRIT containing the history of Dexter? *Answer.*—1. Goldsmith Maid, 2:19¾—2:16¼—2:16; Gloster, 2:18 (dead heat with Red Cloud), 2:17¾—2:17—2:19. 2. Tom Bowling, 2:34¾, at Lexington, Ky. 3. We have not.

CHAMPION PACING RACE.—On Monday last the $5,000 champion pacing race was trotted to a successful conclusion over the Mystic Park, Boston, Mass. There were ten entries for this purse, but of these only four appeared to contest for the honors, Sleepy George, Sallie, Copperbottom, and Granger. The former was a decided favorite, selling freely against the three other horses in the field. The first heat was a tame affair, being won by Sallie in the slow time of 2:27½. The favorite now got to work, and won the next three heats, the first and last of which in slow time, but the second redeemed the race from mediocrity, as the gelding swept under the wire in 2:21. The attendance was excellent. Sleepy George is a Western horse, and was wide awake enough on this occasion to pick up considerable Eastern money. He is a bay gelding, owned by Mr. Geo. H. Smith, of Steubenville, O.

J. H. M., Carthage.—Please inform me how to lay out a track forty rods long. *Answer.*—A good half-mile track may be laid out as follows: Lay off two straight sides, 600 ft. each (parallel) and 45? ft. 6 in. apart, connected at each end with a perfect semi-circle (radius 226 ft. 3 in.); place your fence exactly upon the line so formed (which is the inside of your track), and your track will measure exactly half a mile three feet from the fence, the outside fence to be placed according to the width of the track desired. If not convenient to obtain an engineer to run the curves, it can be done as follows: Place a centre stake midway between the parallel straight sides at each end, take a wire with a loop at the end loose enough to turn upon the stake, measure upon this wire 226 ft. 3 in. (the radius of the curves), which, from the centre stakes, will exactly reach the end of the straight lines; then describe your semi-circle, beginning at the end of one straight side and putting down a stake every twelve feet, if that is the length of the fence-panels desired.

J. L. B., Starkey, N. Y.—Will you give me the record and pedigree of Gray Eagle, a stallion once owned by D B. Hibbard, of Jackson, Mich.? It is said the horse was taken at or near Lockport, N. Y., by one Norman Franklin, to Hillsdale, Mich., and he reported him to be from Nottingham's Norman, the same horse that was subsequently Bathgate's Norman; Gray Eagle's dam unknown. In a recent issue of your paper, you say that Gray Eagle (Frank Price's) was by Passinade, etc. Now, who was Price? Did he breed the horse? Is this the same horse? I do not wish to inundate you with questions, but would like to know the true breeding of the Gray Eagle owned by Hibbard, of Jackson, Mich. People in that county claim him as fast as 2:31, and faster. Has he no record? I think his sire was the Bathgate Horse, and want to know to the contrary, if it is so. What is your authority for saying he is by Passinade? *Answer.*—Our authority is Wallace's Trotting Register, vol. ii., page 325.

J. R. L., Hutchinson, Kan.—1. What is Flora Temple's fastest time, and where made? 2. What was her time at Philadelphia, in 1859, when she trotted against Princess? *Answer.*—1. Fastest time, 2:19¾, made at Kalamazoo. 2. Time at Philadelphia, 2:41½—2:31—2:28.

SMUGGLER.—On Wednesday, this stallion was sent a trial heat at Mystic, with a number of watches held over him. He made the distance in 2:10½; all the watches agreed on the time. This makes his match with Nettie more interesting. If he will only keep steady, there is danger in him.

O. P. C., Cleveland, O.—1. Will you please give in your next issue the names of all horses that have made better time than 2:18, and the best time made by each? 2. If not contrary to your custom, give your opinion in regard to the ruling of the judges in the fourth heat of the 2:22 race at Cleveland. Of course, I allude to the heat given to Grafton. *Answer.*—1. Goldsmith Maid, 2:14; Lula, 2:15; American Girl, 2:16¼; Occident, 2:16¾; Dexter, 2:17¼; Gloster, 2:17. 2. We do not condemn the ruling.

and then, for the first time in his life, he was sent for all there was in him over a full mile track, and amid the enthusiastic applause of all who were present, he shot under the wire, the time being 2:21¼. At Utica he again showed a trial in 2:21¾. Of this time there can be no question, as hundreds of watches were held over him. Although not a record, yet it stamps the stallion as a wonderful animal, and one which, if nothing occurs, will make a sensation next season. He is a coal-black, stands 15½ hands high, rather heavy-boned, of an excellent temper, with an unusually large development of brain. His mile, in 2:21¼, was never beaten by any stallion until last season, and then only by Mambrino Gift and Smuggler, who have a record of 2:20. Gov. Sprague, as we have said before, is a natural trotter, and from the word strikes a fast trot, going off at full speed. His turf career will be watched with much interest, and we hope to see him mated against the best stallions in America some time during the next summer.

JAY GOULD.

JAY GOULD, bay stallion, foaled 1864, got by Rysdyk's Hambletonian out of Lady Sandford by American Star, second dam by a son of Sir Henry. He was bred by John Minchin, but after passing through two or three hands, A. O. Green, of Fall River, Mass., became his owner, under whose ownership he was brought into notoriety. His turf career has been a remarkable series of successes. He commenced when seven years old, making his maiden effort at Buffalo, Aug. 11, where he had for his competitors such good ones as Judge Fullerton, J. H. Burke, etc. In the first heat in this race, he was defeated by Fullerton in 2:25¾, and he won the next three and the race in 2:22—2:22¾—2:26¾. His next race was at Kalamazoo, August 17, where he met Uncle Abe, and his former antagonist, Judge Fullerton, and others. Uncle Abe took the first and second heats in 2:28¾—2:28¾, but Jay Gould took the next three, and the race in 2:30—2:26¾—2:30¾. This was his last race for the year, but the year following, being then eight years old, he trotted at Philadelphia, June 12, with Lucy, beating her in three straight heats in 2:24¾—2:28¾—2:25. Next he started at Cincinnati, July 26, where he met and vanquished Thos. L. Young; the first two heats in 2:28—2:30, and then, to show what he might do if he tried, he finished the third, and the race in 2:24¾. He then went to Buffalo, August 7, where he had made his début a year before, and met and conquered W. H. Allen and Huntress in three straight heats, in 2:27—2:23¾—2:21¼, making what was, up to that time, the fastest stallion time on record, and this, too, without having anything in the race with him that could crowd him, so as to urge him to the top of his speed. A few weeks later, he met Pilot Temple, Pat Ring, and Elmo, at Dexter Park, Chicago, and finished his racing career by winning, in three straight heats, in 2:22¾—2:25—2:25½, making the total number of heats in which he had been engaged during his two years upon the turf, of twenty-one, in eighteen of which he was a winner, the total number of races being six, in all of which he was victorious. During his last season upon the turf he trotted in twelve heats, and was victorious in every one of them. The average time of all his heats upon the turf is less than 2:25¾. The foregoing summary of his career does not include his famous match with Bashaw Jr., at $5,000 a side, which came off at Bishop's Park, Baltimore, October 15, 1874, which was won in a jog by Gould, on account of the lameness of his competitor. There was but one heat, after which Bashaw Jr. was drawn, and the race was declared ended. But to gratify the crowd of spectators, Gould was again sent around the track, this time at speed. He went to the quarter in 34¾s., to the half in 1:08, and finished the mile in 2:19½. This performance was conducted strictly according to rule, with the driver, Dan Mace, carrying full weight, and with the judges of the race in the stand. Immediately after the first heat of his maiden race at Buffalo, and before the horses were called for the second, he was sold to Geo. Hall, James Fiske, Jr., and Jay Gould, for $30,000, and his name was changed to Jay Gould, he having previously been called Judge Brigham. Afterwards he passed into the hands of Messrs. H. N. Smith and Charles Kenner, who now own him.

MESSENGER DUROC.

THIS celebrated stallion is owned by Chas. Backman, Esq., of Stony Ford, Orange County, N. Y.; he is a bay, and was bred by Mr. D. R. Feagles, Chester, N. Y. He was sired by Rysdyk's Hambletonian out of Satinet, by Roe's Abdallah Chief (son of Abdallah); second dam Catbird, by Whistle Jacket (son of Mambrino). Messenger Duroc was foaled June 8, 1865; he is a bay, bordering upon brown, with two white hind ankles, stands full 16 hands high. He is a plain-looking horse, not finely finished, but still there is that about him which attracts the observer's attention, and commands his respect. In trotting he displays action that is full of elasticity, well-balanced, and true. Few sires of his age have taken so firm a hold upon public favor. He has been particularly fortunate in the stud. At three years old he got Prospero, and at four Dame Trot, two splendid trotters, alone enough to honor any sire. At the stud farm of his opulent owner, he holds the ranking position over a host of other bright lights, and does honor to this position. Ever since he entered the stud, his owner has limited him to a few choice mares each season, so as not to draw too heavily upon his productive powers. His grand pedigree, magnificent size, immense power, and fine disposition render him the ideal of a trotting stallion, and a number of his get bear living testimony to his success as a sire. The engraving, on another page, is a perfect likeness of this noted stallion. When his powers have reached their full development, there is no doubt that his stock will equal, in every respect, the produce of his celebrated sire. Among those of his get which have come into prominence on the trotting turf, we would mention Prospero, Dame Trot, Reform, Startling, Gleneida, and Emma Frances. In addition to these there are a number of others of much promise.

SUCCESS.

SUCCESS is a white Percheron stallion, owned by Mark W. Dunham, of Wayne Du Page County, Ill. He was imported from France by the Fletcher Importing Company in 1868, and is the first Percheron horse imported direct to the State of Illinois, the *avant courier* of what has since grown into an immense business. In the spring of 1874 he was purchased by his present owner, and has, since that time, been at the head of his breeding stud. The engraving of Success in this week's SPIRIT is a faithful likeness—is not an exaggeration in any particular. His long, flowing mane is as white as snow, and is of unsurpassed fineness. His head and neck have all the fineness and beauty of the purest Arab, proclaiming, in unmistakable terms, the Eastern origin of the famous Percheron breed. In the stud Success has made a great reputation, and to the uniform excellence of his get is greatly d ue the present popularity of this breed of horses in the Western States. The value of his progeny, as demonstrated by the actual sales made, is enormous. The average price that they have brought is $450, and the average age at which their sales have been made is two years and eight months, and during the year 1874 the sales of colts and fillies got by him amounted to $36,000. Between January and June, 1874, ten of his get were sold at $1,000 and upward for each. When it is remembered that none of these colts were more than half bloods, out of the common, small mares of the country, these prices will appear enormous. We have rarely seen a horse that stamped his own characteristics so uniformly as this Percheron stallion—a circumstance which attests his purity of blood. He is twelve years old, sixteen and a half hands in height, and his weight is not far from 1,650 lbs. Mr. Dunham, his owner, is the largest importer of Percheron horses in America, and, by his energy and public spirit, has done much to bring them prominently before the public.

of a gray mare, bred and raised by Daniel Fletcher and his son Gideon, in Buckfield, Oxford County, Me., and sold by him, about 1864, when three years old, to Enoch Norther, of Boston, for $210, and by him sold to Mr. Whitcomb, who bred and raised Hopeful. This mare, Hopeful's dam, possessed a good deal of speed, and was a famous road mare. She was got by a horse known as the Bridham Horse, owned by Geo. Bridham, of Falmouth, Me. He was a flea-bitten gray, 16 hands high, and was brought from Bangor in 1849. Hopeful's second dam was a gray, 15 hands, bred by Geo. Bennett, of Buckfield, Me., got by Whalebone Morgan, son of Sherman Morgan. His third dam was also a gray, and was a mare of wonderful speed and endurance in her day. [For the above facts, in regard to the dam of Hopeful, we are indebted to Mr. J. H. Wallace, of the *Trotting Register*.—ED.] Hopeful is very little over 15 hands high. He has started during the past season in six races, and won in every event. He commenced the year with a record of 2:24, which he steadily lowered, until, at the Hartford meeting, in September, he beat American Girl in the very fast time of 2:17¾—2:18¾—2:18¼, and it was the opinion of such experienced horsemen as David Bonner and others that he could have trotted the first heat nearly two seconds faster had he been driven for it. He is one of the most perfectly-gaited trotters we have ever seen upon a race-track, going apparently with the most perfect ease to himself, and with the most complete control over his entire machinery. He is short in the back, but, nevertheless, a horse of great length, and with a remarkable evenness of development throughout his entire make-up. He unquestionably possesses as much speed as any horse that appeared on the track last season, and Dan Mace is confident that on the day of his race at Hartford he could have wiped out the best record, and placed him at the head of the list of trotting horses.

GEN. KNOX.

GEN. KNOX is a coal black horse, standing 15½ hands high, bred by Daniel Heustis, of Bridport, Vt., and was formerly known as Slasher. He was got by Vermont Hero, a son of Sherman Black Hawk (the North horse). His dam was by Young Hambletonian, he by Harris' Hambletonian, and his second dam was by Harris' Hambletonian. The dam of Vermont Hero was also by Harris' Hambletonian, and the dam of Sherman Black Hawk was by Young Hambletonian. A study of this pedigree will show how peculiarly the horse is bred, and will disclose an unusual number of lines running to Harris' Hambletonian, who was by Bishop's Hambletonian, one of the best sons of Messenger. As might be expected from his pedigree, Gen. Knox is a natural trotter, and he made quite a reputation for speed at the New England fairs, although he was never regularly trained. His best record is 2:31½, although he has shown a mile on the Fleetwood Course in 2:24. He was foaled 1855, and was owned in New England until the spring of 1871, when he passed into the hands of his present owner, H. N. Smith, Esq., of Fashion Stud Farm, Trenton, N. J. He was always a popular horse in the stud, and New England boasts many very fast ones descended from his loins. He is the sire of Lady Maud, record 2:18¼, Camors 2:19¾, besides many others that have acquired distinction upon the turf.

THE CITY OF BERLIN.

We republish on another page the superior engraving of the above magnificent steamship; she stands unrivalled as the fastest ocean steamer in the world, having made the round trip from Queenstown to New York, and return, in quicker time by several hours than has ever been reached. A full description of this noble vessel can be found in our issue of Nov. 6, which will well repay reading. Her voyage from Queenstown to this port was made in 7d. 18h. 2m., and on her return to England she reduced this time, covering the distance in 7d. 15h. 48m.; this time is calculated actual. As it will doubtless prove interesting to our readers, we, through the kindness of Mr. Nicholson, the manager of the Inman Office, are enabled to publish a full abstract of the log of each passage

FROM QUEENSTOWN TO NEW YORK (SANDY HOOK),
7 days, 18 hours, 2 minutes—mean time.

Date, Sept., 1875.	*Distance run from Queenstown.*	*Latitude. N.*		*Longitude. W.*		*Remarks.*
Thursday, 16..	....	....		....		9:20 P. M. left Liverpool Bar.
Friday, 17.....	....	....		....		11:30 A.M. ar., 4:50 P.M. left Q'town.
		d.	m.	d.	m	
Saturday, 18...	303	50	45	15	58	Calm.
Sunday, 19....	367	49	37	25	19	Light airs to light breeze.
Monday, 20...	376	48	08	34	35	" " " " "
Tuesday, 21...	368	46	18	43	11	" " " " "
Wednesday, 22	380	43	59	51	34	Moderate breeze to calm.
Thursday, 23..	374	42	37	59	49	Light variable airs.
Friday, 24. ...	381	40	52	67	55	Light to moderate breeze.
Saturday, 25...	280	....		....		6:30 A.M. ar. at Sandy Hook (N. Y.)

FROM NEW YORK (SANDY HOOK) TO QUEENSTOWN.
* 7 days, 15 hours, 48 minutes—mean time.

Date. October, 1875.	*Distance run from Sandy Hook.*	*Latitude. N.*		*Longitude. W.*		*Remarks.*
Saturday, 2...	....	....		....		9 A. M. passed S. H., 9:15 discharged pilot. 9:20 ahead full speed.
		d.	m.	d.	m.	
Sunday, 3.....	388	41	25	65	37	Light breeze.
Monday, 4.....	362	43	55	57	45	Calm to moderate breeze.
Tuesday, 5....	366	44	57	49	51	Light breeze throughout.
Wednesday, 6.	361	47	15	41	53	" "
Thursday, 7...	381	49	20	32	54	Fresh breeze throughout.
Friday, 8......	347	50	23	24	(6	Fresh gale and heavy beam sea.
Saturday, 9....	362	51	17	14	48	Strong breeze and heavy beam sea.
Sunday, 10....	253	....		....		5:10 A.M. ar., 6:10 left Q'nstown; 5 P.M. H'lyh'd; 9:20 pas. Rock Light.

* Average per day, 374 knots, equal to 430 statute miles.

CONDITION OF INDIANA HORSES.—Red Cloud is coming round all right, showing not a particle of lameness. Kate Bennett is as sound as when she was foaled. Monarch Jr., has got rid of his throat disease, and will be himself again in the spring. Cy Auger's legs have assumed their natural shape, and Hattie Shawhan is no longer thick-winded. John B., Jim Miller, Marion, Billy Lamberton, Russell, Sam McDonald's Ripon Boy and Burlington, Fancher, Greenbacks, Jim Fisk, Rich Wilson's Lady Richardson, James Wilson & Son's dun mare Kitty and black mare Jenny, Charley Patterson's Fanny B. P., Black Frank, Harley Sain's Frank Myers, and Ira Williams' Black Doc, are all reported in good health, and a general slaughter of former records during the season of 1876 is anticipated. In running horse circles Mr. Joseph Lewark, in addition to his five-year-old gelding Modoc, by Muggins out of Sunshine, by Engineer, and his lightning short-distance horse, Uncle Ned, will have a couple of fine three-year-old thoroughbred fillies. Ira Williams is negotiating for a couple of royally-bred youngsters, and talks of starting an aged stallion that has already made faster time than 1:44. Dr. Kinsler's Tom Walker, the son of Renfro's Lexington and Ada Bennett, by Bonnie Laddie, is wintering well, and will be on hand for business again in the spring; and Cale Mate's Young Lambda will convince turfites that it takes a racehorse to beat him at any distance.

ST. JULIEN. We have heretofore called attention to the wonderful powers of the colt St. Julien, owned by James Galway, Esq., of this city, and his fourth victory at Springfield last week more than justified our predictions of his great speed. In the fifth heat of this race he trotted from the quarter to the half-mile pole in 33 seconds—a 2:12 gait, and came home on the last half in 1:09, jogging down the homestretch. He is certainly able to beat 2:18 on a good track, and we do no injustice to the claims of others in saying that he is the most promising green horse that the season has developed. He has started in four races thus far, and in each case he has been the victor—another great triumph for the Volunteer and Clay cross.

READER, Oxford, Mass.—D. F. bets that Goldsmith Maid wins first money. A. L. took the field. Goldsmith Maid was drawn; the field won the race. Who wins the money? *Answer.*—The bet is a draw.

'FRISCO, San Francisco, Cal.—Please decide the following bet, and oblige a constant reader: A bets B that he can beat him jumping. They jump and make a tie; who wins? *Answer.*—It is a draw.

RIDGEWOOD, N. Y.—Did Hiram Woodruff ever drive Lady Emma on Prospect Fair Grounds? If so, in what year? *Answer.*—Hiram Woodruff died before the Prospect Park course was opened.

K. F., Franklin, Pa.—Can a game of checkers be blocked without either party losing a man? *Answer.*—It can.

A. M., Riceville, Pa.—It was a typographical error. The correct time of Dexter is 2:17¼.

Where the words "second money" appear [illegible] a horse, the meaning is that that horse [illegible] money without earning a record, and that the competitor won in three straight heats. Horses that win [illegible] second money are [illegible] "second money" unless they have also earned a record in this [illegible] race.

Horse.	*Place and Date.*	*Time.*
Smuggler	Hartford, Ct.	2:23½, 2:21½, 2:22
Sensation	Sept. 16	Match.
Susie	Jersey City	2:42½, 2:45½, 2:44
Don	Sept. 13	Second money.
Sallie	Dover, L. I.	2:20¾, 2:22½, 2:20
Sleepy George	Sept. 17 — saddle	2:24
Shylock	Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 16	2:50, 2:49¼, 2:50¾
Lady Van	Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 16	2:45¼, 2:44¾, 2:46
Prince	Poughkeepsie	2:36½, 2:37½, 2:37½
New Berlin Girl	N. Y., Sept. 16	2:36¼
Jennie F.	Kingston, N. Y.	2:35, 2:38, 2:39
Martha Washington	Sept. 14	2:38
Rosa Belle		2:39
Frank Munson	Kingston, N. Y.	2:35, 2:34, 2:34
Carrie	Sept. 14	Second money.
Geneva	Kingston, N. Y.	2:40, 2:38, 2:39
Silas Rich	Sept. 15	Second money.
Jack Draper	Kingston, N. Y.	2:31, 2:31, 2:31½
Clifton Boy	Sept. 15	Second money.
Fannie	Boston, Mass.	3:32, 3:28, 3:17
Lady Gray	Sept. 9	3:57
Maggie S	Boston, Mass.	2:48, 2:49½, 2:48
Honest Billy	Sept. 9	2:49½
Riverdale	Boston, Mass.	2:54, 2:49, 2:49
Timid	Sept. 11	2:56
Royal Charley		2:51½
Hero	Boston, Mass.	2:33, 2:31, 2:35
Lizzie Keeler	Sept. 15	2:34¼, 2:35
Lady Snell	Boston, Mass.	2:32½, 2:27½, 2:30½
Ben Smith	Sept. 15	2:28½
Sleepy George	Boston, Mass.	2:26, 2:27, 2:27
Sallie	Sept. 15, saddle	2:2[illegible]
Thomas Jefferson	Boston, Mass.	2:26, 2:25½, 2:26
Commonwealth	Sept. 14	2:27
Unknown	Boston, Mass.	2:32, 2:26½, 2:27½
Slasher	Sept. 16-17	Second money.
Honest Billy	Boston, Mass.	2:[illegible], 2:44½
Nellie	Sept. 17	2:37, dist.
Belle of Lexington	Boston, Mass.	3:01, 2:54, 2:52½
Ned	Sept. 17	Match.
Palmer Boy	Boston, Mass.	2:42½, 2:41, 2:43
Neva	Sept. 17	0:00
Baby Boy	Boston, Mass.	2:39, 2:37, 2:40
Ben Smith	Sept. 17	2:38
Camerine	Rhinebeck, N. Y.	2:58, 2:56, 2:56
Undine	Sept. 10	2:54½
Register Boy	Rhinebeck, N. Y.	2:45, 2:43¼, 2:45
Prince	Sept. 10	2:43½
Young Dexter	Rhinebeck, N. Y.	2:50, 2:51, 2:45
Silas Wright	Sept. 10	2:52
Lady Hallett	Rhinebeck, N. Y.	2:52, 2:57, 2:53
Carrie	Sept. 9	0:00—3d heat
Sleepy Mary	Chatham, N. Y.	2:42, 2:41, 2:40
Flora	Sept. 4	Second money.
Louise	Chatham, N. Y.	3:00, 3:00, 3:01
Frank Allen	Sept. 4	Second money.
Bill Allen	Columbus, O.	2:48, 2:54
Jim Gerrin	Sept. 8	2:53
Nellie Bouton		2:51—hts.
London Belle and Mate	Columbus, O.	2:50, 2:45, 2:50
Pat & Little Roan	Sept. 8	2:46, 2:48
Marksman & Tornado		2:52
St. Lawrence	Columbus, O.	2:31, 2:33¼, 2:33
Mohawk Jr.	Sept. 9	2:32½
Joe Hooper		2:31½
Swindle	Columbus, O.	2:40, 2:40, 2:45
Lady Bashaw	Sept. 9	2:39
Minnie Pearce		2:36
Sorrel Billy	Columbus, O.	2:31, 2:32, 2:34½
Sleepy Tom	Sept. 10, pacing	Second money
Kate Campbell	Columbus, O.	2:37½, 2:36½, 2:36
Red Oak	Sept. 10	2:37½
Silversides		0:00
Modesty	White Plains	2:40, 2:41, 2:44
Billy Erven	N. Y., Sept. 9	2:40, 2:39
Alonzo		2:40
Panic	Burlington, Vt.	3:18½, 3:20½, 3:11½
Mary C.	Sept. 8	Second
Gray Bill	Burlington, Vt.	2:44½, 2:44, 2:45
St. Lawrence Boy	Sept. 8	2:44
Betty Bowles		2:42½
Kitty	Burlington, Vt.	2:52, 2:51½, 2:50½
Bay Jim	Sept. 9	2:51
Kitty Cook	Burlington, Vt.	2:38, 2:38½, 2:42
Ned Forrest	Sept. 9	2:38½, 2:39
Gray Bill		2:38½
Bay	Westchester, Pa.	2:41½, 2:45, 2:46
Garth	Sept. 9	2:42½
Maggie M	Westchester, Pa.	2:40½, 2:43½, 2:43½
Lillie Jackson	Sept. 9	Second money
Star	Westchester, Pa.	2:38, 2:41½, 2:33½
Princess	Sept. 9	Second money
T. A.	Westchester, Pa.	2:42, 2:40, 2:38
Joe Pettit	Sept. 11	2:38½
Delaware	Westchester, Pa.	2:36½, 2:38½, 2:38
Slow Go	Sept. 11	2:37
Maggie M	Westchester, Pa.	2:42¼, 2:43¼, 2:45½
Gipsy Maid	Sept. 11	2:47¼
Hannah D.	Westchester, Pa.	2:31, 2:35¼, 2:36
White Cloud	Sept. 11	2:34¼, 2:32½
Meg Allen	Middlebury, Vt.	3:07, 3:05
Blackbird	Sept. 8	Heats
Maggie	Middlebury, Vt.	2:52½, 2:50, 2:51
Nellie Haight	Sept. 8	2:50
Maggie	Middlebury, Vt.	2:47½, 3:00, 2:50
Blackbird	Sept. 9	Second money
Judge Waite	Cleveland, O.	2:36¼, 2:35½, 2:37
Alice	Sept. 14	Second money
Frank	Cleveland, O.	2:28½, 2:31, 2:27½
Lady Mack	Sept. 14	2:25
Ella Wilson		2:31¼
Honest John	Rockville, Md.	3:02, 2:59¾, 3:04
Gen. McArthur	Sept. 10	Second money
Hoosier Dick	Logansport, Ind.	2:38, 2:35, 2:32
Selam	Sept. 8	Second money
Lady H	Davenport, Ia.	2:54½, 2:56½, 2:57
Jim Lane	Sept. 8	Second money
Billy Denton	Davenport, Ia.	2:53, 2:57, 2:48½
West Liberty	Sept. 8	Stallions
Lady H	Davenport, Ia.	2:53¼, 2:52½, 2:54½
Topsey	Sept. 10	Second money
Sealskin	Davenport, Ia.	2:41, 2:43½, 2:49½
Badger	Sept. 10, pacing	2:37¼
Oak Grove Girl	Davenport, Ia.	2:37½, 2:36½, 2:36
Kitty Stratton	Sept. 10	2:35¼
Harry Logan	Davenport, Ia.	2:44½, 2:46½, 2:46½
West Liberty	Sept. 11	2:47
Tanner Boy	Davenport, Ia.	2:34½, 2:36¼, 2:34
Cosette	Sept. 11	Second money
Clover	Washington Hollow	2:44½, 2:44, 2:43½
J. H. Weeks	N. Y., Sept. 15	2:45½
Undine	Washington Hollow	2:56½, 2:51½, 2:45½
Fred Smith	Sept. 15	Second money
Gray Stranger	Middletown, Ct.	3:04, 3:06, 3:08½
Razor	Sept. 15	3:05½
Billy	Middletown, Ct.	2:42, 2:39½, 2:37½
Eva May	Sept. 15	Pacing
Lady Ross	Philadelphia, Pa.	5:46½, 5:35½
Hunter	Sept. 7—match	2-mile heats
Hunter	Philadelphia, Pa.	14:15
Lady Ross	Sept. 13—match	5-mile dash
Palmer	N'hampton, Mass	2:42, 2:41, 2:41
Neva	Sept. 11	Second money
Ben Smith	N'hampton, Mass	2:37, 2:36, 2:35
May Bee	Sept. 11	2:35, 2:39
Flora		2:37
H. B.	W'ddington, N. Y.	2:55, 2:57, 2:55
Nellie Grant	Sept. 5	Second money
Lucy	Sandy Hill, N. Y.	2:50, 2:50, 2:54
Lambert Knox	Sept. 11	2:50, 2:54
Flora Lee	Sandy Hill, N. Y.	2:37, 2:45, 2:46
Nellie Webster	Sept. 11	2:42, 2:42
Joe Lytle	Pittsburg, Pa.	2:53¼, 2:53, 2:54
Lady Lawrence	Sept. 7	Second money
Hoop Iron	Pittsburg, Pa.	3:01, 3:02, 3:03
Annie E.	Sept. 7	Match
Lydia Jane	B'lston Spa, N. Y.	3:27¼, 3:23¼, 3:16
Fred	Sept. 7	4-year colts
Sam	B'lston Spa, N. Y.	2:50, 2:51, 2:52
Johnny	Sept. 9	2:45
Dan	B'lston Spa, N. Y.	2:51, 2:55, 2:36
Ben Watson	Sept. 9	2:53, 2:55½
Grub		2:50, 2:54
Sam	B'lston Spa, N. Y.	2:45, 2:47, 2:47
Pickles	Sept. 9	2:45, 2:47
Dave		2:41½
Iowa Maid	St. Joseph, Mo.	2:36¼, 2:35½, 2:48
Kansas Girl	Sept. 7	Second money
John Bender	St. Joseph, Mo.	2:42½, 2:43½, 2:45½
Neil	Sept. 8	2:46, 2:45
Little Nell	St. Joseph, Mo.	2:46, 2:48
Legal Tender	Sept. 9	2:39, dist.
White Stockings	St. Joseph, Mo.	2:33½, 2:31, 2:34½
Frank Reeves	Sept. 10	Second money
Mill Boy	Gouverneur, N. Y.	2:58, 2:53, 2:53
Croft	Sept. 7	Second money
Flora Lee	Ft. Edward, N. Y.	2:40, 2:43, 2:46
Nellie Webster	Sept. 10	2:42, 2:42
Lucy	Ft. Edward, N. Y.	2:50, 2:51, 2:54
Lambert Knox	Sept. 11	2:50, 2:54
Favorite	Syracuse, N. Y.	2:39, 2:42½, 2:39
Jup Abdallah	Sept. 7	Second money
Beatman	Syracuse, N. Y.	2:31½, 2:31½, 2:37
Frank Munson	Sept. 7	Second money
Sam West	Syracuse, N. Y.	2:31½, 2:31¼, 2:30
Jack Draper	Sept. 8	2:32, 2:29
Jup. Abdallah	Syracuse, N. Y.	2:42, 2:46, 2:49
Gen. Grant	Sept. 9	2:45, 2:41½
Tarlton	Syracuse, N. Y.	2:35, 2:31½, 2:34
Clifton Boy	Sept. 9	Second money
Charley	Syracuse, N. Y.	2:38½, 2:41, 2:36
Northwood	Sept. 9, 11	2:41½, 2:39½
Sister		2:36½, 2:31½
Favorite	Syracuse, N. Y.	2:37, 2:35, 2:39
Unknown	Sept. 11	Second money
Frank J.	Syracuse, N. Y.	2:31½, 2:30, 2:31
Eva	Sept. 11	2:31
Gayo	Martinsburg	2:43½, 2:42½, 2:43
Bay Billy	W. Va., Sept. 10	Second money
Sam	Martinsburg, Va.	2:52½, 2:45, 2:42
Oakland	Sept. 10	Second money
Joe Hooker	Gardiner, Me.	2:35, 2:35, 2:37
Messenger Knox	Sept. 8	2:31¼, 2:32½
Dr. Franklin	Gardiner, Me.	3:00, 2:51½, 2:57
Star King	Sept. 9	Second money
Combination	Gardiner, Me.	2:44½, 2:45½, 2:42½
Millinocket	Sept. 9	2:44, 2:42½
Frank Palmer	Gardiner, Me.	2:36½, 2:35½, 2:35½
Baby Boy	Sept. 9	Second money
Medoc	Milwaukee, Wis.	2:42½, 2:40½, 2:43
Golden Farmer	Sept. 8	2:42, 2:40
Calvin		0:00
Phil Sheridan, g.	Milwaukee, Wis.	2:30, 2:30½, 2:30
Badger Girl	Sept. 9	2:28, 2:26½
Golden Farmer	Milwaukee, Wis.	2:46, 2:44, 2:41½
Fanny	Sept. 10	Second money
Sleepy John	Marietta, O.	2:54½, 2:52½, 2:51½
Pink	Sept. 8	Second money
Lady Wag	Marietta, O.	2:49, 2:47½, 2:54½
Sweet William	Sept. 8	Second money
Brandon	Marietta, O.	3:18, 3:13, 3:15
Annie Cleveland	Sept. 8	4-yr-olds
Johnnie	Manchester, N.	2:39½, 2:39½, 2:39½
Col. Dean	H., Sept. 8	2:39½
Wilson Boy	Manchester, N.	2:43½, 2:44½, 2:47½
Mary	H., Sept. 9	2:45½
Joe Ripley	Manchester, N.	2:32, 2:33½, 2:32
Langdon	H., Sept. 9	Second money
Stranger	Brookfield, Mass.	2:54, 2:54, 3:02
Bay Tom		2:54
Lady Jenk	Sept. 11	2:55
Bush Boy	Brookfield, Mass.	2:54, 2:51½, 2:55
Nellie	Sept. 11	2:52, 2:55
Live Oak	Sturbridge	2:55, 2:54, 2:54½
Gray Cloud	Mass., Sept. 9	Stallions
Nellie	Sturbridge	2:51, 2:47, 2:50
Bush Boy	Mass., Sept. 9	Second money
Lantern	Sturbridge	2:55, 2:56, 3:00
Bay Tom		2:52, 2:54
Jim	Mass., Sept. 10, 11	2:57, 2:54
Unknown		2:55
Dan	Sturbridge	2:41, 2:41, 2:40
Little Romp	Mass., Sept. 10, 11	Second money
Neva	Northampton	2:42½, 2:45, 2:41
Palmer Boy	Mass., Sept. 8	Second money
Sleepy Jerry	Northampton	2:34½, 2:34½, 2:35½
Com. Bainbridge	Mass., Sept. 8	Second money
Lady Bonner	Northampton	2:42, 2:45, 2:44
Chalktine	Mass., Sept. 9	2:43, 2:43
Sleepy Jerry	Northampton	2:34, 2:34, 2:35½
Com. Bainbridge	Mass., Sept. 9	Second money
Silverheels	Jacksonville, Ill.	2:40, 2:43, 2:54
Proctor	Sept. 8	2:48, 2:42½
Honest John	Jacksonville, Ill.	2:40, 2:41½, 2:46
Mary B	Sept. 10	Second money
Sleepy George	Bloomington, Ill.	2:48, 2:39½
Minnie	Sept. 7	Pacing—hts
Harry Parker	Bloomington, Ill.	2:47½, 2:42½
Little Mose	Sept. 8	Heats
Tom Wonder	Bloomington, Ill.	2:40½, 2:43½
Harry Parker	Sept. 8	Heats
Harpole	Bloomington, Ill.	2:49½, 2:49½
Western Maid	Sept. 10	Heats
Defiance	Bloomington, Ill.	2:59, 3:00
Little	Sept. 11	Heats
Redwood	Bloomington, Ill.	2:49½, 2:51
Topsey	Sept. 7	0:00—hts

WILKINS MICAWBER.

In writing of Wilkins Micawber, the splendid stock horse owned by Major Thomas Morton, of the Woodlawn Farm, near Newburgh, Orange County, N. Y., we have no opportunity to refer to brilliant performances on the turf, nor to point to a long line of illustrious progeny. The horse has never trotted in a race, and he is too young in the stud to become famous through his produce. But if there is value to be attached to the most approved breeding, appearance, and style, and the promise of the get of a stallion, we know of no horse in the country who is entitled to rank Wilkins Micawber. Like the celebrated character from whom his name was obtained, he is waiting for something to turn up in the way of wonderful flights of speed by his offspring, in order to obtain his meed of celebrity; but we hazard little in predicting that, given health and life, he is certain to become famous. Wilkins Micawber belongs to the blue blood among trotting families, being sired by "the old horse," Rysdyk's Hambletonian out of Lady Brown, by Seely's American Star, first dam by Nigger Lance, son of Lance. He was foaled June 24, 1868, and bred by Charles Backman, Esq., of Stony Ford, Orange County, N. Y. He was purchased from Mr. Backman by Major Morton in March, 1871, the price paid for him being $7,000. He is a dark bay, with four white ankles, and a white stripe on face, and stands 15.3. His form is such as to leave nothing to be desired. Many good horsemen have looked him over with the utmost care, only to say that they could find no possible fault with him. He is, certainly, a grand horse, combining all the approved trotting points. His history may be briefly written: in 1872, he did service in the stud up to July 29. August 1, he was sent to Carl S. Burr's, and trained for nine weeks, after which Burr trotted him a mile in 2:44, and repeated in 2:42¾, enough to show that he had abundance of speed, as he was then only four years old. From that time he was not speeded until last September, at the Poughkeepsie Driving Park fall meeting, when, by permission of the judges, he was let out for portions of a mile. Everyone present who was a good judge of time, said he trotted better than a 2:25 gait, and some estimated his speed as low as 2:20. A few days after this, he was entered for competition as a stock horse for roadsters at the Eastern New York Fair, Albany, and received the first premium. Madame Felter, a broodmare, by Happy Medium out of Virgo, who is full-sister of Satinet the dam of Messenger Duroc, with colt by Wilkins Micawber at her side, was also entered at this fair, and received first premium; while Bravo, a two-year-old colt, and the first get of Wilkins Micawber, was equally fortunate. After the awards a gentleman offered Major Morton $25,000 for his stallion, and subsequently increased the offer to $35,000, on condition that the horse should show a 2:25 gait, but both offers were declined, his owner not desiring to sell him. Wilkins Micawber has now had four seasons in the stud, and has fully demonstrated that he is a remarkably sure foal-getter. In 1872 he served seventeen mares, and the produce was thirteen colts and fillies; in 1873, served twenty-five mares, product twenty-one; in 1874, served thirty-one, product twenty-five. Of fourteen mares, belonging to Major Morton, served by Wilkins in 1873, all but one produced. These figures speak for themselves. Although Wilkins Micawber is still so young a sire, his fame is rapidly spreading abroad through the remarkable promise of his progeny. Gen. W. T. Withers, of Lexington, Ky., for instance, bought a mare, which bore a colt-foal last season. It was so fine a colt that Gen. Withers made inquiries as to its sire, who proved to be Major Morton's horse. In his catalogue of sale this year, Gen. Withers says in a foot-note: "Lady Simmons produced last year a brown colt, by Major Thomas Morton's Hambletonian stallion, Wilkins Micawber, that, without exception, *has the most wonderful trotting action* I have ever seen in any colt." Language could not be much stronger than that. Robert James, a well-known breeder, near St. Catharines, Ont., has a yearling colt by Wilkins Micawber, which he exchanged a broodmare named Lady Gilbert for, and which, he claims, is the best colt in all Canada. Last week we made a flying visit to Major Morton's farm, and that day he received a letter from the owner of a fine mare in New Orleans, who desires to breed her to Major M.'s stallion in preference to any other Orange County horse. These things show that he is already attaining wide celebrity. His kindness of disposition is a most prominent characteristic of Wilkins Micawber, and he bequeaths it to his get. A stranger can go into his stable, and handle him all over without danger, and we found the same to be true of all the colts and fillies we saw at Woodlawn. The oldest is less than three years old, but all, even the weanlings, have the unmistakable trotting action, and the cleanest and most muscular limbs we remember to have seen on any lot of youngsters. The Major is enthusiastic about his horse, but, we think, his enthusiasm is fully justified. In a very short time, when his children begin to engage in turf contests, we expect to hear the name of Wilkins Micawber blazoned triumphantly abroad. His son Bravo is entered for the Extra Breeders' Stakes, for three-year-olds, to be trotted at either Albany or Poughkeepsie, Sept. 19, 1876, and although he will compete with the best bred colts in the country, we expect that he will give a good account of himself. Our picture is from a photograph taken two years ago, and since then the horse has developed much in bone and muscle.

LEXINGTON.

Lexington was bred by Dr. Warfield, of Lexington, Ky., in 1850, and was by Boston (the greatest of Timoleon's sons) out of Alice Carneal, by imp. Sarpedon, grandam Rowena, by Sumpter; great grandam Lady Gray, by Robin Gray. His first appearance on the turf was under the name of Darley, at the Lexington, Ky., Association Spring Meeting, in 1853, in a race of mile-heats for a stake for three-year-olds, ten horses out of the twenty-six nominations going to the post. The track was very heavy, and a shower of rain fell just before the start for the first heat. A false start took place, in which most of the horses ran the course. Lexington won the first heat, distancing Fanny Fern, Vandal, Jim Barton, and five others, indeed, all the field with the exception of Wild Irishman. He won the second heat easily, and, three days afterwards, he won the two-mile-heat race at the same meeting; John Harper's filly Midway, by Boston, taking the second heat. He was then purchased by Mr. Ten Broeck, who had detected the latent racing powers of the colt in his maiden race, and was convinced that in him he had secured a wonderful racehorse. So assured was Mr. Ten Broeck of this, that he did not hesitate to match him, at three years old, against the widely-famous four-year-old filly Sally Waters, by imp. Glencoe out of Maria Black, by Filho da Puta, then considered invincible over a distance of ground; the party owning the filly staking $5,000 to Mr. Ten Broeck's $3,500 for a race of three-mile heats. It was run on the Metairie Course, New Orleans, December 2, 1853, over a heavy track; Lexington (for Mr. Ten Broeck had so renamed him after his purchase), won the first heat in 6:23¼ with great ease, and distanced Sally Waters in the second heat in 6:24½, the Alabamians going home without a dollar. His next engagement was in the three-year-old stakes at New Orleans, January 7, 1854, two-mile-heats, in which, however, he paid forfeit, as he was entered for the Great State Post Stake, for all ages, run over the Metairie Course, April 1, 1854. In this stake, ridden by Henri Melchon, he represented Kentucky, while Lecomte, by Boston out of Reel, with Abe in the saddle, appeared as the champion of Mississippi; Highlander, by imp. Glencoe out of Castanet, as the representative of Alabama; and Arrow (ridden by Gilpatrick) by Boston out of Jeannetteau, for Louisiana. The course was heavy, but all kinds of tracks were alike to Lexington, who won the race in two heats in 8:08¾—8:04; Lecomte second in both, while Arrow was distanced in the first heat, and Highlander in the second. He next met his great rival, Lecomte, seven days afterwards, when they came together on the same course for the Club Purse of Minerel, also starting. It was now that Lexington encountered his one solitary defeat during his turf career, for Lecomte, who carried three pounds overweight, beat him in two heats in 7:26—7:28¾, the time of the first heat being the fastest then on record; Reube being distanced in the second heat. Mr. Ten Broeck was so satisfied of Lexington's ability to beat the time made by Lecomte, that he offered to match him either against that horse or against his record of 7:26. After some negotiation, a match was made for $20,000, Lexington to beat the fastest time at four miles, being 7:26, over the Metairie Course, New Orleans. The race came off on Monday, April 2, 1855; Lexington (then four years old by Southern rules, but five years by Northern computation), carrying 103 lbs., or 3 lbs. extra, and having Gilpatrick in the saddle. The track had been specially prepared for the race, and the horse was allowed a running start. He made the first mile in 1:47¼; the second, in 1:52¼; the third, in 1:51¼; and the fourth, in 1:48¾—total, 7:19¾. This record for nineteen years remained unapproached and unequaled until beaten last August at Saratoga, by his own grandson Fellowcraft, in 7:19¼. Three weeks afterwards, April 24, 1855, Lexington and Lecomte again encountered each other for the Club Purse of $1,000, with an inside stake of $2,500 each, four-mile heats, over the same classic course, and now Lexington obtained a decisive victory, winning the first heat in 7:23¾, after which Lecomte was drawn. This was Lexington's last race on the turf, his future brilliant honors having to be gained at the stud. He broke down soon after his race with Lecomte, and Mr. R. J. Alexander purchased him for the stud from Mr. Ten Broek for $15,000. From his loins have sprung a long and illustrious line of turf monarchs; his blood "nicking" happily with that of every other cross, native or imported, but its union with that of Glencoe is, perhaps, its crowning glory. Space would fail to enumerate all his renowned descendants, but among them are Norfolk, Asteroid, Idlewild, Lightning, Lancaster, Harry Bassett, Kingfisher, Kentucky, Baywood, Bayonet, Daniel Boone, Preakness, Monarchist, Acrobat, Judge Curtis, Vauxhall, Foster, Tom Bowling, Wanderer, and many others. The name of Lexington will be forever green in the annals of the American turf.

LEAMINGTON.

Leamington, who, since the death of the great Lexington, stands confessedly at the head of thoroughbred stallions in America, was bred in England by Mr. W. Halford, in the year 1853. He was by Faugh-a-Ballagh (a son of Sir Hercules and Guiccioli, and the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger and Cesarewitch Stakes in 1844), dam by Pantaloon out of Daphne, by Laurel. He made his first appearance on the turf in 1855, as a two-year-old, in the Woodcote Stakes at Warwick, which he won. He next ran unsuccessfully in the Robin Hood and Bunney Park Stakes at Nottingham, and the Convivial Produce Stakes at York, but at the Derby meeting he carried off the Chesterfield Stakes. In these engagements he ran in the colors of Mr. F. Higgins, who had purchased him from Mr. Halford, and was trained by Edwin Parr. His first race at three years old was in the Epsom Derby, for which he had been heavily backed by his stable, on the strength of a very high trial; but the day before the race he went amiss, having been attacked by the strangles, and was beaten, Ellington winning the race. Beyond winning the Wrottesley Stakes at Wolverhampton, the Town Plate at Warwick, and the Steward's Cup at Shrewsbury, Leamington did nothing that season, being beaten in six small handicaps. He was, however, in the hands of a clever but unscrupulous party, who were awaiting their opportunity for effecting a great turf *coup*, and which soon arrived. By their peculiar tactics in running him they had blinded the handicappers to his real racing merits, and for the Chester Cup of 1857, being then four years old, he was only weighted with 93 lbs. His stable backed him at long odds to win a heavy stake, and, starting second favorite to Commotion, at 6 to 1, in a field of thirty-five horses, he won with the greatest ease. At Ascot he was not placed for the Gold Cup, won by Skirmisher; but at Goodwood, with the long odds of 100 to 3 against him, and carrying 118 lbs., he won the Goodwood Stakes, two miles and a half, from a field of eighteen opponents, among whom were Fisherman, Gunboat, and Pretty Boy. At the same meeting he carried 131 lbs. in the Chesterfield Cup, but failed to get a place, and at Egham he was beaten by Fisherman in the Queen's Plate. His party now reserved him for another great *coup*, and only started him once at five years old, with 130 lbs. up, in the Cesarewitch Stakes at Newmarket, where he ran unplaced to Rocket, a three-year-old, to whom he was conceding 42 lbs. In the Chester Cup of 1859 we find Leamington, six-years old, entered and handicapped at 114 lbs., and his clever party backed him to win an immense stake, so confident were they of his ability to win. He started first favorite at 5 to 1, in a field of thirty-three starters, among them Prioress, 5 years, with 103 lbs.; Fisherman, 6 years, 126 lbs.; Roman Candle (winner of the Goodwood Stakes the year before), 5 years, 120 lbs.; Lifeboat, Rogerthorpe (winner of the Goodwood Cup in 1856), Polestar, Underband, and many other good horses; and he beat them all in a canter by two lengths. He next ran at Ascot for the Queen's Gold Vase, carrying 131 lbs., and was second to Schism, 3 years, with 97 lbs. up. At Goodwood he ran unplaced to The Promised Land, for the Cup, which was his last race, as he broke down in his preparation for The Whip, four miles and a furlong, at Newmarket, for which he had challenged in the spring. He was then sent to the stud, and made his first season, in 1860, at Rawcliffe Stud Paddocks, near York, in company with Newminster. Here he stood for five years, but he was not regarded as a successful stallion owing doubtless to his powers having been overtaxed in his early career at the stud. In 1865 he was purchased for 1,500 guineas, by Mr. R. W. Cameron, of this city, and brought to New York. His first season was spent in Kentucky, at Gen. A. Buford's and although he only had thirteen mares he got twelve foals, among them Longfellow, Lynchburg, Littleton, Enquirer, Miss Alice, and Anna Mace, all distinguished racers, and two, at least, among them equal to any that ever trod the American turf. His next three seasons were spent at Staten Island, but he had very few mares—Eolus, Elsie, and Inverary, being the best of his produce. In the fall of 1869, Mr. A. Welch, of Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, purchased Leamington from Mr. Cameron, since which time he has attained the height of his fame as a sire of racers—Reform, Nettie Norton, Ida Wells, Olitipa, Aristides, Rhadamanthus, James A. Hyder, Ali, Milner, Katie Pearce, Lelaps, Bob Woolley, Parole, Faithless, and Minnie, all distinguished performers on the turf, claiming him as their sire. In color he is a dark brown, and stands sixteen hands two inches in heighth. The portrait we give is an excellent likeness of this renowned racehorse and sire of racers.

BODINE.

The famous trotting gelding Bodine was foaled in June, 1865, being sired by Volunteer out a strong, coarse-looking mare by Harry Clay. He was bred by Alder Goldsmith, of Orange County, N. Y., and was not broken to single harness until he was coming five years old. His owner soon discovered that he was a superior trotter, and he showed good speed from the outset. In the autumn of 1869, he won the five-year-old race at Goshen Fair easily, his best time being 2:45¼. Sept. 19, 1870, he started in a race at Fleetwood, which he won over Belle of Oneida, Constance, Nettie Morris, and Joe, in 2:31, 2:30¼, 2:33, and 2:30¾, the third heat being dead between him and Belle of Oneida. This race made a reputation for Bodine, and stamped him as a coming trotter. Immediately after it he was taken with the epizootic, and had it quite severely, but, nevertheless, trotted several races before going into winter quarters, and was beaten but once. He was turned out for the winter, and taken up in the spring, when he looked strong and showed good speed, but was sold to his present owner, Mr. H. C. Goodrich, of Chicago, before he had a trial, which gentleman took him West. The change of Mr. Goodrich placed him in the hands of William Johnson, who has had charge of him ever since, and during that season he won several good races, making eight heats better than 2:30, and getting a record of 2:25½ on a slow track. In 1874, he attained the prominence he now holds. His campaign was begun at Freeport, Ill., June 6, where he won in three straight heats over Pilot Temple and others, in 2:31¾—2:26—2:27¼. He entered the grand Quadrilateral at Cleveland, and in this first race of the series for the 2:24 class he won the first heat, in 2:22¾, but was beaten by Lula in the next three heats. From this on he was the winner of every race in which he was engaged with horses of his own class, his only defeat during the remainder of the season being at Hartford, where he won the first heat, in 2:21, but was obliged to lower his colors to his half brother, Gloster—no disgrace, as it was all in the family. During the season he won twenty-five heats better than 2:30, and crowned himself with a laurel wreath that can never fade. His best heat of the year, 2:19¼, was made at Beacon Park, in a second heat. He began the 1875 campaign finely, winning a match against time, and beating Judge Fullerton, at East Saginaw, in 2:19¾—2:20—2:21¼—2:21, the second heat being credited to Judge Fullerton. This was his last and greatest public performance, 2:19¼ being his present record. He hit his ankle at Grand Rapids, which lamed him a little, but not seriously; but a few weeks later, after the wound had healed, he suddenly grew worse, and had to be drawn from his engagements. We are happy to state that he has now entirely recovered, and we look for him among the foremost trotters next season.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Thomas Jefferson is justly one of the most celebrated and popular stallions in the country, his fame depending equally upon his success in the stud and his victories on the racecourse. He is an extraordinarily handsome black stallion, without a white spot on him, standing over 15¼ hands. He was bred by Mr. T. J. Vail, of Hartford, Conn., but was purchased by his present owner, W. B. Smith, Esq., of the same city, for $500, before he was foaled, and seldom is a more advantageous speculation made. Thomas Jefferson was got by Toronto Chief, son of Royal George, out of the famous old mare Gipsey Queen, one of the gameet ever known. He first appeared on the turf in 1866, as a three-year-old, winning four capital races, and making a record of 2:52¼. In 1867, he won several races, and reduced his record to 2:42¾. The next year he was occupied in the stud. In 1870 he became famous, winning nine races, and reducing his record to 2:29¾, which he greatly improved in the following year, winning five races, and trotting a mile in 2:25¼. This was the first season during the early part of which he was not in the stud. From 1871 to 1874 he did little trotting, being used for stock purposes; but the large purses for stallions in the latter year tempted him out, and he was entered in the $10,000 race of that class, although he had served fifty-three mares during the spring and early summer, and went into training only twenty-seven days before the race. His victory on that occasion is a matter of history. The struggle was for blood throughout, between Smuggler, Mambrino Gift, and Thomas Jefferson, and resulted in the latter winning the victory, though it required six heats. He trotted a waiting race, Smuggler winning the first two heats, in 2:22¼—2:20¾, and Mambrino Gift the third, in 2:22¼. The black stallion now put in his work, and his superior powers of endurance enabled him to capture the last three heats, in 2:23¾—2:25¼, and 2:28¼. His time in the first three heats, as privately kept, was 2:22½—2:22½—2:23¾. Soon after this famous race he became lame, and was unable to start in the race for the championship at Boston last year, which was won by Smuggler. This year he was again in the stud during the early part of the season, but later trotted several races, being generally successful, and beating such good ones as Sensation, St. James, Young Bruno, Comee, Bella, Molsey, and John H., and winning the championship stallion race at Mystic Park. His record was lowered to 2:23, at which figure it now stands. Thomas Jefferson is one of the purest-gaited horses on thetrotting turf, and is a perfect picture of grace when in action. His disposition is perfection, and, as a sire, he has few equals.

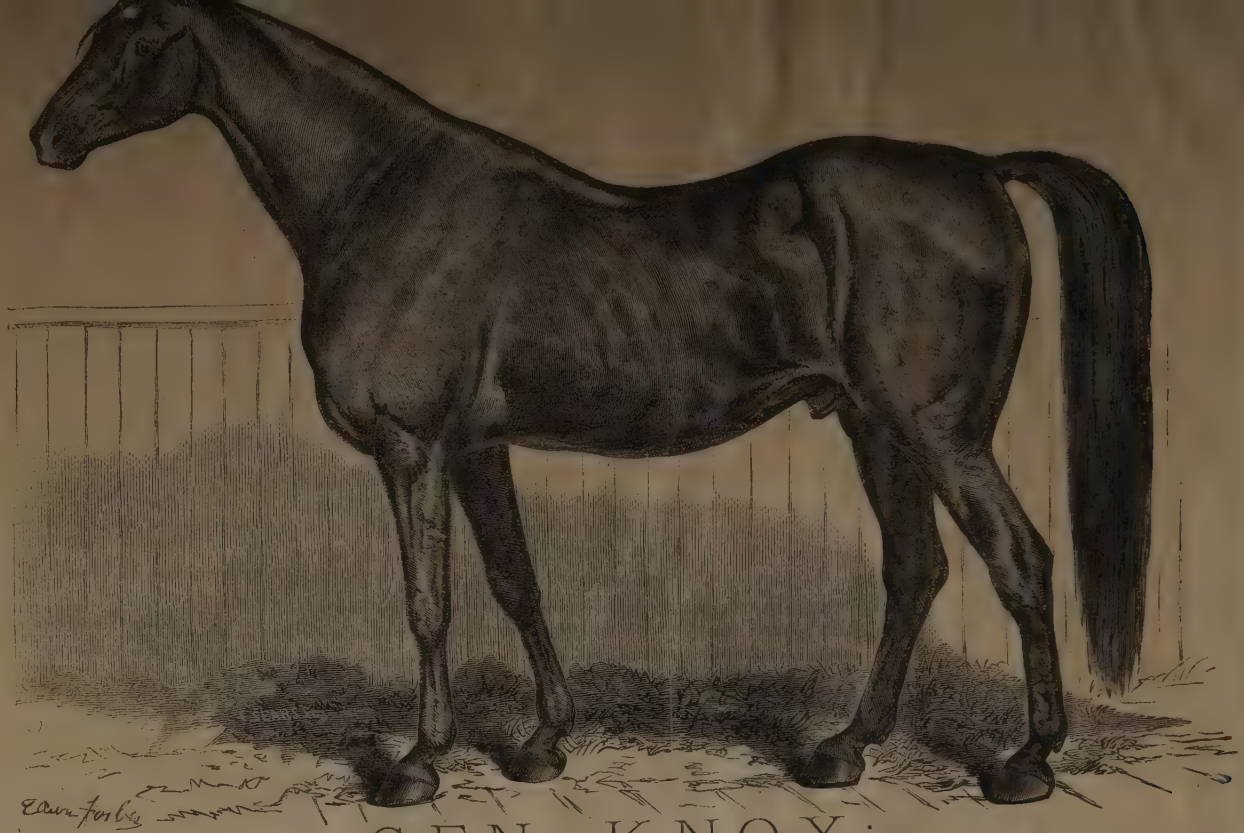
SMUGGLER.

Smuggler, the winner of the great race for the stallion championship at Boston, in Sept., 1874, whose life-like portrait we give elsewhere, is the property of Col. H. S. Russell, of Boston. He is a mahogany bay, fifteen hands three inches in height, has a small white blaze ending wide on the front of the nose; short but strong back, slightly drooping toward the tail, good loins, legs clean and muscular, with black points; hocks strong and powerful; cannon-bones short and flat, with a clean, well-cut head and muscular neck. He was bred by Mr. John Mason Morgan, near Columbus, O., and was sired by Blanco, a son of Iron's Cadmus, out of a bay pacing mare. His dam is said to have been a daughter of Blind Tuckahoe, but there is no positive evidence of this. In August, 1872, Mr. Morgan took Smuggler into Kansas, where, after three months' training, he trotted a mile in 2:30. His tendency was to the pacing gait, and he was taught to trot with much difficulty. But when he did acquire that style of going he soon created a great sensation, trotting a mile at a private trial, on the Olathe, Kansas, track, July, 1873, in 2:19¾. The fame of this performance spread rapidly through the country, and his owner brought him East, and showed him at private trial over Prospect Park Course, August 28, 1873, when his time was 2:19¾—2:21¼—2:21, the last half of the third mile being trotted in 1:09. Col. Russell then bought the horse for the alleged price of $40,000, to take the place of Fearnaught, recently deceased, at the head of his stud at the Home Farm, Milton, Mass. In order to give the public a chance to witness his speed, Col. Russell entered him for the $10,000 stallion race in Buffalo, in 1874. In this he won the first two heats, although started far behind in each, in the splendid time of 2:22¼ and 2:20¾, the last heat being the fastest stallion time made to date. His time from wire to wire, in this heat, was privately taken as 2:18¾. His efforts in closing the enormous gaps he was obliged to, were too much for him, however, and he was beaten by Mambrino Gift, in the third heat, and distanced by Thomas Jefferson in the fourth. After a few successes and failures, he achieved his crowning triumph at Mystic Park, winning the great race for the stallion championship in 2:23—2:23—2:20, the last being the fastest time ever made by a stallion, Mambrino Gift alone having equalled it. This performance is sufficient of itself to place him in the front rank of trotting stallions, and in the stud he is sure to make a great reputation.

GOVERNOR SPRAGUE.

Gov. Sprague was bred by the Hon. Amasa Sprague, of Providence, R. I. He was foaled February 24, 1871, and was got by the fast and celebrated stallion Rhode Island (formerly Dan Rice), who has a trotting record of 2:23¼ out of Belle Brandon, one of the best daughters of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, her dam by Bacchus. When a weanling, he was taken to the Kansas Stud Farm. He was broken to harness in July, 1873, but not trained. In October 1873, he was purchased by the Higbee Brothers, of Canton, Ill., for $1,500, and could then show a 2:45 gait. He was a natural trotter. His new owners did not put a harness on him until he was three years old. In 1874, he was allowed to serve eight mares, getting seven foals. He was speeded a full mile but once during the year, when he showed 2:27. He was used but little during last winter, being driven in double harness. Last May he was put for the first time into regular training. At his first trial he drew a heavy load, and marked 2:27; after this he was given but little work. Previous to the Cleveland meeting, he trotted five trial miles, and brought his time down to 2:21¼ on a half-mile track. At Cleveland he was merely jogged two miles, and then, without stopping, driven a third, in 2:26½, coming

S. W., Put-in Bay, O.—Have you anything, say work that gives the way of construction, amount of land it takes to make a mile race track. We have just received a charter for a trotting course on our island, and want some information on the subject. *Answer.*—A good mile track can be laid out as follows: Select a level field of 42 acres; draw through the centre of it a straight line of 440 yards (1/4 of a mile). On each side of this line, and at an exact distance of 140 yards from it, draw parallel lines of equal length, so that the space between the two outer lines will 280 yards. This being done, drive a stake at each end of the centre line, fasten a cord thereto; extend the cord at right angles for 140 yards, until it touches the end of the outer line, and then describe with the extreme end of the cord an outer curve or semi-circle between the ends of the two outer lines. You will then have the shape you want; the continuous outer line describing it being exactly a mile (5,280 yards) in length, divided into four sections of a quarter mile (440 yards each, and including 42 acres of ground. From this outer line of track, set the fence of the course three feet back on the straight side and curves. In this way, an exact mile (as near as may be) is preserved for the actual foot-track of all the horses. In brief, then, mark out for your course a parallelogram of 440 yards long and 280 yards wide, with curves thrown out at the ends of equal length with the sides, and you have the course you want. The first distance post is placed 60 yards from the judge's stand; the second at 240 yards; and the *start* is 60 yards before entering the turn. The track should be graded round the turns, like the track of a railroad or circus, the outer portion highest, so that a horse can extend himself at full speed as well around the turns as on the straight sides.



GEN. KNOX:

Sire of Lady Maud, Record 2:18¼; and Camors, 2:19¾.

MESSENGER DUROC:

The Sire of Prospero.—Record, 2:22½.

Sale of Mollie Smith.—This well-known mare, with public record of 2:33, foaled 1862, by Ryedyk's Hambletonian, was sold to Jacob L. Dodge, of New York, by Major Barker, on Saturday, 1st inst., for $615. $10,000 was once refused for this mare by her late owner, J. O. Smith, of Newburgh, upon her showing a half mile in 1:0[illegible]½.

S. M., Pittsburgh.—What is Lula's best record? *Answer.*—2:15. As our Pittsburgh friends seem to be mixed on this point, we will say that Lula trotted a mile at Rochester in 2:14¾, for a purse contingent on her beating 2:14; but as she failed to win, the time is not a record.

THOMAS JEFFERSON:

The Black Whirlwind of the East.

LEAMINGTON:

By Faugh-a-Ballagh Dam by Pantaloon.

J. T., East Saginaw, Mich.—Please say if the decision of the judges at our place, in 2:34 class, June 27, was correct.

First money	1	1	1
Second money	2	4	3
Third money	4	3	2

Answer.—No. Second and third money should have been lumped, and divided between the last two horses.

READER, Unadilla.—Please answer, in your next issue, which horse would be entitled to third money, from the following:

A's horse	1	1	0	4	1
B's horse	2	2	0	1	5
C's horse	5	3	0	2	2
D's horse	3	2	0	3	3

Answer.—C's horse.

G. R. B., Oberlin, O.—1. Where can I get a book on colt training, and at what price? 2. What is Occident's fastest time, and is he on the turf this year? 3. What is the fastest pacing time at a one mile heat? 4. Is this writing passable? *Answer.*—1. Hiram Woodruff's "Trotting Horse of America." We can furnish it. Price, $3.50. 2. 2:16¾. He has not trotted this year. 3. 2:14¾. 4. Yes.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind.—I made a small bet that my colt can trot in 3:00. Several of us go to track and select judges from among us. Colt trots first mile in 2:50, consequently I win the small bet; but does it give my colt a record of 2:50? *Answer.*—Yes.

J. K. E., Yanktown.—Please give me the best plan to lay out a mile track? *Answer.*—A good mile track can be laid out as follows: Select a level field of 4½ acres; draw through the centre of it a straight line of 440 yards (¼ of a mile). On each side of this line, and at an exact distance of 140 yards from it, draw parallel lines of equal length, so that the space between the two outer lines will be 280 yards. This done, drive a stake at each end of the centre line; fasten a cord thereto; extend the cord at right angles for 140 yards, until it reaches the end of the outer line, and then describe with the extreme end of the cord an outer curve or semi-circle between the ends of the two outer lines. You will then have the shape you want; the continuous outer line describing it being it being exactly a mile (1,760 yards) in length, divided into four sections of a quarter mile (440 yards) each, and inclosing 4½ acres of ground. From this outer line of track, set the fence of the course three feet back on the straight side and curves. In this way, an exact mile (as near as may be) is preserved for the actual foot-track of all the horses. In brief, then, mark out for your course a parallelogram of 440 yards long and 280 yards wide, with curves drawn out at the ends of equal length with the sides, and you have the course you want. The first distance post is placed 80 yards from the judge's stand; the second at 240 yards; and the *start* is 60 yards before entering the turn. The track should be graded round the turns, like the track of a railroad or circus, the outer portion highest, so that a horse can extend himself at full speed as well around the turns as on the straight sides.

A. C. W., Cynthiana, Ind.—There are two disputed points among horsemen in our county, and I herewith submit the same for your decision. 1. How to reckon the age. Is it reckoned from the 1st of January before foaling, or the first of January after? 2. What it takes to constitute a record in speed. For instance, there is a race, and each horse is separately timed. Now, the question is, each horse being timed, does any other than the winner get a record? and, further, if a horse has no record, is he presumed to have beaten any certain time? *Answer.*—1. The age is reckoned from the first of January of the year of foaling. 2. Only the winner of a heat gets a record, and a horse without record is not presumed to have beaten any certain time.

ZOE, Chicago, Ill.—Will you please Dexter's best time to harness and where made. *Answer.*—2:17¼, at Buffalo, N. Y.

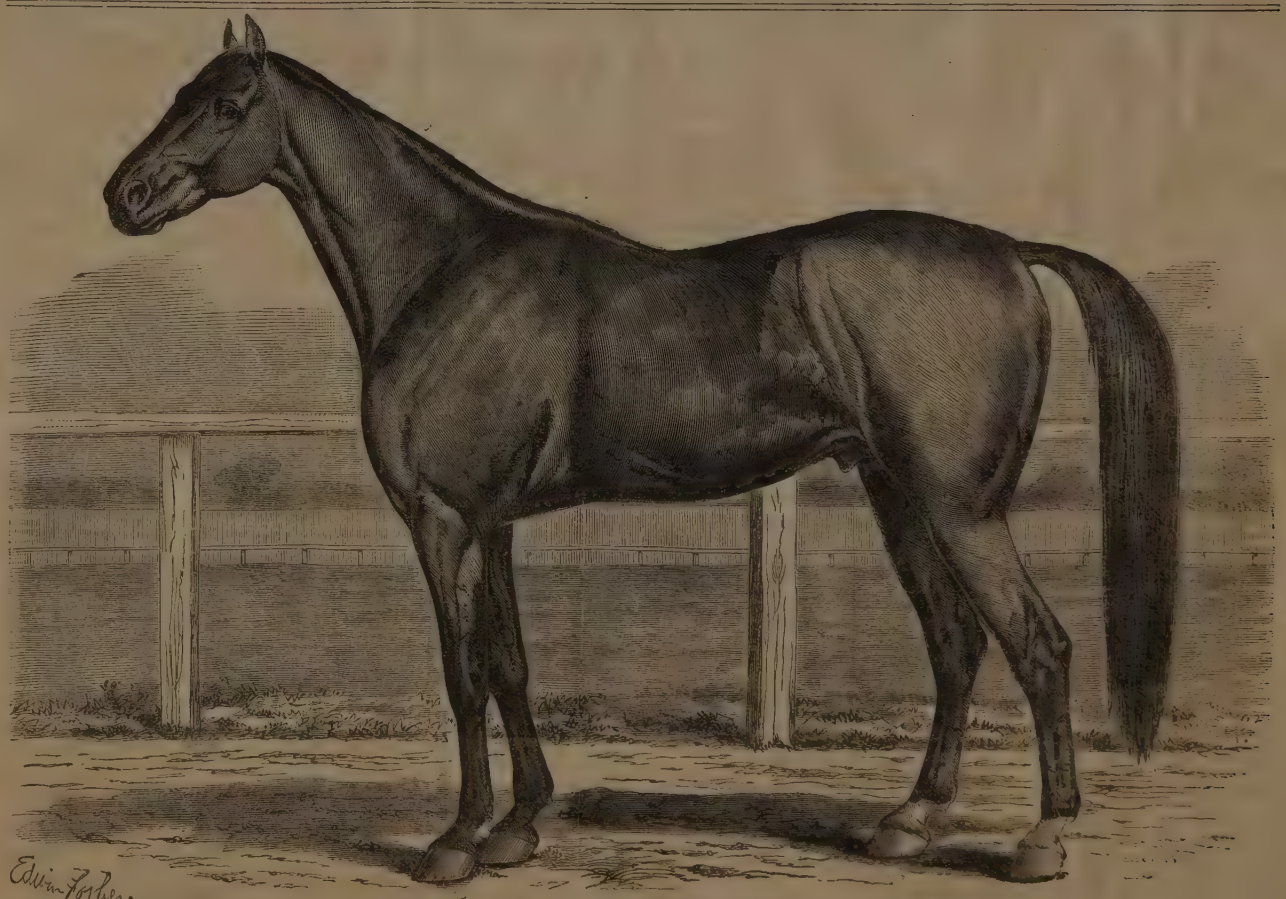
DONA, New York.—A bet is that a man has swam across the English Channel, from coast to coast, without an apparatus. *Answer.*—A wine.

LONE HARRY, Hartford.—What is the record of Goldsmith Maid before 1876? *Answer.*—2:14.

G. W. C., Saratoga.—Did Tom Ochiltree win four races in the year 1876? *Answer.*—He did.

B. W. H.—Has a doubt ever been raised by any fair minded person on the pedigree of Goldsmith Maid? A well-informed gentleman says Mr. Adeu Goldsmith told him that her breeding is unknown—that she is a dung-hill. I am certain she is by Alexander's Abdallah, dam by Abdallah. *Answer.*—There is no reasonable doubt of the accuracy of her pedigree, and, we think, that Mr. Goldsmith has been misquoted.

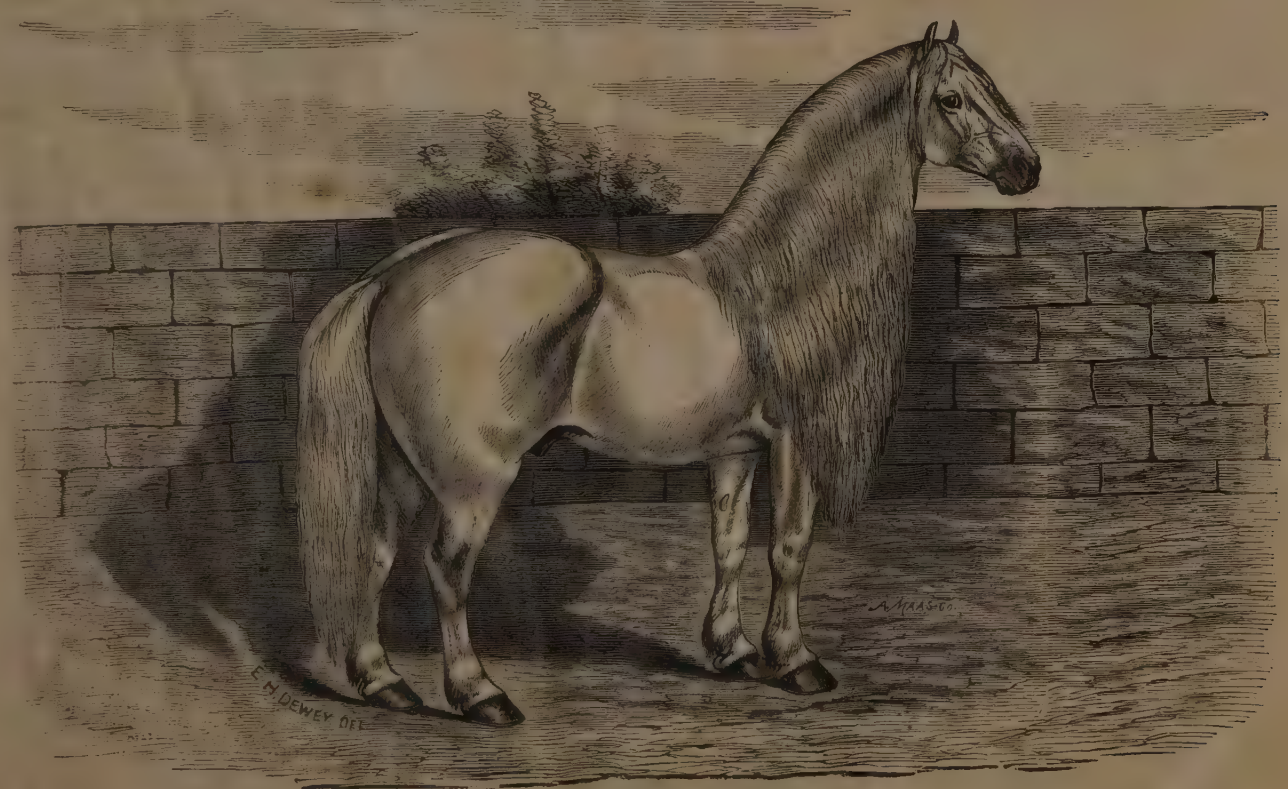
GOVERNOR SPRAGUE:
The Wonderful Four-Year-Old Trotting Stallion



JAY GOULD:
Trotting Stallion, with a Record of 2:21½

WILKINS MICAWBER:

Owned by Major Morton, Woodlawn Stock Farm, Orange Co., N. Y.



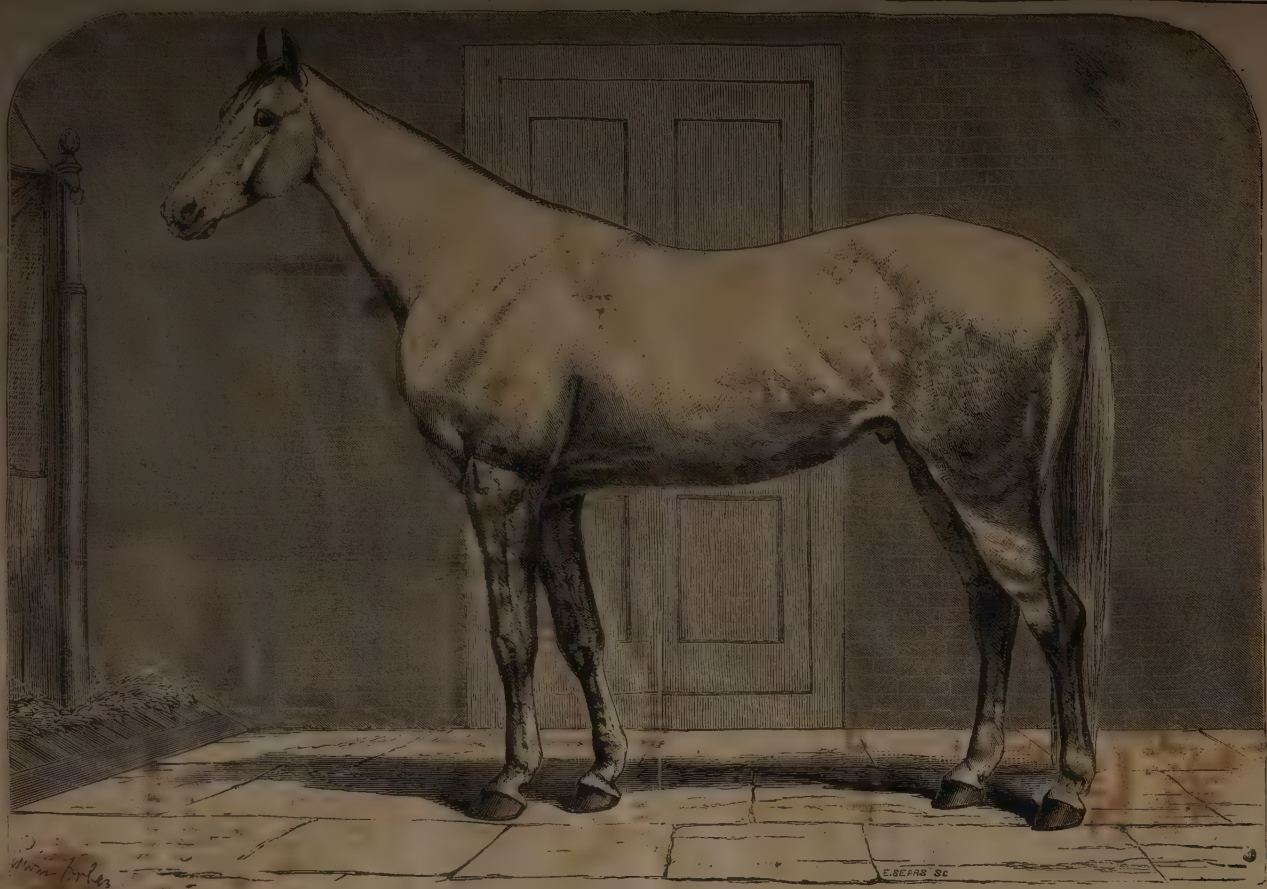
SUCCESS:

First Percheron Stallion Imported Direct to Illinois.

H	H	H h	Course	Winds
2	3		NNE	NW
4	3			
6	4			
8	3		N	WNW
10	3			
12	3			
2	3			

Friday Oct 27th 1837

First and mid part light winds and pleasant at 7 A.M set main royal fore topmast studding sails lower studding sail and main top gallant studding sail Last part fresh breezes and rainy a sail in sight of the lee bum



HOPEFUL:

Trotting Gelding.—Record, 2:17¼.

SMUGGLER:

Winner of the Champion Stallion Race.—Record, 2:20.

BODINE:

The Trotting Whirlwind of the West.

FEARNAUGHT STALLIONS:

Owned by David Nevins, Jr., of Framingham, Mass.

THE front door of Lysle Hall shut so heavily that it shook the house, starting a young girl and boy, who sat in the deep embrazure of a window, apparently waiting for something or some person. The young girl was dark-haired, dark-eyed, exceedingly pretty, though her lips curled rather too haughtily, and an imperious glance shot from her large, dark eyes, which told of a proud spirit. The boy was pale and golden-haired; wholly unlike his companion and sister in feature, though his pale, thin lips had the same haughty curl, and his blue eyes grew dark with pride; a poor, weak thing was Alfred Lysle—his right arm and leg being withered—had been so from his birth. He was gentle, affectionate, high-spirited and talented, the idol of his widowed father and proud sister. There were times when the spirit chafed, and he almost cursed the poor maimed body which was such a clog to him.

Alfred read aloud while his sister Agnes busied herself with a piece of embroidery, giving, if the truth be told, a very divided attention to the words of her brother.

"Was not that a glorious description?" asked the boy, raising his face all glowing with poetical enthusiasm.

"Yes; I think I never heard a cataract described more beautifully."

"Why, Aggie! I got long past the cateract and reached the meadow."

"Oh! have you, dear? Well, Alfred, to tell you the honest truth, I got to thinking of something else. Be so kind as to read it over again, and this time I will surely listen to you."

The boy laughed gayly, as he answered.

"No use, Aggie; your wits would be wool-gathering again before I had read three lines. I will not torment you any longer. Shall I talk to you, instead—or would you rather be silent?"

"Talk, if you please, Alfred."

"What think you, sister Agnes, will be the result of this conference?" asked the boy in a low tone.

The girl raised her troubled face, and answered, very slowly:

"Indeed, Alfred, I scarcely dare think. The Dudleys are not famed for generosity and—"

Bang! bang! It was the hall door closing so heavily that it stopped her words and caused both the young persons to start.

"Gone at last!" exclaimed Agnes. And she rose to her feet just as the door of the room where they were sitting opened, and an old gentleman entered. "What now, father? I thought Mortimer Dudley would never go. How is it settled?"

"The matter stands just as it did before. He will not abate one inch of ground, nor will I. He thinks his claim as good as mine, and day after to-morrow we meet on the debateable ground, and with sturdy lances settle the question."

"Good, father! I feared you might be compelled to yield, and I couldn't bear to think you that in your old age you would be obliged to give up your home and go among strangers. The case has been carried from court to court, and years have passed away in futile waiting; now, a well-directed blow, and the proud Earl of Dudley will be overthrown. Ay, charge at him, father, and may God and Saint Mary guide your weapon so that you come off conqueror."

The old man smiled and patted the glowing cheek of his pretty spirited daughter, then seated himself beside his son and read with him.

Sir Henry Lysle was about fifty-five, handsome and high-spirited; an upright, honorable and kind father. For two generations, between the houses of Dudley and Lysle, there had been a long-standing quarrel concerning some property, two-thirds including the buildings of the Lysle estate. The dispute had been carried from court to court, without any decision being made in favor of either party. Lately, Robert, Earl of Dudley, had died, and his son, a dashing man of twenty-five, had, tired of the old time quarrel, proposed to settle the dispute by single combat, to be held on the debateable territory—then, in the fourteenth century, a very common method of settling disputes. Thus the matter stood, and with conversation and reading the three passed the evening.

After Alfred had retired Agnes lingered behind, seeming averse to leave her father. Sir Henry noticed her hesitation, and putting his arm round her waist and stroking her dark curling hair, he said earnestly:

"Day after to-morrow, Agnes, I shall mount my good steed, and battle for my rights and our home. If I fall, as fall I may, we are homeless. Should anything happen to prevent me from engaging in this conflict—"

"But nothing can happen to prevent you, father," eagerly interrupted Agnes.

"Nothing but sudden illness, or death, my dear child."

"Oh! father!"

"We must look at possibilities, my dear child, and I trust you do not shrink. If, as I say, anything shall prevent me from fighting my fight, I know not what you will do. A little money I have; you will find it in the ebony cabinet beside my bed. With that, you must go with your brother to our relations beyond the border. Never mind, my child; I feel that you tremble. We'll only look on the bright side; and now, good-night."

Thus they parted, with one fond embrace. As Agnes ascended to her chamber her heart was heavy with presentiment of coming evil. About midnight Agnes was roused from a deep, though troubled slumber, by a hand laid firmly on her shoulder. It was Margery, the old nurse.

"O! dear, Miss Agnes! Get up—wake—as quick as you can, for you are wanted."

There was trouble and despair in the old woman's voice, and Agnes sprang from her bed and began to dress as hastily as possible, while she eagerly questioned Margery.

"What is the matter, Margery?"

"Sir Henry, your father, is ill—taken very suddenly."

"With what?"

"O! dear, Miss, I don't know! James, who always sleeps next room, heard a kind of groaning, and, rushing in, found my dear master in some kind of a fit."

"Oh! merciful Heaven! spare my father to me!" exclaimed the trembling Agnes, as, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she flew, rather than ran down stairs. At the door of her father's room she paused and turned to Margery, who had followed as closely as she could.

"Has any one gone for the doctor?"

"Yes, James went as soon as I could go to master."

Agnes entered the dimly-lighted chamber, and approached the bed where her father lay, so white and motionless, while the frightened servants stood round mutely. Sir Harry Lysle was a good, kind master, and the servants were devoted to him. Summoning all her courage Agnes neared the bed. At the first sight she trembled, for she thought her father was dead. Bending over him, she laid her hands upon his heart, and was rejoiced to feel that it pulsated still—though very, very faintly. Ignorant what to do, Agnes bathed her father's face, and was in despair at the failure of her efforts when the physician entered. Doctor Thompson found it to be a paralytic stroke, and proceeded to bleed the patient. Soon Sir Henry opened his eyes, and seemed conscious of all that was going on. He endeavored to speak, but that being impossible, paper and pencil were brought him. In large, irregular characters, he scrawled:

"Doctor, will I be well enough to go out to-morrow?"

With wistful eyes he watched the physician as he deciphered the characters, and his face expressed the bitterest despair, as Doctor Thompson shook his head. Again he wrote:

"I cannot meet Mortimer Dudley, and we are lost, Agnes."

Agnes read the irregular writing, so different from the usual firm, clear words, and she could scarcely repress the tears; but bravely mastering her feelings, she said, bending over the stricken man:

"Can you hear and understand what I say, father?"

A faint nod was the answer.

"Then rest in peace, dear father, for a champion will be found who will strive as nobly as you—and God grant that he may be strong and skillful."

To question or doubt, he believed his daughter's words.

Towards the close of that day Agnes returned from a short and rapid ride, and sought in the stable for old Arnold, her father's trusty esquire. The old man turned as he heard the clatter of the horse's hoofs, and was only in time to see Agnes spring lightly from the saddle. He doffed his cap respectfully, and waited for his mistress to speak.

"You know, Arnold, that it was my father's purpose to ride forth to meet young Dudley at daybreak to-morrow?"

"I know—I know, Mistress Agnes; but he is ill—stricken down—and cannot go," answered the old servitor in a mournful voice.

"I know of a champion," and the girl's pale face flushed as she spoke, "a rather inexperienced youth, but one who has a brave heart, keen eye, and ready hand. All that he has, but no armor, and my father's is all too wide for him. Know you of any other?"

"Up in the garret is a suit long unused. It belonged to your father when he was a mere stripling, scarcely stouter than you, dear lady."

"That will do very well, I think. Have it brightly polished, all in order, and lay it on the couch in the red room."

"It is as bright now, Mistress Agnes," replied the old man, respectfully, though with an accent of pride, "as the day your father last wore it, nearly forty years ago. I loved the armor my young pupil wore, and no spot of rust dulls its bright surface, no stay unloosed, or dinted plate."

"Ever faithful, good Arnold; all is well. To morrow, at daybreak, be at the hall door with black Rudolph, father's horse, yourself in armor ready to accompany the young knight."

"Your bidding shall be done."

"And, Arnold, should your young knight lack aught in riding, or in the handling of the lance, direct him as you did my father."

Agnes turned and walked quickly to the house wholly unconscious of the curious gaze which followed her. Old Arnold looked after her with wistful eyes, then murmured aloud:

"Proud step, like her father, yet light as a fairy. Where has she found a champion? Jessie has been ridden smartly, I see by her reeking flanks and heaving sides. I can't be that poor, young Master Alfred is going to try—that would be madness, though I know he is equal in spirit to it—poor fellow—no, no—that can't be, for his arm is neither steady nor strong. I can't think—"

"Arnold, old fellow," exclaimed a cheery voice, "don't bother your old brain, but obey orders. To-morrow will solve your doubts. God and St. Josephus grant that our poor master's cause may be victorious."

"Amen, Joseph," responded Arnold; and he turned and went slowly towards the hall.

Just before daybreak the next morning, obedient to orders, Arnold, clad in armor, holding black Rudolph, stood at the hall door. His own horse was held by Joseph. Both men watched with anxious eyes the opening of the heavy oaken door.

"Mayhap the young knight oversleps himself, and is dreaming now of his lady-love," mockingly whispered the yeoman to the old esquire.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the door swung back upon its hinges, and the ring of a mailed heel was heard upon the stone steps. Eager eyes were raised and lowered in great disappointment, for the visor was tightly closed.

Perfectly silent the unknown knight mounted the spirited war-horse, took the lance, and started of at a smart trot, closely followed by Arnold. The yeoman shook his head as he gazed after them, and muttered, while watching them out of sight among the trees;

"It's nobody I know. He mounted none too glibly, though he rides well. A slender youth it is to combat with that fiery young Dudley. Success to him."

In perfect silence the knight and the esquire rode the greater distance to the field of combat—a plain in the farthest verge of the Lysle domain. As they neared the field the young knight said:

"You must lead the way, Sir Esquire, for I know not but I may go wrong."

The voice was deep and clear, but in vain did Arnold strive to remember having heard it before. Silently he obeyed.

At last the ground was reached, and the stranger rode into the field on one side, at the same moment that Mortimer Dudley entered on the other. A few people were assembled to witness the struggle. The unknown knight and Mortimer Dudley gravely saluted, then backed their horses to the extremity of the field, and waited with lances in rest for the signal to be given. A stout man, Sir William Delorme, gave the required shout. In an instant both horses sprang forward, and bore their riders on. Once they met, yet neither was struck; the second charge the lance of the Earl of Dudley touched the shoulder of the young night, who visibly reeled. Arnold was in despair, and murmured:

"All's lost! the next charge he will fall!"

A third time they rushed forward, and in a cloud of dust one went down. Arnold closed his eyes, and fairly groaned, when a shout made him reopen them,—"Lysle forever! Lysle forever!"

Sure enough, it was the proud Earl of Dudley who was unhorsed, and beside him knelt the stranger knight.

"Now yield you, Mortimer, Earl of Dudley?"

"I yield," said the young earl; "but I would know to whom, for that you are not Sir Henry Lysle I am sure."

The friends of both parties stood around, and Arnold among the foremost.

"Rise up, Mortimer, Earl of Dudley, and you shall know who has been able to conquer you."

The young nobleman rose, and with folded arms looked at the slender, mailed figure before him. The stays were unloosed and helmet thrown back, and the sun streaming through the clouds, which had till then obscured it, shone full upon the uncovered face. A partner started, while a loud triumphant shout rent the air. The young man gazed in wonder and admiration upon the delicate face, long, waving brown hair, and heaving bosom of young Agnes Lysle! A red flush rose to the brow of the haughty earl, and he bit his lips with rage.

"Be not chagrined, brave Dudley," said Agnes, in her rich, sweet voice, while the long dark lashes drooped on her cheek which was now paling, and she extended her mailed hand. "You have but bowed to the fate decreed to all mankind. From the beginning to the end of time brave men will yield to the power of women, and degrade not their manhood by so doing. I battled for my home, Sir Earl, and God guided my arm. Hereafter, let us meet as friends who have proved each other's mettle. Shall it be so?"

Unable to resist the sweet voice and bewitching eyes heard:

"Yes, a thousand times yes; and from my [illegible] I will rise and soar higher than ever, seeking [illegible] for your love and approbation."

A bright flush spread over the beautiful face, and for one moment the dark eyes were raised—only for a moment—then, with a half murmured farewell, Agnes mounted her father's horse, and prepared to leave the field as quietly as she came. But this was not to be, for all the people present turned with one accord, and in triumph accompanied her home. She tried in vain to remonstrate against this—her words were unheeded. At her bridle rein rode the proud Earl of Dudley.

Upon his bed of illness lay Sir Henry Lysle. The shouts of the returning party reached his ears, and by signs he inquired the cause.

"The stranger knight returns victorious," exclaimed Margery, in delight.

Alfred, who sat beside the bed, rose up, exclaiming, while his frame fairly trembled with excitement:

"Oh, father! all the joy isn't come yet. Wait till you know it all. Shall I go and lead the proud conqueror to your bedside, dear father?"

An eager sign of assent was given by the invalid, and Alfred hastened, as fast as his lameness would permit, from the room. With a step less firm and varying cheek, Agnes, led by her brother, entered Sir Henry's chambers. Her visor was closed. Coming forward, she knelt beside the bed. At an eager sign from her father, she strove to unloose the stays, but her trembling fingers refused to do her bidding. The Earl of Dudley, who still kept her side, undid the fastenings, and Alfred threw back the helmet disclosing the blushing, agitated face of Agnes Lysle!

The shock was great, and effected a cure, for Sir Henry rose up in bed, and exclaimed:

"Agnes! Agnes! My Agnes! In armor! coming here victorious!"

"Yes, father," exclaimed Alfred, "Agnes it is, surely."

Mortimer Dudley here stepped forward.

"Gently, Sir Henry. Lay back upon your pillow. Like a hero, your daughter donned armor, and bravely combatted for your rights, and unhorsed me. I, the proudest nobleman in England, am here to say it. I yield to her all—my heart and fortune, the devoted love of a lifetime, here, in your presence, I lay at her feet, praying that she may not give me my death-blow, for refusal will kill me."

With deep, devoted love shining from his eyes, the haughty Mortimer Dudley was led her answer. Rising from her knees, all clad in clanking armor, and her face brilliant with happiness, Agnes Lysle came forward and placed the tiny hand, so lately encased in a mailed gauntlet, in the hands of the young earl, saying with her fascinating smile:

"If I vanquished you, Mortimer Dudley, you have conquered me for all time."

Mortimer folded the young girl in one fond embrace, then turned to Sir Henry, who lay upon his pillows, smiling but weak:

"Your blessing, Sir Henry Lysle. This day your daughter has won back your inheritance, and robbed me of the things most valued, heart and liberty—two feats."

Thus Agnes Lysle became the wife of one of the proudest nobles in England, and the memory of her feat is still cherished, for the crest of the Dudleys is "out of a ducal coronet of gold, a woman's bust her hair dishevelled, bare bosom, a helmet on her head, with stay or throat-lash down," and a MS. in possession of the Dudleys, of Northamptonshire, preserve the story of THE UNKNOWN CHAMPION.

Wit and Humor.

There is a man in Jersey so lazy that he has an artist, hired by the month, to draw his breath.

The difference between a suit of clothes and a suit at law is this—one provides you with pockets and the other empties them.

"Women," remarks a contemplative man, on the Battery, "are as deep as the blue waters of that bay." "Ave, sir," rejoined a disappointed man, "and as full of craft."

Vermonters live to a great age, as is well known. There are two men up there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there are no neighbors living who can remember.

Dr. Dixon says that during his visit to Ireland, he met a mob of children so ragged, that if they had got entangled it would have taken their parents a lifetime to have separated them.

Lost!—A small lady's watch with a white face; also, two ivory young ladies' work-boxes. A mahogany gentleman's dressing case and a small pony, belonging to a young lady with a silver mane and tail.

An Irish advertisement reads as follows:—"Lost, on Saturday last, but the loser does not know where, an empty sack with a cheese in it. On the sack the letters P. G. are marked, but so completely worn out as not to be legible."

A husband advertises thus:—"My wife, Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting, anybody can do so if they see fit; for, as I never pay my own debts, it is not likely I'll pay her'n."

A verdant country girl, who was at a party, had just received a glass of wine from her lover, when a friend said:

"What kind of wine are you drinking, Mary—is it Madeira?"

"I guess so," said she, "for my deary gave it to me!"

A clergyman, being deprived for nonconformity, said "it should cost an hundred men their lives." This alarming speech being reported, he was taken before a magistrate, and examined, when he explained himself by saying his meaning was, that "he intended to practise physic."

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter.

"Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can give no account of himself."

"Of course not," said the other; "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance."

"Bob," said a tormenting friend to a bachelor acquaintance, "why don't you get married?"

"Well, I don't know. I came very near it once—just missed it."

"You did? Let's hear it."

"Why, I asked a girl if I should see her home from a party one evening, and she said no! If she'd said yes, I think I should have courted and married her. That's the nearest I ever came to getting married."

His friend was satisfied.

LITERAL MEANING.

A poor widow's little boy wanted a slate at school, but she could not afford to buy him one. The next day, seeing one in his hands, she inquired, in some surprise:

"Why, Tommy, dear, where did you get that slate?"

"I heard you say when papa died, 'he replied,' that now he has gone we must look above when we wanted anything, so I went up and got this slate off the roof. I wish I had a frame for it."

"It takes a good many shovels full of earth to bury the truth." Bury it deep as men may, it will have a rising, notwithstanding. They may roll a great stone, and seal the grave in which it is laid, and set a watch upon it, yet still, like its Lord, it comes forth again at its appointed hour. It cannot die; it is of an immortal race. As the Spanish proverb nobly says, "Truth is the daughter of God."

"Where is hell?" asked a scoffer.

—"Aare dose bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simeon of Tiberius. "No, indeed," answered Tibe; "dey ab got plenty of fire, and the bells are now ringing for water."

—"When I have a cold in my head," said a gentleman in company, "I am always remarkably dull and stupid."

"You are to be pitied then, sir," replied another, "for I don't remember ever to have seen you with-

"Are you an able seaman or a green hand?" asked the shipping master.

"Why, not a very able seaman, but yet not exactly a green hand. I have some knowledge of the water."

"Ever been a voyage?"

"No."

"Well, what then do you know about the sea?"

"Why, I have tended a saw mill!"

A boat ascending the Ohio river was hailed by another when the following conversation ensued:

"What boat is that?"

"Cherry*stone*."

"Whence came you?"

"From Red*stone*."

"Where are you bound to?"

"Lime*stone*."

"Who is your captain?"

"Thomas *Stone*."

"What are you loaded with?"

"Mill*stones* and Grind*stones*."

"You are a *hard* set, to be sure; take care you don't go to the bottom. Farewell."

CONCERNING EGGS.—At breakfast one morning, in a quiet and comfortable old inn, a foreigner made quick dispatch with the eggs. Thrusting his spoon into the middle of the dish, he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed on to the next. When he had got to his seventh egg, an old farmer who had already been prejudiced against Monsieur by his moustaches, could brook the extravagance no longer, and speaking up, said:

"Why, sir, you leave all the white! How is Mrs. Lockwood to afford to provide breakfast at that rate."

"Vy," replied the outside barbarian, "you vouldn't hab me to eat de vite! De yolk is de shicken; de vite is de fedders. Am I to make von bolster of my belly."

The greatest "strike" we have heard of lately, came off in a ten-pin alley, where a man got a twelve strike by splitting the first pin, and knocking down the remaining pins and the boy.

The man who attempted to make a fence out of beef *steaks*, has just obtained a patent for a machine to take the kink out of pig tails. He voted the tig wicket at the late election.

One of the latest fashions for gentlemen, is the "barber pole" pattern for pantaloons; the stripes ascending spirally round the legs, giving the wearer the appearance of a double-barrelled cork screw.

"Doctaw, doctaw," said an exquisite, the other day, "I want you to tell me what to put in my head to make it all right?"

"It wants nothing but brains," said the physician.

If you want to know how quick you can run a mile, tell a red headed Biddy that her baby squints.

JEFFERSON'S WEDDING.

THE following pleasing picture from the Early Days of Jefferson, in the New York Century:—"Belinda I"—Jefferson's first love—had been married many years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty when he met with a young lady of twenty-two, who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion with a delicate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling, and luxuriant hair of a rich, soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which were eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to all this, the lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced, and moved with an elegant ease, and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly. Add still to these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm, loving heart, and last, though not least, notable talents for house keeping, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence in the County of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and had married, in her seventeenth year, Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who, dying in seventeen hundred sixty-eight, left his young wife a widow at nineteen. As the three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful lady found herself besieged at "the Forest" by numerous visitors. Of these, three were favorites, with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one. It is said that the pretensions of the rivals were decided either by the musical accomplishments of the counsellor, or by the fears of his opponents. That the unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's door step, but, hearing Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest thenceforth, and retired without enquiry, convinced that the affair was beyond their control. However this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first day of January, seventeen hundred seventy-two, there was a great festival at "The Forest." Friends and kindred assembled from far and near. There was frolicking and dancing after the abundant old fashion; and we find from the bridegroom's note book that the servants and fiddlers received fees from his especial pocket. It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set out in their carriage for "Monticello," where Mr. Jefferson had commenced building in seventeen hundred sixty-nine, just before the destruction by fire of his patrimonial house of "Shakewell." The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced towards the mountains the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage and proceed upon their way on horseback. Stopping to rest at "Blenheim," the seat of Colonel Carter, where they found, however, no one but an overseer, they left it at sunset, resolutely bent upon reaching Monticello before night. It was eight miles distant, and the road, which was rather a mountain bridle path than an honest highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep. It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—or rather, there was no reception at all. The fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed, and the place was dark and silent. Conducting his wife to the little pavilion, which was the only part of the house habitable at the time, Mr. Jefferson proceeded to do the honors. On a shelf behind some books, part of a bottle of wine was discovered; and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and the bride. Far from being annoyed or discomfited by their reception, it only served afterwards as a topic of jest and laughter.

BENJAMIN WEST.

A LITTLE boy, named Benjamin West, was set to tend a little baby, asleep in its cradle. He looked at it kindly, and felt pleased to see it smile in its sleep. He wished he could draw a picture of the baby; and, seeing a piece of paper on the table, and a pen and ink, he tried what he could do. When his mother came in, he begged her not to be angry with him for touching the pen, ink, and paper; and he showed her the picture he had made. His mother knew at once what it was meant for. She was much pleased, and kissed her little boy. Then he said, if she liked it, he would make pictures of some flowers she held in her hand; and so he went on trying to do better and better, till he became one of the finest painters in the world.

of poems and vanished from the room—I followed her. She fled up the stairs like a fairy, and I found her in the poet's chamber, stripping the roses from the vases with frantic haste.

"What on earth are you about?" I asked, halting on the threshold in amazement.

"He shall not have one of them," she said, half crying. "His curtains shall not be looped up with them—I have a great mind to tie them back with rope-yarn. To think how we worked all the day to give him pleasure, and after all he only cares about eating and drinking and being an alderman! Oh, it is too bad! He ought to be transported for deceiving people so! How could he ever have written those beautiful things—great, selfish, rude thing that he is!"

"Take breath—take breath, Addie!" I exclaimed, laughing in spite of myself. "He is only a specimen of what the world can do in the way of spoiling people. I'll never make up my mind about a poet again till I have seen him."

"He isn't a poet!" cried Addie, stoutly, piling up her roses in a great basin and filling it with water. "And I don't believe he ever wrote this book."

"I do. And what is more, I would undertake, after a year of proper training, to make him write another even better than that. The romance of a soul can never really die, no matter how we may bury it beneath folly and worldliness."

"And gluttony," remarked Addy.

"Nay—you are too hard upon the alderman. I have a better opinion of him than you, and yet I confess that I could not bear to see him day after day, so utterly different from what he has been—and yet might be—if he would."

"You are not going away?" she cried, in dire dismay.

"To-morrow."

"Oh, good Heavens, what shall I do with *him*?"

"Feed him well, that is your part of the work; my uncle will do the rest. Between you and me I think he is charmed to find all the 'nonsense,' as he would term it, so thoroughly taken out of him. They will get on beautifully—come down and see for yourself."

"I must first put away my roses—you go first. I say, do you think I ought to bring up a tray—will he want anything to eat in the night?"

I burst out laughing and ran down stairs. The contrast between our dreams of the poet, and the poet, as he was, was rich. I had to wait a moment in the hall to get my face into "company order," and then, pushing open the half closed door, I went back into the parlor.

At first sight I thought it was empty. The chairs were pushed away from the table, and there was a faint smell of cigars—had they actually been smoking there? No—I heard my uncle pacing up and down the garden, as was his wont each evening, and the fragrance of the weed came that way; but he was alone. Where was the poet?

I caught sight of him at last, sitting at the open window with the rose-colored curtains falling in soft folds around him. The moon was up, shining gloriously upon the grassy yard beneath him, the night wind rustled in the leaves of the maples above his head. Addie, coming into the room, paused at the sight of my uplifted finger on the threshold.

It had been all a "sham," then! Our poet, though a hearty eater, still retained his love of the beautiful! What on earth had made him talk such heresy, when he sat wrapt in enjoyment, never stirring, scarcely breathing, as he watched that glorious moon. I would steal softly to his side, pause, try and convict him, and make him recant all the fibs he had told about those beautiful blossomings of his youth—the poems.

The carpet was thick and soft; it muffled my foot-fall effectually, and I stood beside him unnoticed. His face was hidden by his arm. I heard a choking sound—was he weeping? My heart melted in a gush of pity; I laid my hand upon his shoulder as sympathizingly as I could; he started a little; his head settled down upon one side, exposing his face; the mouth opened; and —*he snored!* I heard it. Addie heard it. We took to flight and locked ourselves in our room, and left him to slumber undisturbed.

The next morning I started on my trip to the West. And from that day to this I have never met a "poet!"

PAT'S COLT.

A gentleman who favors us with some reminiscences respecting the early settlements of old Derryfield—relates the following anecdote:

When my grandfather resided at Goffstown and Derryfield, then settled by the Irish, he hired a wild sort of an Irishman to work on his farm. One day soon after his arrival, he told him to take a bridle and go out in the field and catch the black colt. "Don't come without him," said the old gentleman. Patrick started and was gone some time, but at last returned without a bridle, with his face and hands badly scratched, as though he had received bad treatment.

"Why, Patrick, what is the matter; what in the world ails you?"

"An' faith, isn't it me, your honor, that never will catch the old black colt again? Bad luck to him! An' didn't he all but scratch the eyes out o' my head? An' faith as true as my shoulder's my own, I had to climb up the tree after the colt!"

"Climb a tree after him? Nonsense! Where is the beast?"

"An' it's tied to the tree he is to be shure yer honor."

We all followed Patrick to the spot to get a solution of the difficulty, and on reaching the field, we found, to our no small amusement, that he had been chasing a *young black bear*, which he had succeeded in catching after a great deal of rough usage on both sides, and actually tied it with the bridle to an old tree. Bruin was kept for a long time, and was ever after known as Patrick's colt.—*N. H. Patriot.*

SLEEP.

There is no better description given of the approach of sleep than that which we find in one of Leigh Hunt's papers in the *Indicator*: "It is a delicious moment certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come—not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it like the eye;—'tis closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds."

Interesting to Maids and Bachelors.—In civilized countries, about one person in sixty is married every year. Therefore, let no one despair; for every individual holds, in the marriage lottery, one sixtieth of a chance. It is further computed that at least three thousand marriages are celebrated every day, and that no moment elapses, from one year's end to another, in which the delightful ceremony is not somewhere com-

letter with the following verse:—

"If you were a dog and I was a hog
A rootin' away in the yard;
If the old man should say, 'drive that hog away,'
Would you worry or bite very hard?"

An exchange says a sentiment so sublime deserves an answer, and ventures to suppose the lady's reply:—

"When I am a dog and you are a hog,
A wandering from the sty,
I'd not breathe a bark but merely remark,
'Go it, porky, root, hog, or die.'"

........"First class in natural philosophy stand up. What's attraction?"

"Please, sir, I know. The look that a blue-eyed gal gives to her lover."

"Right, sir. Now tell me what inertia is."

"Inertia, sir, is a desire to remain where you are; a feeling that a piece of calico experiences when leaning against a colored velvet vest."

"Right again, sir. Call the next class; do you hear?"

........A Hopeless Invalid.—"I shan't be with you a great while, Jane," said Mr. Meller, "I shan't stay here a great while."

"O, Mr. Meller, how can you talk so?" said Mrs. M., with a lugubrious expression of face.

"Because," continued he, "I feel as if I was most gone, and that I was just passing away like a cloud before the rising sun."

Mr. Meller verified his prophecy the next week by running away with a sympathizing sister.

....The other day a lady fell off the Brooklyn boat into the East river, a poor Irishman sprang over and rescued her. When she was safe on the deck again, her husband, who had been a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave fellow a shilling. Upon some of the bystanders expressing indignation, Pat said, as he pocketed the coin, "Arrah, don't blame the gintlemen—he knows best; mayhap if I hadn't saved her he'd have given me a dollar!"

........"What were the mob saying?" asked the district attorney of a Yankee witness "down East," in a riot trial.

"Well, they was sorter singin'."

"What were they singing about?"

"Well, they was singin' 'bout a song."

"What was the song? What were they saying?"

"As nigh as I kin keep track, they was a tellin' of a Miss Long (her first name was Lucy) to take her time!"

"You can go."

........A Very Dry Nurse.—The English papers state that the nurse of an opulent family in London, who rendered her account annually for little nursery etceteras, among other things, put down the modest sum of $1,750 for brandy to [illegible] the children with.

........Kitchens.—The burial place of the epicure's health [illegible]. "What a small kitchen!" exclaimed Queen Elizabeth, after surveying a pretty mansion. "It is by having so small a kitchen that I am enabled to keep so large a house," replied the owner.

........Scotchmen are notoriously unable to appreciate a joke. Sydney Smith, who knows them well, says: "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or *wut* as they call it, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals."

Is there a heart that never sighed?
Is there a tongue that never lied?
Is there an eye that never blinked?
Is there a man that never drinked?
Is there a woman that never fainted?
Or is there one that never painted?
If so, then heart and tongue and eye
Must tell a most confounded lie.

........A man once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow promptly replied: "We are good to make men of." Clever boy that; wouldn't be surprised if he gets to be president.

A GALLANT DEFENCE.

AN INCIDENT OF AMERICAN PRIVATEERING.

Among the most desperate naval fights on record, there was, probably, never one where a more gallant and determined defence was made than that in which the little privateer *General Armstrong* was engaged in the harbor of Fayal. The following account of that affair, in which the enemy did not appear to very great advantage, I will narrate as I received it from the lips of a brave old seaman, still surviving, who took part in the fight.

"It was in the early part of September, 1814," said he, "that our vessel—a snug, schooner-rigged privateer—sailed out of the harbor of New York, bound on a cruise. We carried nineteen guns, one of which was a Long Tom amidship, and which worked on a circle. With a full complement of men, our crew consisted of one hundred and fifty, though we rarely had that number on board. Our commander was the brave old Captain Sam Reid, and a better officer never trod the quarter-deck of any craft. He was just the sort of man to command so fine a ship and crew, for I make bold to say that a better never sailed the waters. The old man used to say that he was proud of his boys, and, in truth, we had good reason to be proud of him.

"We had not been twelve hours outside of Sandy Hook, before we fell in with a large British frigate and a ship of the line. They both bore down after us together, and we had to show them a specimen of our sailing qualities. They were good sailors for John Bulls, and having the advantage of a freshening breeze, came down before it in gallant style. They were within reach of our Long Tom before the breeze struck us; but we gave each of them a parting salute from the long gun, which hulled one and passed through the foretopsail of the other, when we crowded sail, and soon had the pleasure of seeing their upper spars gradually disappearing below the western horizon.

"We had a run of about three weeks from New York to the Island of Fayal, one of the Azores, in the open roadstead of which we dropped anchor, to procure water and refreshments, previous to a cruise in the Southern Atlantic.

"It was our intention to put to sea again on the following morning, and our captain hastened on shore to hurry off the supplies. But before nightfall he came on board, and reported that a number of British frigates had been discovered from the lights, approaching the town, and immediately directed Lieutenant Worth to get the vessel under way.

"But before our anchors had been hoisted home, the Carnation suddenly hove in sight, round the northeast head of the harbor, within hailing distance; and to get past her to sea was out of the question, as she had every advantage in wind and position, while we were becalmed under the lee of the headland. Besides, we did not expect, an attack in the waters of a neutral port, and our commander had been so assured by our consul. But the Carnation had no sooner rounded the point, than she was followed by the frigates Rota and Plantagenet, and a series of signals were immediately exchanged between them, of which we seemed to be the subject, for they had learned who we were from the pilot boat.

"These vessels entered the roadstead just as the sun was sinking behind the low bank of clouds that rested upon the bosom of the At-

evident they intended to violate the neutrality of the port, and make an attack upon us; and, notwithstanding the great disparity between them and us, we determined not to give up the ship, but fight them as long as possible, and then, if necessary, blow up our craft.

"By the time the moon lighted up the waters, we could perceive that the Carnation had lowered all her boats, and was preparing to board us. Seeing this, our captain gave orders for getting our vessel nearer the shore; and after sweeping in towards the castle, we let go our anchors, and prepared for action. By this time the harbor was covered with the boats of the enemy, who came down upon us full of men, heavily armed with muskets and cutlasses, besides a small gun in the bow of each boat. As they bore down upon us in a line, Captain Reid hailed them and ordered them to approach nearer at their peril. But regardless of the warning, they came boldly on, doubtless confident of an easy victory. They never dreamed that we would make more than a mere show of resistance, in the face of the overwhelming force they were bringing down upon us. But waiting till the boats were in convenient range, our larboard ports were opened, and we poured a broadside into them, with terrible effect. The boats were badly cut up, and many men were killed and wounded; but with characteristic persistency, they returned the fire, and still pressed upon us. We now received them with our small arms, as well as with our heavy guns; and so close were they under our quarter, that we had to depress our guns so low that every discharge of the round shots opened a passage for themselves through the bulwarks, and planking of the vessel, and down through the bottoms of their boats.

"This was a kind of game they could not play at long, and shouting for quarter, they were glad to haul off, with the loss of more than thirty of the brave fellows.

"While they, with the remnants of their boats, were returning to their ships to repair damages, and prepare for a more desperate attack, we hoisted home our anchors, and warped in within half pistol-shot of the shore, directly under the guns of the Fort, and hastily got everything in order, for the attack.

"In the meantime, we could perceive, by the clear moonlight, that crowds of the inhabitants were gathering on the headlands, and along the rocks lining the shores, to witness the fierce struggle soon to take place. They knew the determined courage of the Yankee Captain and his crew, and that a surrender was out of the question. Had the combined force of the British navy been arrayed against our little schooner, they were satisfied that we would yield to death, but never to them.

"It was a singular and novel spectacle which was to be presented to them; their harbor was to become the arena of one of the most desperate encounters, where disregarding the custom of all honorable nations in a neutral port, the haughty British lion was about to spring upon a comparatively insignificant victim. But one they were aware would give him some trouble to swallow.

"It was said, that the governor of the Island, and all the principal persons of the place, were occupying conspicuous positions, where they could overlook the fight. The knowledge on our part that we were watched with great interest by the population, no doubt aided to conspire us with a determination never to yield, but to show them a specimen of genuine Yankee spirit. We knew that their sympathies were with us, for there never was a fight, where the disparity was so great, that the spectators did not side with, and cheer on the weaker party.

"Between 9 and 10 o'clock one of the enemy's vessels was observed to run down towards us, towing a large fleet of boats filled with men, sailors, and marines. They came within musket shot of us, and leaving the vessel took up their stations under cover of a small reef of rocks. The boats were in three divisions; their object at first seemed to be to prevent our escape, should we be inclined to attempt it; while the vessel that had towed them in, still kept under way, to act in concert with the boats.

"About midnight signal lights were hoisted from one of the frigates, directing the boats to move on to the assault, and in obedience to the order twelve of them could be distinctly seen approaching us in one line, keeping in close order. We were laying at quarters, and waited patiently till they had come within a short distance, when we opened our ports and gave them our fire. But still they pulled steadily toward us, returning the fire as they came, from their carronades and small arms. I had charge of Long Tom, and filling the gun with grape and canister shot, I now poured its contents into the advancing boats. This discharge must have cut them up terribly, for they were for a few minutes thrown into confusion. We could hear the cries of the wounded, and the orders of the officers, given in rapid and angry tones; and after a brief consultation, and giving three hearty cheers, they once more threw themselves upon their oars and bore down upon us. I must give the fellows credit of doing the thing in most gallant style, for amid the thick and deadly shower of shots we rained down upon them, they continued to advance till they had gained our bow and starboard quarter, and attempted to board us.

"It now became a most desperate struggle, for our great guns were entirely useless, and we made use of muskets, pistols, pikes, and whatever else came to hand, to beat the enemy off. A number of our brave fellows sprang into the rigging, and out upon the bowsprit, with round shots, which they crashed down upon the boats, killing and maiming scores, and sinking the boats alongside. As fast as our fellows were shot down from the rigging, their places were supplied by others, to whom the shot were tossed from the deck. Thus we repulsed the enemy at all points, for they had completely surrounded us. But with a dogged bravery they renewed the attack no less than three times, and maintained the fight until two-thirds of the attacking party had been killed and wounded; when, finding themselves in too crippled a condition to escape, they asked for quarters. On taking possession of the boats, we found them literally loaded down to their gunwales with the dead and dying. In two of them, belonging to the frigate Rota, every man had been shot down that remained on board of them. It was said that about a dozen of their crews had jumped overboard in the commencement of the action, and swam ashore. In one of the Plantagenet's boats, commanded by her first lieutenant, every man but four was killed; the officer saved his life by leaping into the sea, and hiding himself safely under our rudder chains till the fight was over. We lost our second lieutenant, Mr. Williams, and one seaman. Our first officer, Mr. Worth, was wounded, as were also the third lieutenant, the quarter-master, and four seamen.

"After this struggle, which continued about three quarters of an hour, we had time to look about us, and found our decks the scene of the utmost confusion. Many of our guns had been dismounted, my own Long Tom among the rest, and the fragments of broken gun carriages, splinters, and round shot were scattered on all hands. But notwithstanding the confusion, we were not long in getting Long Tom to his berth, and everything once more in snug order for another

shore authorities and the commanders of the British fleet; in which the former requested that the neutrality of their port might not be further violated, and protesting against the dishonorable conduct of the British. The latter demanded the unconditional surrender of the Armstrong and crew, and threatened that if the Governor should presume to interfere, or harbor the privateersmen, they would batter the town down about them. Or, should the authorities permit the Americans to injure their vessel, they would consider the town an enemy's port, and proceed against it accordingly.

"These conditions were reported to our brave commander, who immediately sent the dead and wounded on shore, and advised us to save such of our effects as were most valuable, and transport them to the shore.

"While we were engaged in this work, daylight broke over the waters, and as the sun rose, one of the frigates stood closer in shore, and commenced a heavy firing upon us, pouring broadsides at a time into us. We returned her fire, and I hulled her repeatedly with my Long Tom, which I had learned to handle so skillfully, that my aim was as correct as that of a backwoodsman's rifle. Shot after shot was sent crashing through her timbers, till at length she was glad to haul off to repair damages. As she was getting out of range of my gun I sent a parting shot after her, which so wounded her fore-topmast that it soon after went by the board.

"The Carnation now took up the position of the disabled ship, and opened fire upon us. It was very certain we could not stand this kind of work much longer, and our gallant old commander, ordering every man into the boats, knocked open several barrels of tar, which had been hoisted on to the deck for that purpose, and with his own hands set our brave craft on fire.

"As the flames rose upward, along the tarry rigging, and leaped from sail to sail, and ran along the greasy spars, we pulled out to the shore, but a few rods distant, and with tears in our eyes, looked our last on our beloved vessel. We had not much time, however, to gaze upon the mournful spectacle; for the British sailors were in hot pursuit of us, and it behooved us to seek some position where we could defend ourselves against an attack on land.

"'To the convent!' shouted some one of our officers, and in a body we ran to the hights, overlooking the town, upon which were built the substantial buildings occupied by the priests and monks of the order of Franciscans. Upon the flat roof of the highest building we mounted, and barricading its approaches with such materials as we found at hand, we were prepared for a desperate defence. One of our boys had brought along with him, from the privateer, an extra American color; and tying it to the cross, ornamenting the top of the front wall, we waived it defiantly to the breeze, determined to fall to a man, before it should be struck to the enemy. We numbered over one hundred men; and though the three frigates could have sent nearly ten times that number of sailors and marines against us, I doubt if they could have taken our castle, without the aid of their heavy guns.

"We had not been in our position long before the Governor begged us to surrender, adding that there was no possible chance for us to escape capture,—and that the English proposed that if we would return to the beach, we should be treated as prisoners of war, and under parole should be furnished with a safe passage to the United States.

"Our reply to the proposition, was—that if the English wanted us they were welcome to come for us. We were prepared for their reception.

"The Governor then sent word that if we did not surrender, the English commanders had threatened to demolish the town, and he was fearful they would put their dastardly threat into execution. Our answer to this was, that if the authorities of the town had not the courage to defend their place against the attack of the British, we would volunteer to do it for them.

"But notwithstanding all their swagger and braggadocia, the enemy did not see fit to assault our position. In fact, they had their hands full, for that day, in burying their dead, which amounted to more than our entire crew, while their wounded were said to have been one hundred and eighty. The loss of the three ships, in the aggregate, amounted to upwards of three hundred. But mortified by their unexpected defeat, the enemy endeavored to conceal the extent of their loss. The captain of the Rota, however, informed the Governor that his own loss was seventy men killed, besides the wounded, while our own loss was two killed and seven wounded.

"During all the war, I doubt if John Bull found so hard a nut to crack as our brave old Armstrong proved to be, and crest fallen and chagrined, the three frigates withdrew from the port, leaving us still in undisturbed possession of our citadel, which we immediately after relinquished to its proper occupants."

........"Where did you prig that shilling from?" said buttons to Sambo. "Prig it, sar, was the quick response. "I'll make you proof dat you say, sar. I found that shilling in master's trousers pocket, and he hab gone out of town for a month."

........An insolent loafer was kicked upon one of the New York wharves the other evening, by policeman Webb. The fellow, finding himself Webb-footed, jumped at once into the water, taking it for granted that it was his natural element.

........A grumbler at rainy weather thus expresses himself:—

"I'd like to hire a man to stop
Each crevice in the sky;
Though rain may benefit the crop,
I'm not a crop—not I."

........A gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything else to say, asked her why she was like a tailor?

"I don't know," said she, with pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

........A moral debating society "out West," is engaged in a discussion on the following questions: "If a husband deserts his wife, which is the most abandoned, the man or woman?"

........"Pa, can a person catch anything if he don't run after it?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, how did you catch the cold you have got?"

"By running after your mother, to bring her home from the young men's prayer-meeting."

........An Irish paper reporting the loss of a steamer says:—"The captain swam ashore, so did the stewardess. She was insured for [illegible] and [illegible]."

Rather Rough.—A school-master in one of the neighboring towns, while upon his morning's walk, passed by the door of a neighbor, who was exavating a log for a pig's trough. "Why," said the school master, "Mr.—— have you not furniture enough yet?" "Yes," said the man, "enough for my own family, but I expect to board the master this winter, and I am making prepara-

I.

We hear the trumpets of the great Wind blow
Through many a mountain-pass and column;
We see the banners of the storm-cloud flow
Broad, dark and solemn;
The sea is chanting legends stern and old
By darkling strand and leafless promontory—
Gone Summer's wreath, gone Autumn's robe of gold,
Gone all the pomp and glory:
FATHER, be with us!

II.

An endless shadow clings to all the Land;
An endless shadow clasps the lonely mountains;
It seems the terror of some demon hand
Pressed on the frozen fountains:
A sense of evil seems to bow the sky;
A vast black Death on all seems steadily falling;
The winds from land to wave make sad reply,
Like Ghoul to Ghoul low-calling:
FATHER, protect us!

III.

Now from its crypt bring some old poet's scroll,
Some scroll beloved by Earth's past generations,
A cheering lay on which hath leaned the soul
Of the departed nations:
And we will smile while listening its large rhyme,
Its voice that plumes the heart to calm defiance;
And we will call through all the mournful time
With all that old reliance,
FATHER, be with us!

IV.

The scroll shall sing us many a solemn thought,
Solemn yet lit with feeling high and tender,
For he who made it, reverently wrought
In Heaven's own holy splendor:
Then let the trumpets of the great Wind blow
Through many a mountain-path and column;
And let the banners of the storm-cloud flow
Broad, dark and solemn—
Our FATHER'S with us!

GRACE NORMAN, THE INEFFICIENT WIFE.

BY MARY C. AMES.

Grace Mortimer was a sunny-faced girl, whom most people called beautiful. It was not altogether her fault that she had grown up to be an indolent, "nothing-to-do" girl. Even when a little child she had been accustomed to hear her mother say: "Grace shall be a lady." "Grace shall marry a gentleman. *She* never shall work like her poor mother." So the little girl learned to regard "work" as the one thing in the world to be hated and avoided, and marriage with "a gentleman" the great object of life which she was to strive for until obtained. When about fourteen years old, she was sent to a fashionable school, where she learned to lisp a few sentences in French, and to make horrid little poodles out of Berlin wool.

In the meantime, her mother, who was a widow, might with propriety have sung the dolorous "Song of the Shirt," as she sat through weary days, and weary nights, stitching "wristband, gusset, and band," to procure the money which was to make her daughter "a lady."

Grace was "finished" at the age of eighteen years, and blazed out a full-grown star in her narrow, social sphere. Besides her French and "worsted work" she could thrum a few tunes on the piano, and dance and sing—sing sweetly, too—not like an artist, but like a bird. But her power was in her face. It was a pretty face. The white, oval brow, with its shadow of curls; the laughing, hazel eyes; the softly-rounded, blooming cheek; the rosy mouth, with its heaven of smiles,—I see them all as I saw Grace Mortimer, years ago.

Had that sweet face been the mirror of an expanding soul, how glorious she might have been! But nobody had ever taught Grace that every noble life must have a noble aim. She did not live to grow up to the highest type of perfected womanhood. No! She lived as most young girls live, simply to enjoy herself—to look pretty, to talk nonsense, to find a lover, to win a husband.

Of course, Grace had many admirers. There were a plenty of slender-waisted, shallow-brained young men to wait upon her to parties, balls, and concerts. But after having flirted away the first year of her young ladyhood, Grace met one evening, at the house of a friend, a gentleman whom she had heard spoken of among the girls of her acquaintance as "a perfect prize." And it was true that Edward Norman was an exception to the rest of her gentlemen friends. While yet a boy his father died, and he found himself with an invalid mother and two young sisters depending upon his labors for support. He did not shrink from this heavy responsibility. Circumstances begot the wisdom of manhood in the soul of the boy. Although scarcely seventeen, he entered a large establishment as under book-keeper, and by his fidelity, and excellent business capacity, won the highest confidence of his employers.

At the close of two years he was promoted, and his salary increased. Then he supplied his mother with many added comforts, placed his sisters under more accomplished instructors, but did not allow his own personal wants to grow with his income. Thus the years of dawning manhood—which so many young men devote to folly and sin—Edward Norman spent in toil and self-sacrifice; an approving conscience, and the grateful devotion of loving hearts affording him the richest compensation.

At the end of eight years a change came to his home. His sisters, who realized his fondest hopes—who were thoroughly educated and accomplished—received a call to the South to take charge of a seminary of note, and his mother, who had regained her lost health, accompanied them, to become the superintendent of the domestic concerns of the institution. Thus the home in which he had been happy so long was suddenly broken up. The mission which he owed his loved ones was fulfilled. For the first time in his life he felt alone.

Then was born the longing which, sooner or later, lives in every man's heart, for a home—a home, which in a nearer sense should be all his own, and *hers!*

He was not an ambitious man. He placed too low an estimate upon his powers to think of struggling for honor or fame. To be honorable in all things, to enjoy the confidence and respect of the community in which he lived, to win a competency, to possess a home filled with bright faces and loving hearts, *this* was the sum of Edward Norman's earthly ambition. Eminently affectionate, his soul overflowing with all kindly sympathies, few men were so richly endowed by nature with the qualities to bless and to enjoy the blessing of a home. His ideal of a wife was in accordance with his character. He admired beauty, he respected intellect, but what he desired most in his wife was a sunny disposition, and a loving heart.

At this crisis he accidentally met Grace Mortimer. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should be fascinated by that fair, girlish face—that Grace's sweet, childish ways, her radiant gayety, should irresistibly charm this young, old man, already somewhat jaded with the work of the world. He became a frequent visitor at the house of Mrs. Mortimer, and at last Grace's butterfly admirers, one by one, dropped off, to give place to the staid gentleman who, they had every reason to suppose, was an accepted suitor.

handsome as she would like. He had not the flowing locks, the piercing eyes, the classical features which belonged to the hero of her secret dreams. He was a little too silent, a little too grave; but then she could forgive these slight defects, for, "Was he not a gentleman? Would he not support her as a lady?" The solemn trust of taking to her keeping the happiness, yea, the destiny of a human soul—why, such a weighty idea never entered her beautiful head. And Edward, sensible man as he was, did not exercise his usual amount of practical thought after he became a lover. As he looked down into those laughing eyes, and laid back from the polished brow its wealth of shining hair, and watched the enchanting smile radiating from the lovely mouth, he was too much enraptured to inquire whether it sprung from the sunshine of a loving heart, which would beat strong, and true, and loving still when the sky should become dark, and life all tempest-tossed.

They were married. Grace became the mistress of a small but elegant house in one of the loveliest streets of the city of R——.

Her mother accompanied her to her new home, and assumed the exclusive direction of its domestic concerns; so Grace had nothing to do but to study the fashions; dress, and receive calls, and revel in the admiration lavished upon her by a host of summer friends.

Never had she been so happy before. And Edward was no longer grave and silent as of old. Every care fled from his heart, every shadow from his brow, the moment he crossed the threshold of his home. There he found every apartment arranged with exquisite taste and filled with beauty—the delicious meal awaiting his return, and his beautiful girl-wife ready to greet him with all the blandishments of love.

Thus three golden years slipped by, and left Grace a mother as well as wife. She was still a belle, as gay and beautiful as ever, when overtaken with her first great grief.

Mrs. Mortimer was stricken down suddenly, and great was her consternation when she found that life's last, dark messenger had come. Her chief anxiety was for Grace—"Poor child, what will you do without me!" she murmured, turning her dying eyes upon her daughter, and with these words, the fond and misguided mother passed into eternity.

Grace was frantic. The thought had scarcely entered her mind that *her* mother could die. The being who had borne all her burdens, who had taught her that even the world should go and come at her bidding, was dead! Grace knew not how to live without her, and in her agony prayed also to die.

But it was not at her death that either Grace or Edward realized how great was their loss. Mrs. Mortimer had been a model housekeeper. Under her control the intricate and multiform wheels of the domestic machinery moved on without friction and in perfect time. Well had it been for her child had Mrs. Mortimer imparted to her a knowledge of those household duties from which no true woman wishes to be exempt. But to the last she persisted in her resolution to preserve Grace "a lady," which in her mind was a woman who had nothing to do. And at her death, Grace found herself as ignorant as a child of the practical duties of housekeeping. For weeks she thought her grief a sufficient excuse for her utter neglect of her cares; and shutting herself up in her room, she left the sole management of affairs to Biddy.

In a very brief time the house assumed a look of disorder and neglect which it had never worn before. The meals were always too late, and always poorly prepared. And before long she saw by the shadow on Edward's brow that he had noticed the change.

At last, after days of irresolution, she nerved herself, one morning, to the task of descending into her own kitchen. At a late hour she went down into that nether realm, in which she found that confusion and dirt everywhere prevailed. An army of kettles and pans, without any regard to order, were arrayed on every available table and chair; and in the midst of all, her dishcloth over her knee, sat Biddy, entertaining a friend. Grace, in dismay, gave a few indefinite directions for dinner, and then fled in tears to her chamber.

Poor Edward! he felt the change in his home more and more. Formerly Mrs. Mortimer had done the marketing; but now nothing was thought of until the moment it was needed; therefore, orders were sent to him at his store every hour of the day; and, as nothing was procured in season, food was never ready at the proper time. Edward would come home from the hurry of business to find his dinner in the first stages of preparation, and after waiting an hour, sit down to a half-cooked, unpalatable meal. Few things are more trying to a hungry man, than to be obliged to wait for his dinner. But Edward stifled his impatience, and though he "wished that things were different," still believed that Grace, delicate and grief-smitten, did the very best she could.

Grace now often received her husband at evening in her soiled morning dress, and with disordered hair, and swollen eyes; and instead of the smiles and laughing words with which she had greeted him in earlier days, met him with complaint; pouring into his ears a minute history of all her trials and sufferings during the day. This change in her disposition Edward attributed solely to her affliction, and looked hopefully to the day, as near at hand, when she would again be as happy as of old. But, alas! matters grew worse; and when six years of their wedded life had gone by, in the fretful sharp-faced Mrs. Norman few would have recognized the radiant Grace Mortimer of lang syne; few would have realized that the sorrowful, neglected-looking man whom they saw was the happy Edward Norman of former days—and fewer still, in that dark, disconsolate home would have seen aught to remind them of the sunny abode which six springs before opened to receive the young and joyous pair.

At the close of the first year after Mrs. Mortimer's death, Edward found that his expenditures had doubled, while his income had been less than in any previous year, on account of his inability to give his usual attention to his business. Candidly and kindly he told Grace of the state of their affairs, expressing his sorrow at the necessity which would compel her to forego some of the many luxuries which she had hitherto enjoyed. As usual, she replied with a flood of tears; accusing him of selfishness in adding to her sorrows by troubling her with business which she did not understand. "To get along with less was impossible. Why did he torment her with what she could not help?" From that hour Edward felt that whatever his pecuniary trials might be, he must bear them alone.

In vain he applied himself to business with renewed energy; his affairs became more and more embarrassed every year. The closest application, the strictest economy on his part, could not atone for the neglect and waste at home. It grew more and more difficult to meet his payments, and at last he stood face to face with ruin.

There was but one alternative; if he would preserve his credit as an honest man, he must sell all that he had, pay his debts, and begin

an unfashionable street, Edward Norman began anew. To Grace this was the consummation of sorrow. It was a death-wound to her pride.

The little, darkened home into which they moved, grew darker every day! As Edward became more and more conscious of its wretchedness it deprived him almost of the power to act. Is there any thing else in the world that will so surely rob a man of his energy, of his ambition, of his manhood, as the knowledge that she, who is the very life of his life, cannot sympathize with him in heart, cannot accelerate his plans, cannot lighten his toils?—that the structure of competence, and happiness, which he is struggling so hard to raise is torn away by her hands (unwittingly though it be) faster than he has power to build.

Instead of trying to learn how to perform her domestic duties, Grace yielded more and more to the spirit of indolence, and at last sought refuge from her annoyances and the reproaches of her conscience in the alluring alleviations of opium. To procure this fatal drug she used money that Edward had entrusted her with to buy her own and little Edward's winter clothing. Her indiscretion in the use of the opium brought on a violent fit of illness, which, aggravated by her distress of mind and natural peevishness of disposition, terminated fatally. Edward, who loved her dearly, notwithstanding her grave faults, was smitten to the earth by her death. His grief and despondency developed a latent disease in his system, and he was soon laid in the churchyard by the side of his wife; and little Edward, their orphan child, was sent to live with his grandmother and aunts, in their Southern home.

Let every woman, old and young, who has not fitted herself to take charge of a household, and make a home attractive and happy, study the moral of this simple yet true story.

WHO?

O, Roland Wright,
There is mourning to-night,
In the house down under the hill;
A child is born, and the babe is dead,
And the soul of its maiden mother is fled,
And white, and cold, and stark, and still,
Lie mother and child down under the hill;
Gray hairs are tossing to and fro,
Swayed by the fitful breath of woe.
A curse goes hissing out into the night—
Who is it seeking, Roland Wright?

MARY FORREST.

OUR POET.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

I was busy, one bright September morning, packing my trunks for my fall removal from my uncle's house in the country, to the marble-fronted hotel on Broadway that numbered me each winter among its inmates, when my cousin Adelaide came dancing into the room, irreverently scattered my "best bibs and tuckers" to the right and the left, and commanded me to give up all thoughts of a journey for three months at least.

"And why, pray?" I asked, rescuing a favorite pair of under-sleeves just as she was going to sit down upon them. "You know I have to go out West after I reach New York. Come what may, I must see an Indian summer on the prairies."

"Bother the prairies and the Indian summer, too!" cried Adelaide, taking a letter from her apron pocket, and waving it in the air. "You will give them both up when you see this."

"Hold it still, then, or give it to me. What vile writing."

"How can you say so?"

"It looks as if a watering pot had been filled with ink and shaken over the envelope."

"I like that. Look at the signature."

I did look, and I might have been looking to this day, for all the information I got—(it was like the old woman's "figurey one and figurey two")—but Adelaide grew impatient, and snatching the letter from my hand, exclaimed—

"Listen, you goose," and read the letter aloud. Thus it ran:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND—I am coming into the country for a month or two; my doctor positively forbids my staying in New York during the fall. Remembering our old schoolboy league, I have selected W—— as the place of my exile, and shall be there on the 20th, wind and weather permitting. Shall look you up without fail, so don't go out of town."

"What do you think of *that?*" asked Adelaide, making large eyes at me over the top of the letter.

"I've not heard anything yet to make me postpone my journey."

"Wait a moment—I'll finish. 'I am, as ever, yours faithfully——'"

"Well, go on."

"'*James Quitman*,'" said Addie, with a shout of triumph.

"*James Quitman!* You are mad, Addie—*he* can never be coming here."

"There is the letter—see for yourself."

"Yes, it is the name; but are you sure it is the poet?"

"Father has always known him, it seems; it *is* the poet, and we are to have him stay here all the time. Father is to meet him at the station to-night, and not let him go to the hotel on any account. Won't people stare when we walk into church next Sunday? And oh, will you come with me and see what ought to be done to the parlors and to his room—the front chamber, you know?"

I closed the lid of my trunk in the twinkling of an eye. The poet I had so often longed to see, the man over whose tender verses I had made myself a Niobe scores of times, was it possible that the same roof was going to shelter us both? Were my hands to help decorate his bower? Every one knew him, every one loved him, every one longed to see him; and if there had been a "LEDGER" in those days (but there was not), his name would have figured in the list of special contributors, without fail. Fame had blown her trumpet over him till she was (figuratively speaking) black in the face, and yet he was coming to us! I made sundry comparisons between his attractions and those of the Indian summer out West, (for which I trust Mother Nature has forgiven me,) and went with Addie to overlook that "bower," or in other words, to get the front chamber ready for its illustrious occupant.

Dinner was a thing unthought of in the house that day, and my uncle lunched meekly at one of the china closets, off cold meat and bread and preserved strawberries, while Addie and I actually ate rose leaves and sugar and cream, as a suitable pendant to the work in which we were engaged. Nothing less ethereal would we partake while fitting up that poet's chamber. I blush, even at the distance of so many years, to think of it.

By four o'clock that afternoon our labors were ended. The house was like a bed of roses; they blushed and bloomed everywhere, and their fragrance was delicious in the upper chamber. My favorite pictures had been unpacked and arranged upon the parlor walls; my bronze casts stood upon the table; my statue of the Goddess of Silence, which was the idol above all others in my eyes, stood at the entrance of the parlors, pointing inward, with her finger on her beautiful lip. Everything was perfect. The tea-table board, to say nothing of some delicately tinted ice-cream which was still undergoing the process of "freezation" in the cellar. Addie drew a long sigh of satisfaction as she gave a last look at the arrangements; I placed a volume of *the* poems conspicuously on the centre-table, and then we went upstairs to dress.

Over the mysteries of that toilet I draw a veil. I never had an idea till then, what unheard of exertions a woman will make, to look well in the eyes of the opposite sex. I wonder no gray hairs appeared among my brown ones—I fancied I detected an incipient wrinkle on my forehead the next morning, and I knew very well whence it came. But the result was well worth of the labor. I looked admiringly at Addie in her rose-colored crape, and wondered if my "little dog at home" would quite "know *me*," as I walked like a peacock around the room, with my blue and silver tissue sweeping the floor. Ah, if I could only have staid at seventeen, and worn blue and silver, and waited for a poet forever—what a life it would have been!

Of course the train was late that night. Trains always *are* late, when we are expecting any one by them, and Addie and I had time to work ourselves into a feverish state, that gave us some very becoming red cheeks. We went out into the garden, and walked restlessly up and down about the rose beds. "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" "I see nothing but a great cloud of dust, a long way off." And so on, till the clock struck six. Then we heard the whistle of what should have been the half-past five train. The station was only half a mile away—my uncle's horses were fast—sister Anne saw the cloud of dust once more, but it was moving. The stage rolled past the door, and in five minutes afterwards, a carriage stopped before the gate. The poet had come!

He climbed out of the carriage like a crab, sidewise—and coming up the gravelled walk towards the front door, presented to our admiring eyes, the figure of a stoutish, middle-aged man, with dark eyes and hair, and a very pleasant smile. He did not wear a spanish cloak or sombrero—he was clad in linen garments, *thatched* with a rough-looking straw hat, that had evidently seen service. His gloveless hands were not very white, he was also sunburned, had no moustache, and his hair was cut as if he had just emerged from the classic shades of Sing Sing. Like one of England's kings (the one who could not fathom the mystery of apple dumplings), he had a habit of often repeating things twice,—he also uttered confidential communications in an ordinary tone of voice, so that every one had the benefit of them. We heard him as he came up the walk.

"Very pretty house, Tom, very pretty house. Those girls your daughters, hey? I see they've got those horrid city fashions—low neck and short sleeves—low neck and short sleeves, hey? If I had a daughter, I'd sew her dress to her ears—sew her dress to her ears."

Addie and I looked at each other in consternation, and barely managed to give him a civil greeting as he crossed the threshold. Was this the man who had raved about his Lydia—

"That bosom, white and fond and fair,
I would I were the enamored air,
To faint and fall in passing there."

Low necks, indeed! What did the man expect in hot Summer weather? Adelaide allowed my uncle to usher him to his room, and arranged her tea-table in dignified silence.

He came down a little improved outwardly, and somewhat more amiable. I sat beside him at the tea-table, as had been previously arranged, and saw that all things were within his reach. Never did Hindoo idol tax his votary more severely. I had hardly time to snatch a mouthful myself—though for the matter of that, his appetite quite took away my own. He was a regular Dr. Johnson for tea—strawberry preserves pleased him, and soda biscuits vanished before his attack, as green things before the march of a cloud of locusts. Had he been any one else we should have rejoiced to see him appreciate our delicacies; but the poet—we had never dreamed he would eat like other men! I remembered our lunch of rose leaves with a ludicrous shame, and I fancied Addie's thoughts turned that way now and then, for I saw her color and bite her lip once or twice. It was only a silent service that I could offer my divinity. I am sorry to say he was rather ungallant, and took very little notice of us, except to ask for something to eat or drink; but he talked politics briskly with my uncle, and seemed to harbor the idea of running for alderman at the next city election! Heaven knows he had one qualification—a stomach of gutta percha!

Tea over, we adjourned to the rose-scented parlors, and the volume on the centre table caught his eye. He took it up, turned over the pages, laughing now and then to himself, and finally tossed it back carelessly.

"The unconsciousness of genius!" whispered Addie in my ear, just as he turned upon us.

"Who owns this book?"

I modestly answered that I had that great pleasure.

"Great pleasure, hey? She calls it a pleasure, Tom! Hem!—I suppose. I ought to feel complimented; but I don't, Tom,—I don't. Young lady, will you do me one favor?"

"What is it, sir?"

"Put that stupid trash into the fire."

"Stupid trash!" cried Addie, aghast, snatching up the volume.

"Yes, I wrote it. I was a boy,—and, by George, my publishers took it out of my desk and went mad over it, while they actually turned up their noses at my report of the poor-laws—would you believe it!"

"Are you really in earnest, sir?" I asked. "Are you not proud of these poems?"

"Do you hear her, Tom—do you hear her? No, my dear, I am *not*. I was wild enough I can promise you when I found they were in press. They stole them—actually stole them, and printed them under my nose! If it had been the report, there would have been some sense in it; but those trashy things—why they will be flung in my face, time and again; and I dare say I shall lose my election as alderman through them."

My uncle looked sympathizing. Addie arranged the ice-cream glasses before him without a word.

"But, sir, look at the fame you have won," I remarked. "To be a poet is surely better than to be an alderman."

"Hem! All people do not think alike about that, my dear. As for fame—its a rag fluttering on a bush; I wouldn't give a button for it. Five thousand dollars a year will keep you well clothed and well fed—fame won't."

He helped himself to an ice.

"Fame! why it is not even as substantial as this—certainly not half so sweet. No, my dear, burn that book, or, at least, don't remind me of the follies of my youth by putting it in my way. I used to talk and think exactly as you do, once, but the fever has turned, and I am quite sensible now, as you see. Your health, young ladies," and he bowed as he lifted a glass of wine to his lips; "and may your eyes be as thoroughly opened as mine have been."

There was no reply. The two gentlemen resumed their political discussion, waxing so warm in the defence of their favorite views that they

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN ASPIRATION.

BY HESBAND.

Lead on, lead on, O thought, nor pause
Wherever thought can climb or bound,
There surely cannot be the cause
Of half the ill that here is found;
Each wind that passes seems to sigh
A requiem o'er some hope that's flown,
Each flower that blooms, speaks to my eye
Of sweets less lasting than their own;
Then on, lead on, O weary thought,
Up from this world exulting soar,
Till thou hast found the long, long sought,
A realm where storms are known no more.

Speed on, speed on—"through endless space"—
In this cold world, for thee, no more
Is found a fitting resting-place—
That dream, poor, foolish thought, is o'er!
On—till in that bright land afar,
Where false ones never enter in,
Where all the blood-washed spirits are,
And those who've never dreamed of sin—
The idol of this heart you've met,
Then, trembling in the holiest prayer,
O tell her how she's worshipped yet,
And how I long to meet her there!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LADY'S VIGIL.

BY EVA MILFORD.

It was a raw, chilly, uncomfortable evening in November; the air had been all day filled with a cold mist, which, as night drew in, changed to a sullen, steady rain. Mrs. Lincoln stirred the soft coal fire, threw on another lump, and then going to the window, murmured: "I wonder why William don't come home." Just then the door leading from the kitchen opened, and a tidy-looking girl, putting in her head, addressed her mistress:

"Mrs. Lincoln, there is a beggar man and his boy in the kitchen; will you step out and see them?"

"Certainly," answered the kind lady, hastening out. "Not even a dog ought to be out to-night, much less ill-clad and ill-fed human beings."

Murmuring the latter part of this sentence to herself, Mrs. Lincoln entered her comfortable kitchen, and cast a compassionate but scrutinizing glance at the two beggars, who still stood near the door. Her quick eye soon discerned, in spite of the tattered and insufficient clothing, marks of refinement and embarrassment, which convinced her they were not of that class of *professional* and brazen beggars, for whom it is so hard to feel sympathy.

"Good evening; sit down by the fire, old man," said she, kindly. "You look quite wet and cold."

"Yes, ma'am," said the father; "my poor boy and I am indeed wet and cold, hungry and homeless, but till this moment we have never begged." And a tremor in the old man's voice put the stamp of truth upon what he had said.

"Well," answered the young lady, cheerily, "we can soon remedy some of these misfortunes; and I am very glad if this is your first experiment in asking help, that you gave me the opportunity of relieving you. Come, Hannah," continued she, "pile on more wood to the fire, and bring the cold meat and bread, and the pie which was cut at dinner-time. I see that you have made me tea; you can pour that out for the little boy and his father, and make some more for us."

Hannah bustled about, and in a short time had prepared a comfortable meal, to which she invited the old man to sit down, which, after a look of thanks to his kind hostess, he willingly did.

Just as Mrs. Lincoln was trying to frame a question which might lead the old man to speak of the causes which had so reduced him, the front door opened, then closed with a bang, and the sound of masculine footsteps was to be heard in the entry.

"Ah, 'tis William!" said the lady, moving towards the door leading from the kitchen to the hall; but before she reached it, it was thrown back, and the master of the house entered with a dripping umbrella in his hand.

"Here, Hannah," said he, "take this umbrella and put it in the sink, or carry it out in the woodhouse. Good evening, Mary," continued he, turning to his wife. "What are you doing out here? The parlor is unlighted, and you know I always like to see a lamp there when I come home."

"I know, dear," said the wife, gently, and not noticing his fretful and complaining tone. "I was just going to light the solar-lamp, when this poor man came in, and I was telling Hannah about some supper for him and his little boy."

"Beggars, eh?" said Mr. Lincoln, sharply, and turning to the old man, who had risen, and now stood with his head meekly bowed down. "Well, sit down, old man, and finish your supper, and then be off. I can't harbor tramps here over night!"

"Certainly, sir," answered the old man, promptly. "I will go as soon as this poor child is rested and warm; but it goes very hard, sir, to be called a beggar and a tramp, when until this evening I have never asked for crumb or shelter. But I will go."

"Wait until I speak to you again," said Mrs. Lincoln, softly, as she followed her husband to the parlor.

"Come, Mary," said the latter, crossly, as she entered, "if you are not too much taken up with that impudent old beggar out there, I wish you would come and give me some tea."

"Certainly, dear," answered Mary, sweetly, but very sadly.

She poured out the tea and handed it to her husband; then brought a pair of slippers, which had been warming by the fire, and placed them beside him, saying:

"Your boots look wet, William—will you not take them off? And here is your dressing-gown by the fire."

"Thank you, Mary," said Mr. Lincoln, accepting the offered comforts, and speaking more kindly.

His wife waited a moment in hopes that he would make some remark which would lead to the subject of which her mind was full; but finding that her husband was relapsing into a gloomy reverie, she said, in an anxious and gentle voice:

"Those poor people in the kitchen, William—you will not turn them out in such a storm as it is to-night, will you? Hark to the dash of the rain!"

"Rain, or no rain, Mary," answered Mr. Lincoln, angrily, "I am not going to have my house laid open to a couple of thieves—yes, and marauders, and houseburners, for aught I know! I tell you, I wouldn't go to bed and leave them here for twenty dollars!"

"But William, dear," rejoined the wife, timidly, "if I should sit up all night in this room, with the kitchen door ajar, there could be no danger; and I am very willing to do that."

The husband stared a moment incredulously at his gentle wife, and then answered, impatiently:

"O, well, if you have set your heart upon their staying, I suppose nothing will make you easy but just that; so sit up, if you choose. But if you make yourself sick by it, don't ask me to pity you; and if they carry off any of your spoons and forks, don't ask me to buy more."

"Certainly, not, William; the consequences be upon my own head," returned the wife, quite relieved at being allowed to sit up.

Perceiving that her husband had finished his tea, Mrs. Lincoln rose, and going into the kitchen, found the old man standing by the door with his tattered hat in his hand, apparently merely waiting to thank his hostess before leaving the house.

"Stop!—will you tell me what to call you?" said Mary, with a sweet smile. "It is rather awkward not to know the name of the person to whom you are talking."

"My name, kind lady, is Ackerman—Henry Ackerman. I left Germany with my father and mother many years ago, and since then I have been trying to make room for myself in this great country, where we were told work was so plenty and well paid, and food so cheap, that any one who would use his hands might have enough and to spare. I was brought up a clockmaker, and for some time I got enough to do at that to support my wife and this boy, who is the only child God gave us. But then my wife got a bad fever, and no one but me to nurse her, and after many weeks the good God took her to himself, where she will never be cold or hungry—"

The old man's voice was lost in sobs, and his sympathizing auditor wept silently. In a few moments, however, he resumed:

"The day my Trudchen was buried, I took to my bed and was sick for weeks; so long that all my little savings were gone, and I should have died of want had not a kind neighbor helped me—and she a widow, too. Then when I got better I was so anxious to work and get money to pay poor Grettel, that I was thrown back and had another fever worse than the first. When I got well at last, they did not want me at the place where I had worked last; and for five years I have been going about getting little jobs here and there till a week ago, when I was forced to sell my tools to keep from starving, and for two days and nights before I entered this house we had been without food. Heaven will reward you, kind lady, for the goodness you have shown to me; and the poor beggar man will never pray to the Father of both rich and poor without calling down blessings on your head!"

With these words the old man was about to open the door, when Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed, in tremulous terms:

"Stop, Mr. Ackerman, you must not leave us to-night! My husband has changed his mind, and desired me to tell you that you was quite welcome to a bed on the floor here in the kitchen, if you would like it."

The beggar hesitated. It was easy to perceive that his first strong impulse was to decline; but gazing a moment at the pale and exhausted face of the boy, who had stood motionless by his father's side during this conversation, he replied:

"For poor Franz's sake, dear lady, I will accept your husband's offer, for I do not dare expose the poor child to what I would not mind for myself."

Mrs. Lincoln gave some directions to Hannah for the old man's lodging, and then returning to the parlor, lay down upon the sofa; and telling her husband gaily that she was going to take a nap to prepare for watching, she requested him to wake her when he was going to bed. Mr. Lincoln gruffly assented without looking up from his newspaper, and in five minutes the young woman, lulled by a clear conscience and the sweet consciousness of well-doing, was sound asleep. About eleven she was awakened by her husband's voice, and springing up, she exclaimed:

"Well, dear, are you going to bed?"

"Yes, and I think you had better come, too. Go and call Hannah, and let her sit up the rest of the night; or else turn out the gaberlunzies, and let them finish their nap on the piazza!"

"William! How can you, dear husband, so wrong your own kind heart as to talk so?"

Mr. Lincoln left the room without speaking, and his wife, opening the kitchen door softly, listened for a moment until she perceived by the low, steady breathing that both her guests were sound asleep. Then leaving the door ajar, she drew her low chair near the grate, and taking a book, prepared to spend the night as pleasantly as circumstances would allow.

Hour after hour passed slowly on. At three, Mrs. Lincoln laid down her book and took her sewing. This occupied her for another hour; then she began to walk the room, quietly listening at intervals to the low breathing in the next room; then she looked from the window into the dark night, until at last as day began to dawn, she sat down by the fire and began to *think*. She heard the little mantel-clock ring out half-past five, and then her thoughts began to grow very hazy and vague, until at last they changed to dreams. Her light and uneasy slumber was however dissipated by the tinkling of the little clock as it struck six, and starting up with the feeling of a sentinel found asleep at his post, she went to the door and listened. She heard no longer the low breathing, and after listening a moment, she opened the door and looked out. The room was empty, and the bolt of the outer door drawn back. Turning into the parlor again, her eye was caught by a slip of paper laid conspicuously upon her work-box; taking it up, she read, in a clear, good hand, "'The blessing of those ready to perish' rest upon your head, lady, now and forever!"

Mrs. Lincoln still stood looking at the sentence and thinking of the writer, when the door was opened, and her husband entering quickly came up to her, and folding his arms about her, kissed her more than once, exclaiming, as he did so:

"O, Mary, forgive me, if you can! I know I am a brute, and you are an angel, and I don't deserve you at all! How like a fiend I behaved to you and those poor people last night! But the truth is, I heard very bad news yesterday of the stock in which I have invested almost everything we have; and one of my clerks was very impudent, and I dismissed him, although I shall never be able to get another to suit me as well, and so altogether—you know, little wife, just how savage I felt—"

Mary's arms were around her husband's neck, and a soft impediment stopped all further confessions; for no good wife likes to hear her husband humiliate himself, even though what he says may be strictly true. * * * * *

It was again a chill, wet November evening, when Mrs. Lincoln drew aside the curtain and glanced wistfully from the window; but over the fair, sweet face and girlish figure which we first saw peeped out into the night, have passed the storms and trials of twenty years—yes, twenty years of toil, and suffering, and widowhood; and few could have recognized in the pale, calm face closely folded in the widow's cap, the fair, delicate, rosy features of the young wife of twenty years ago.

"It is surely time," sighed the widow, glancing at the plain wooden clock, which stood in the place occupied by the gay *pendule* in her home of long ago.

As the watcher turned again to the window, the rattle of heavy wheels was heard, and in a moment a stagecoach drew up before the garden gate of the widow's humble home. The driver jumped down and opened the door, when out sprang a tall, handsome young man, who immediately turned to offer his hand to a slender, elegant looking girl, whose cheeks and eyes seemed to indicate that the attention was not unwelcome. But her mother stood at the door, and with one hasty pressure of the hand, and whispered "To-morrow," the fair girl left him to re-enter the coach at his leisure, while she flew up the little path and was clasped to her mother's heart.

"Who was that young gentleman who helped you out of the coach, my darling?" said the mother, some hours afterward. "I noticed that you shook hands with you."

"Wait one moment, dear mama." And the happy girl danced away to her little trunk, which was still standing by the door, where the driver had placed it. After searching for a moment, Alice pulled out a letter, and placing it in her mother's hand, ran up stairs, as she said, to see if her chamber "looked natural."

Mrs. Lincoln with some surprise opened the letter and read:

"Do you remember, Mrs. Lincoln, a wet, cold night, now twenty years ago, how kindly and sweetly you extended the hand of charity to a starving man and his starving child?—how you fed and warmed them, and then, rather than that they should be thrust forth into the pitiless night, you spent a long weary night in solitary watching. That man was my father; that boy, myself.

"I was then, to be sure, very young—but eight years old, indeed—yet every circumstance of that evening remains indelibly fixed in my mind. Nor could I have well forgotten them, if my own memory had proved less strong; for during the few remaining years of my father's life, he never failed to mingle your name with those of his best loved ones, in his morning and evening prayer. After that evening we continued poor—very poor; but we never begged again. My father sought and found employment as a day laborer, and by privation and labor he earned the bread we ate; or, when he was unable to do this, we could do without—he never begged again.

"After his death, I was taken into the family of Mr. Richard Morley, who is, as perhaps you know, the partner of your brother. Mr. and Mrs. Morley had no children; and after a little while they formally adopted me, and have ever been to me as true and kind as the parents whom I have lost could have been. I was sent to school, and then taken into the counting-room of Morley & Gray, where I still am, with hopes of soon becoming a junior member of the firm. There is naturally an intimacy between the families of your brother and his partner, and this happy circumstance was the means of my introduction to your sweet Alice—may I not say, *my* sweet Alice, for the dear girl has already confessed that I am dear to her. From what she has told me of your former house, and of you, dear madam, I am sure that I am addressing that benefactress for whom my evening prayers were taught to ascend—to be called your son will be only second in the scale of happiness to the title of Alice's husband.

"To-morrow, dear mother—forgive me, if I am premature, but the heart gushing with joy is not easily restrained—to-morrow I will call upon you and deliver a letter from your brother, containing, as he informed me, every argument which he could use in my favor; but I could not resist telling you first of this secret link between us, which is a secret to all the world beside, excepting our gentle Alice.

"I remain yours, with the profoundest gratitude and esteem,
"FRANZ ACKERMAN MORLEY."

What need to add more! Who that has loved, loves, or hopes to love, but foresees that the offer of Franz was warmly accepted by Alice's mother?—that they were soon married, and that Mrs. Lincoln took up her abode with them?

"Don't lie, don't lie!" said one child to another; "you can't deceive God, and he 'll read it before everybody at the [illegible]

What do we often drop, yet never stoop to pick up? A hint.

A sick cobler must be regarded as being well when he begins to *mend*.

"What blessings children are!" as the parish clerk said when he took the fee for christening them.

Circumstances alter cases. Red paint, which is a great improvement on the looks of old houses, is but an injury to the cheeks of young ladies.

Last year, Lord John postponed his Reform Bill in consequence of the war. This year you will see that he will postpone it in consequence of the peace.—*Punch.*

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a pair of sunken eyes, wrinkled face and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

Why are the collectors of the customs the most praiseworthy men we have? Because they never neglect to attend to their duties, their whole duties, and nothing but their duties.

A curious typographical error appeared in a country paper recently. In giving an account of an inquest, it was stated "the deceased bore an *accidental* character, and the jury returned a verdict of *excellent health.*"

A damsel was asked, "When a lady and gentleman have quarrelled, and each considers the other in fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance towards a reconciliation?" Her reply was, "The best-hearted and wisest of the two."

Paddy said he had a first-rate rifle, only it needed mending. Upon being asked what it needed most, replied, "By the wooden leg of ould Moses, it only needs a new stock, lock and barrel, and then it would hit a mark five miles upon a bee-line."

Removing Sunburn.

If our young lady readers would like to know [illegible] will take off tan and sunburn, let them [illegible] handful of bran, pour a quart of boiling [illegible] it, let it stand one hour, then strain. [illegible], put to it a pint of bay rum. Bottle [illegible] it when needed.

WHAT IS REPENTANCE?

He that repents truly is sorrowful for his past sins, not with a passing sigh or tear, but a pungent afflictive sorrow; such a sorrow as hates the sin so much, that the man would choose to die rather than act it more. This sorrow is called in Scripture a "weeping sorely," a "sorrow of heart," a "breaking of spirit," "mourning like a dove;" and we may read the degree and manner of it in the sad accents of the prophet Jeremy; the heart-breaking, the bitter weeping of St. Peter, after the shameful denying of his Master.

A boy away at school was allowed five dollars for spending money. What do you think he did with four hundred and eighty-one cents of it? Put it down his throat—ate it and drank it at saloons. It was gone, and there was nothing to show for it. He might have bought four beautiful volumes, and laid the foundation of a library. He might have spent it in Bibles, and put a Bible into sixteen destitute families. He might have saved it to take a little journey in vacation—visited Plymouth rock, or Bunker Hill monument. He might—O how many things he might have done with his money, which would have paid a hundred per cent. better than putting it into his stomach.

May you never be ashamed of the gospel, or a shame to it.

A correspondent asks us why city papers charge for the insertion of marriage and death notices. For the very best of reasons we suppose, inasmuch as one is an advertisement of copartnership and the other of dissolution. Business is business in this city.

TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.—Take a new axe, put a white hickory handle in it, bore a hole in the top of the handle, fill the hole with gum camphor, and seal it up. Then take the axe and cut cord wood at fifty cents a cord, until the heat of the handle dissolves the camphor.

By the last census, the total number of papers published in New England were as follows:—

Maine, 74; New Hampshire, 45; Vermont, 42; Massachusetts, 282; Rhode Island, 22; Connecticut, 63.

ADVICE OF AN OLD LADY.

Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house where she lives, at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as it is in the evening, or whether the morning wash and the towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may

MUSIC AND MENTAL EXERTION.—Alfieri often, before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music. "Almost all my tragedies were sketched in my mind either in the act of hearing music, or a few hours after," —a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon had often music played in the room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspirations; and music was even necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions, might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in the visions of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher, Bourdaloue or Massillon, was once found playing on a violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch preparatory to his sermon, which within a short interval he was to preach before the court. Curran's favourite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together would he forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, in collecting its tones, was opening all his faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.

love, love, Oh come, and come with me
come, dear love, and hand in hand
and meet that happy land,
are stars, where harps are
joys remain untold!
dwells a spirit there,
shore; and th my prayer,
Live—that we may
meet at last song!

I hear the harp-strings wake—
sweet love, earth-fetters break
the waves, as sand with rise,
sun into paradise!

DAUGHTERS OF THE FLOOD

BY J. ALFORD

On yonder rocks reclining,
Beneath the soft blue sky;
A lovely maiden sadly wept,
And bitter was each sigh.

She gazed upon the ocean,
Where vessels glide along,
She wrung her hands, and to the winds
Breath'd forth a pitcous song.

Oh, save my own belov'd one
In yonder bounding bark;
My all of life depends on him,—
Without him all were dark!

But soon the furious waters,
In mountains o'er him rolled;
Alas! the daughters of the flood,
Are waves both fal-e and cold.

Time is a wasting thing; it is a candle that will burn out.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.

"It is white as milk, sir!" exclaimed one of the men, rushing into the cabin in a high state of excitement.

"What is white as milk?" asked the captain, who, together with the chief mate, stood, compasses in hand, poring over a chart that lay spread out upon the table.

"The water alongside, sir. I think we must be shoaling very rapidly."

"Just as I feared," muttered the captain, gloomily; "the bank is right before us."

"And we must go over it?" said the mate, inquiringly.

"Yes, or lay our bones upon it," responded the captain. "But come, let us get on deck. It is useless looking at the chart any longer; we know our position only too well."

Ascending the companion-ladder, the sailor's statement was fully verified, the water all around presenting that peculiar appearance which indicates a sandy bottom at no great depth; while the ship, under a cloud of canvass, was flying through the foam with the speed of a racer. The crew were grouped about the deck with anxious faces as they looked ahead, where the waves curled and combed over the bank, or glanced astern, where, at a distance of less than three miles, a heavy frigate, with the blood-red cross of St. George at her peak, was steadily and relentlessly pursuing, like a bloodhound on the trail.

"I think she has gained upon us slightly since we went below, Mr. Midships," said the captain, addressing his first mate.

"I think she has somewhat; but not so much but that we might keep out of her way until night, when we could easily dodge her in the dark, if it were not for this confounded bank," returned the mate, with an anxious look ahead. "I never crossed this shoal but once; and then, although we were in a light schooner, drawing less than half the water we do now, it was a narrow escape for us. In my opinion, we must strike before we are half way over."

"Well," replied the captain, with an air of fixed determination, "if we must strike, there will be an end of it. The only alternative is to surrender to the Englishman; and then come the prison ship, starvation, disease and death. If she strikes, let her strike. By running, there is at least a chance; and I shall trust to that chance sooner than surrender."

"They are going to try the range of their bow-chasers, I reckon," said the mate, directing the captain's attention astern.

A slight commotion was observable upon the frigate's forecastle; the muzzle of a gun protruded from her bridle port; a cloud of thick white smoke shot in a circling ring from beneath the knight-heads, and rolled up against the belly of the foresail. The next instant the report was borne down upon the wind, and a round shot came skipping over the crests of the waves, and passed the ship within half a dozen fathoms to leeward.

"With a little better aim, their irons might trouble us," remarked the mate.

"Yes, it might, but we have very little to fear on that score; they will scarcely deaden their headway by firing at this distance. The only anxiety I feel, is in regard to this bank. Just step below, if you please, Mr. Midships, and ascertain at what time we have high water here."

The mate descended the companion ladder, and soon returned with the information, that the Nautical Almanac reported the flood tide to make upon that bank at six o'clock.

"Six o'clock," repeated the captain, thoughtfully, "six o'clock. It is now five, and the middle and shallowest part of this shoal is at least fifteen miles distant. If we could pass that point before the tide begins to ebb, our chance would not be so very desperate; but if not, we are no better than dead men. We must make more sail, Mr. Midships, and at once."

The ship, with something more than half a gale of wind on the starboard quarter, was under whole topsails, courses and topgallant sails, a spread of canvass which would have been considered too great for prudence in such a breeze under ordinary circumstances, but now that the fate of death depended upon the vessel's speed, it was no time to think of favoring the top hamper.

"Set the foretopmast studdingsail," said the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the mate, and walking forward to the waist, he issued the order.

"Reeve the foretopmast studdingsail gear; rig out the boom, and get the sail along," repeated the boatswain from the forecastle.

The men sprang aloft with the end of the tack and halyards, and having reve them through the blocks, the boom upon the foreyard was rigged out through the boom and quarter irons far beyond the yard-arm, and the sail bent on.

"Hoist away," shouted the captain, who had been waiting for a favorable lull; for with the breeze then blowing, it would have been fitter to shorten than to make sail, and there was great danger of the sails blowing to ribbons before it could be set.

At the word, the men swayed down upon the halyards, and the sail rose from the deck. But no sooner did it reach the top of the rail, than catching the wind, it swung far out ahead, and passing in forward of the foresail and foretopsail, it thrashed and beat upon the yard and sails with a force that threatened to demolish everything with which it came in contact, and almost rendered ineffectual the efforts of the men to hoist it to its place. But the hardy crew, urged on by the evident necessity of the case, bent strongly to the work, and the fluttering sail was at length hoisted to the block on the topsail yard arm, where it hung slatting and flapping, threatening every moment to go to pieces. The tack was now taken to the capstan and hove steadily in, the long, slender boom twisting and bending with the strain until its continued existence seemed little less than a miracle. Contrary to the reasonable expectations, but much to the joy of all hands, the straining clew was at length drawn slowly out to the boom end, the sheet trimmed down to the rail, and the huge sail, now fairly steadied in its place, drew strongly in the rising gale.

The good ship, feeling the increase of canvass forward, lifted her bow in the water, and with every sheet and brace ringing like the strings of a mammoth wind harp, dashed through the angry, leaping waves, driving the spray far before and on either side in her headlong course, and burying her forecastle in a smother of foam.

"Try how fast she's going, Mr. Midships," said the captain, who with uneasy steps was pacing fore and aft on the quarter-deck.

"Lay aft here, a couple of ye, and hold the reel," said the mate.

Two men sprang upon the poop, and got the apparatus in readiness—one man holding the reel, and the other the glass, while the mate tended the line.

"Watch," said the mate, casting the log over the lee quarter rail.

"Watch, sir," responded the man, promptly.

"Turn," said the mate, sharply, as the log passed astern out of the influence of the dead water, and the line began to pass rapidly through his fingers, while the reel spun swiftly round.

"Turn, sir," echoed the man, quickly reversing the half minute glass, and carefully watching the running sand as it poured through the opening; while the reel, with a constantly accelerated motion, continued to spin on its axis, and the line to pass over the rail.

"Hold," said the man, as the last grain of sand disappeared from the upper part of the glass.

The mate suddenly checked the line, and examining the knot that last went over the rail, he left the line to be hauled in and coiled up by the men, while he walked over to the weather side of the deck to report.

"Well?" said the captain, inquiringly, as he approached him.

"She marks eleven knots and a half by the log line," replied the mate; and taking into account the set of the sea, which sends the log home, I should say she was going through it something more than twelve."

"Not fast enough," said the captain. "We must knock fourteen or fifteen out of her, or we shall never work over the bank. We must crowd more sail on to her, Mr. Midships."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the mate, with astonishment. "She can hardly bear what she has now. As it is, I expect to see something part every minute. Do you see?—the weather fore brace and studdingsail tack is fairly smoking with the strain."

"Can't help that. You must reeve preventer braces, and get the lower studdingsail on her."

"Very well, sir," replied the mate. "But we shall have the boom coming inboard by the run before we can boom-end the jackyard."

The captain made a gesture of impatience, and he went forward to issue the necessary orders.

The lower studdingsail is an immense square sail, half as large as the fore course, and is hoisted to the end of the foretopmast studdingsail boom—the tack coming down through a block on the end of a long swinging boom, which juts out some twenty-five or thirty-five feet from the vessel's side. The strain upon this sail is enormous; and though increasing the vessel's speed materially, it tries the strength of the booms and rigging to the utmost, when it is set in a heavy breeze.

With almost incredible effort the sail was hoisted to its place without any accident, though the boom whipped and bent like a rattan, instead of the stout, heavy spar it was. With this additional spread of sail, the ship darted onward to her work—almost seeming to leap clear of the water as she sprang from wave to wave; now lifting her bows high in the air, and again plunging heavily into the yielding billows, churning the waters into foam, and deluging the deck with spray.

While this was being done on board the ship, the frigate was by no means idle. With a larger crew, the same sail had been made upon her in much less time, and the distance between them had very perceptibly diminished. With a torrent of foam and spray dashing far before her and flying clear to her foretopsail yard, she held on her course as steadily and resistlessly as a cannon-shot.

The Gloucester News says that the "chief glory" of that town is its girls.

A gentleman lately heard a laborer gravely inform two comrades that a 74-pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seventy-four miles.

A countryman, giving in his evidence at court, was asked by the counsel if he was born in wedlock. "No, sir," he replied, "I was born in Devonshire."

One of the Brooklyn justices recently fined his own brother $10 for intoxication. Jonah, on reading this, said that one was a brute and the other a Brutus.

Everything has its use. Were it not for the flies, people in summer would sleep two hours longer than they do, and thus lose the best part of the day—the portion devoted to sunrise and meadow larks.

"Ah," said a father to his son William, "hearty breakfasts kill one half of the world, and tremendous suppers the other half." "I suppose," retorted William, "that the true livers are only they who die of hunger."

A Speech for a Lieutenant.—Let me seek the thickest of the fight. My Matilda is faithless! my overdrawn bills are in the hands of one more formidable than the foe! Away! To death, or bankruptcy!

They have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his leg six times in vain, and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him, and when children meet him in the street they run home crying for bread.

Death from Tobacco.—At Roxbury, Mass., an Irishwoman by the name of Toomey administered a quantity of tobacco, steeped in milk, to her child, as antidote for worms. The child, which was not quite two years of age, died in less than an hour and a half.

"Darkey, can you tell me," said Sambo, "why no nigger ever dead books? 'cause he always has a scent about him."

READING THE SKY.

"Come here, Patty," said uncle Philip; "and come here, Peter. You have read your books, and now I will teach you how to read the sky."

"When the sky is clear, it says, Love God; when it is stormy, it says, Fear God; when it is lit up with the sun, it says, Praise God; and when one part is clear and shining and another part cloudy, then it says, Love God, fear God, and praise God, all at the same time."

Little Patty said she would read the sky every day; but Peter said if she did, she would be sure now and then to read it wrong. She would fear God when she ought to love him.

"Never mind that," said uncle Philip, "never mind that, Patty, for you cannot be much wrong while you love, or fear, or praise God."

Clara, *clear* or *bright*, is from the Latin. It is a very pretty name, and is immortalized in one of the best of Scott's novels, "St. Ronan's Well." Clarissa is from the same root, as is Claribel, *bright* and *beautiful*:

"Diamonds bright shall Clara wear,
Woven amid her shining hair."

Daniel, *a judge*, is from the Hebrew. David, also from the Hebrew, signifies, *well beloved*.

At Shanghai, China, a bethel (a sailor's meeting-house) has been fitted up on a junk, given for the purpose by the chief mandarin of the city; probably the first Chinaman who ever gave a house for the Lord.

It would take we think, a pretty long sermon to illustrate the law of love, and point out its application, more perfectly or more forcibly than is done in the following anecdote: Dr. Doddridge once asked his little daughter, nearly six years old, what made everybody love her? She replied, "I don't know indeed, papa, unless it

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A little withered old man, with a pale face and jolly red nose, who answered to the name of Owen, was the next case.

"Were you ever up before?" inquired the court.

"Me here afore? Divil a bit. I'm a gintlemin and one who knows the language," replied Owen with unblushing impudence.

The rag muffins in the gallery roared with laughter and for a few seconds the court gazed at them more in sorrow than anger. At length the Judge wiped his spectacles, put them on his forehead and examined the court record.

"You've been here once before, Owen," the court said.

"Indade you'r mistaken. It's some blackguard that's taken me respictable name and sakes to ruin me in the estimation of me aristocratic relatives."

Again did the spectators in the gallery roar, and three officers, with flushed faces, rushed to turn them out of doors. Peace was at length restored and a fine of $5 and costs imposed.

"Will yer honor take me check for the amount, payable at the bank of Kilkenney, with interest if ye can get it? Stock all paid up and bill holders secured by a mortgage on the bogs of Ireland."

The court declined to enter into such an arrangement, and Owen left the dock with a chuckle, muttering:

"Five dollars! Don't I wish you may get it. Hoop! what a lot of good rum it would buy and how I'd like to drink it. Blood and ounds, aint I choking for rum."

The officers choked him into quietness as they led him down stairs.

An Affectionate Youth.—A rural youth was in New York, and dropped casually in a hardware store. Lounging through the store he came to a large buzz-saw suspended against the wall. Giving it a rap with his knuckles, producing a sharp ring, he remarked to the storekeeper, who came up at that moment:

"I had an old dad ripped to pieces with one of them fellers last week!"

A MAN BEFORE A PRINCE.

A distinguished general asked to be presented to Alexander, the young prince of Russia. "You want then to turn his head," said the emperor Nicholas, his father. "It would encourage the pride of the little man to allow him to receive the homage of a general who has commanded armies. You shall see and talk with my children, but let us have no etiquette. I want to *make my son a man before I make him a prince.*"

—A gentleman at the opera, the other night, in sounding the praises of a new opera glass which he had just purchased, said, "Why, bless your soul, it brings the ladies on the opposite side of the house so near that I can smell the musk on their pocket handkerchiefs, and hear the beating of the

[Written for Parlor Magazine.]

ALMOST A MISTAKE.

BY WALTER DANFORTH.

"WELL, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Harry Clavering received, as he entered the drawing-room at Ridgewood. "Well, what brings you here?"

Harry was struck dumb, and it was very natural he should be. "I believe your father has died a beggar! Under such circumstances do you hope to wed my niece?"

Harry had before respired with difficulty, his breath at this remark was utterly taken away.

"Young gentleman, I wish to be explicit with you; young women should mate with their equals; you are no equal for my niece; good morning to you!"

The straightforward churl after the last remark, walked out of the room, leaving the door open, that Morley might have sufficient room for egress.

Harry was a young man of spirit, and he kept up his heart, though his ship seemed all at once going down. The moment he recovered a little from his astonishment, he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to see him in the parlor!" said he to the servant who answered it.

The man went up stairs and instantly returned.

"My master's orders are that you quit the house immediately, and he has given me instructions never to admit you again!"

Harry, as I before said, had a stout heart, but this was almost too much. It needed but the straw now to break the camel's back. He had known Rose Clavering from the time when she had to mount a chair to make her little face come opposite to his. When he was fourteen and she twelve he used to dandle her on his knee, call her his little wife, and exchange juvenile vows of unutterable affection and constancy. Whenever he returned from college at vacation, he always visited the Claverings before he thought of going to his own father's house, and Rose was always the first to welcome him, and offer the dimpled cheek for the inevitable salute.

Little Rose was proud of being called Harry's wife because everybody spoke in praise of him, and as the frankness of girlhood vanished, and the diffidence of young womanhood began its blushing reign, though less familiar and explicit in expressing her feelings, she still continued to be proud of him. Morley's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rose, and the wedding day had been fixed, when a blighting disease appeared in the town, and Miss Clavering was left an orphan at eighteen. Her uncle had been appointed guardian in her father's will, and in a week after her dreadful bereavement she had taken up her residence with him at Ridgewood.

Her sole consolation now was such as she received from the letters of Harry. But Harry soon needed consolation himself. His father was attacked by the same terrible fever that had taken off the Claverings; he died, leaving his estate in the most inextricable embarrassment, owing to imprudent acceptances made for the accommodation of speculating friends. This was a tremendous blow to Morley; but he was not fully aware of its weight until the moment at which we have placed him before the reader. It was his first visit to Ridgewood since his father's death, and his reception was such as would have borne down a haughtier spirit even than his.

"I must see Miss Clavering!" he replied to the brutal message borne by the servant.

"It is impossible, sir!" said the man respectfully; "for though there is not a servant in the house, Mr. Morley, but is sorry for you, and would do anything for you, my lady is locked up at present in her room. However you can send a message to her!" he added, in a whisper.

He did send a message, and in ten minutes was seated by her side in the summer-house in the garden, where long ago he had used to support on his knee his little wife of old. But how different did Rose appear from then. The summer of her eighteenth year now beheld her bursting into womanhood. Her expanding thoughts, from a bounding, fitful current, began to run a deep, broad and steady stream. A spirit of unutterable tenderness, as she reflected upon the welcome she well knew Harry had received, diffused itself through her heart, and she would willingly have submitted to any sacrifice to have restored his peace of mind.

"I am sure we shall disappoint this surly old gentleman!" she observed, confidently.

"Don't say disappoint, say thwart him!" said Harry, haughtily.

"Well, no matter about the expression, so long as we prevent him from causing our separation!"

"Mamma, will you remember and buy me a penny whistle, and let Rollin system—the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light!"

"Jake," said an old farmer one day to his mower, "do you know how many horns there are to a dilemma?"—"Well, no, just exactly," replied Jake, "but I know how many there are in a quart of good Monongahela."

"Miss Dutton, what is your opinion of the weather? I thinks intends to clear. Do you agree with me?"—"I do, indeed I wish some folks would follow the weather's example, and clear too," Mr. Scobell seized his hat, and has not been seen in that street since.

A crazy woman, living near Rydal, was asked if she ever saw Wordsworth, and what sort of a man he was. "O indeed," said she, "he is canny enough at times; and though he goes *seeing his poetry* (repeating his poetry) through the woods, he will now and then say, 'How do you do, Nanny?' as sensible as you or I!"

A schoolboy, being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the

A lady leaving home, was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mamma, will you remember and buy me a penny whistle, and let it be a *religious* one, that I can use it on Sunday?"

A PLAIN TRUTH.

No man has a right to marry till, in every human probability, assured that he can support a family in his own station. Mere love or improvident matches seldom turn out well: poverty comes, and there is so much self-reproach on either side, that gall is added to its bitterness; their tempers are soured, and they soon wish themselves unmarried. But when trials assail an attached, a reasonable pair, sorrow unites them closer: the man, feeling how much depends on him, never flags in his exertion, and often recovers the lost step; if not, there is still consolation in his wife's unvarying love—in her sweet, noiseless sacrifices. In these uncertain times, there are few commercial men but have met with reverses; and they will often say, "Had it not been for those at home, I should have blown my brains out; I could not have stood it." Wife and children! they are a beacon to us in our troubled sea: we renew the struggle when ready to sink beneath the wave, and all last are saved. At the worst, when all is black—when friends are cooled or reproachful—when the cruellest doubts assail us—there is still one who respects and loves us; at home we are still dear.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.—An American writer says: "We are born in a hurry; we are educated with speed; we make a fortune with the wave of a wand, and lose it in like manner, to re-make and to re-lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, traveling at ten leagues an hour; our spirit is a high-pressure engine, our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric stroke."

The man who courted an investigation says it isn't half as good as an affectionate girl. We presume not.

A western editor, in noticing a new and splendid hearse, thinks "it will afford much satisfaction to those who use it."

Some genius has conceived the brilliant idea to press all the lawyers into military service, in case of war—because their charges are so great that no one could stand them.

An Irishman was told that a friend of his had put his money into stocks. "Well," said he, "I never had a farthing in the stocks, but I have had my legs there often enough."

Gen. Havelock is a wit as well as a warrior. He thus announced to his government the last success: "Let all our past misfortunes be forgotten, for we are in LUCK NOW."

Mrs. Grdwa, visiting the country, was describing the opening of London's Egyptian Princess, last year. "Never still that day," said the old lady, "could I realize the saying, 'how fearfully and wonderfully are we made!'"

Rauch, the celebrated sculptor, who recently died, was once a butler, and first gave evidence of his talent by forming the butter which he put upon the table in artistic shapes. From small beginnings, etc.

"Many a man," says Mr. Spurgeon, "would lose thousands of pounds, and be able to say, 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord;' but if a button were wanting on his shirt, he would get in a rage."

A little urchin in the Sabbath School at G—— was asked, a few Sundays ago, "what our Saviour said when he knew Judas had betrayed him." The urchin scratched his head a few moments and gravely answered, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!" The teacher smiled.

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Every thing is gained and nothing lost by civility."

An American lady who had been very sick in Marseilles, received the attentions of many of the French as well as the English ladies who were resident of the place. On her recovery, she was asked by a friend which of the two expressed the most sympathy, the French or English ladies, to which she replied—"The French ladies bring me flowers, all day; but the Eng-

"Massa says you must surtain pay de bill, to-day," said a negro to a New Orleans shop-keeper. "Why, he is a-t'raid I'm going to run away, is he?" was the reply. "Not o'mucly dat; but look ahea," said the darkey, slyly and mysteriously, "he's gwine to run away hiself, an' darfor wants to make a big raise!"

"How do you feel with such a shocking-looking coat on?" said a young clerk of some pretensions, one morning, to old Roger. "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him steadily with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at the victim, "I feel, young man, as if I had a coat which has been paid for,—a luxury of feeling which I think you will never experience."

For the American Messenger.

The Soldier of Fort Donelson.

After the surrender of Fort Donelson, the late Mr. Hibben, chaplain of the Fourth regiment of Illinois cavalry, watched by the dying bed of a young man who "so keenly felt himself a stranger in a strange land, that in the delirium of his sickness, he sighed for his *home*, and called in piteous prayer for his mother, saying ever and anon through the weary night, '*Mother*, why do n't you hurry, *and come?*'" The chaplain upon returning to his tent, gave expression to his full heart in the following lines:

Oh, mother, come; I fain would lay
My aching head upon thy breast;
No longer let thy footsteps stay
To give me rest.

There 's burning on my fevered brow;
With agony my soul is wild;
No other hand can soothe me now:
Oh, save thy child!

Thy angel presence *must* be near;
Thy loving face I almost see:
The accents of thy voice I hear:
Oh, come to me!

I *strain* my eyes, but see thee not;
There rumbles on my listening ear
The echo of that awful thought,
Thou art not here!

What means that sickly taper there,
Glimmering through this dismal gloom,
And seeming like a demon's leer
To light my tomb?

Why do those soldier-comrades lie
So sick and sad in this dark room?
My lucid intervals reply,
Thou 'rt far from home!

The dearest spot of all below,
With *thee* my dying memories dwell;
This orph'nage of thy love is woe.
Sweet home, farewell!

The darkness thickens round my sight,
My heartstrings break in agony:
O God, shine forth in heavenly light.
I die! I die!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NAVAL FAREWELL SERENADE—QUARTETTE.

BY LIEUT. HOLM, U. S. N.

All. Our bark awaits the shore, love,
Our banner flouts the breeze:
Adieu to thee once more, love,
We're bounding o'er the seas.

1*st.* Tide is on the ebb, now,
And time upon the wing—

2*nd.* Gala Youth is at our prow,
While syren Hope doth sing—

3*d.* Victory flings her garlands
Upon the heaving wave—

4*th.* Glory bids us "gather them,
Or find a watery grave!"

All. Our bark awaits the shore, love,
Our banner flouts the breeze:
Adieu to thee once more, love,
We're bounding o'er the seas.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WRONG AND INJUSTICE DEFEATED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

THE lamps of the great hall of Oakdale Manor-house were lighted, although the reflected brilliance of the still glowing west, had it not been for the thick, heavy drapery shading the windows, would have rendered unnecessary the aid of artificial light.

Sir Geoffrey Wilmouth, the owner of Oakdale, an estate inherited from a long line of ancestors, was alone in the hall, pacing up and down in that hurried manner which betokens mental disturbance. He was but little past the prime of life, and was, in many respects, a handsome man, notwithstanding those hard lines, denoting certain unamiable traits of character, which time had traced round his mouth. Suddenly, he stayed his footsteps, and stood in the attitude of listening.

"He comes," he murmured, half aloud, as a dull sound of horses' feet was heard in the distance. "After all, I must have been mistaken," said he, as the sound ceased.

Scarcely a minute, however, had passed, when was heard the sharp clatter of iron-shod hoofs on the pavement of the court. The travellers, a gentleman and his servant, had taken a short cut across a corner of the park, so that the noise of their approach had for a few seconds been muffled by the yielding turf. Sir Geoffrey's countenance brightened, and yet, now and then, a shade of uneasiness flitted over it. In a moment or two, the door at the upper end of the hall was thrown open, and a gentleman with a Spanish cloak thrown over his shoulders, for, though early in September, the evening air was chilly, entered the apartment.

"Welcome, Count de Silva," said Sir Geoffrey, stepping quickly forward to meet him, and offering him his hand.

"You were expecting me," said de Silva.

"Yes, though the message which preceded you was delayed. It is only two hours since I received it. But throw off your cloak. A fire was lit half an hour before sunset, which, as you will find, has agreeably tempered the coolness of the air, and removed the dampness."

"A pleasant change," said de Silva, seating himself in a deep, velvet-lined chair, "after crossing those bleak moors, with a north wind sweeping over them."

De Silva remained a few moments without speaking, enjoying the genial warmth of the fire. As he sat with the red firelight throwing its strong glare upon his features, those lines, scarcely visible in the softer lamplight, were distinctly revealed, so that the forty years which had passed over him were fully told, though ordinarily he might have passed for a man of thirty.

His complexion was dark, almost to swarthiness, and his forehead, indicative of considerable mental power, was surrounded by sable curls, short and crisp, while his eyes, black and piercing, would have been handsome had they not, at times, emitted a cold, serpent-like glitter, which made those near shrink from him with a kind of instinctive dread.

"You said nothing of the charming Arabel in your last communication. I hope she is in good health, and disposed to regard me more favorably than when I was here three months ago," said de Silva, throwing himself back in his chair, with a negligent air, though it was easy to see that his indifference was assumed.

"As to her health," replied Sir Geoffrey, "it is as good as can be desired, though I am sorry to say that, according to her own declaration, she does not regard you with more favor than formerly. It will make no difference, however."

"You have decided, then, to accept my offer."

"I have. There is no alternative. The money I must have, or I am a ruined man."

"But Arabel has a will of her own—how can she be managed?"

"I hardly know, but it must be done. Some way will be found out, I think."

"Yes, if you can depend on yourself. A priest can readily be found to perform the marriage ceremony, and as for tears and reproaches—*I* am proof against them."

"I can say the same, when I see ruin staring me in the face. Were she my own child, instead of the daughter of a half brother I never had reason to love, I would not hesitate."

"How soon shall it be?"

"I must have the money in three days from now, or it will be too late."

"Rather a short time for preparation—so Arabel will think. But I suppose I can't expect to receive the money till she is your wife."

"It would be hardly discreet to part with forty thousand pounds till the bird is safe in my hand."

"You are right. To-morrow let it be. On the whole, it will be the safer course, for if Clarence Hastings should get an inkling of what is intended, even bolts and bars would hardly suffice to keep her safe."

"I could have sent a pistol-ball through that fellow's head, when I was here before, and no one would have been the wiser for it. I was a fool for letting him escape. Should the chance again happen, I think I should know how to silence any foolish qualms of conscience which might rise in his behalf."

Little did the two unprincipled men imagine that Arabel Anvers, the niece of Sir Geoffrey, had heard every word of the foregoing conversation. When de Silva entered the hall, the door was left partly open, while that of her own apartment, which was at the head of the staircase, being ajar, their voices were perfectly audible. Though no eaves-dropper, it would have been a false delicacy under existing circumstances, when she heard de Silva's questions concerning her, to avoid hearing what might be further said relative to a negotiation which was of such vital importance to herself.

Just at the moment when de Silva finished his remarks concerning Clarence Hastings, a single bugle-note, clear and prolonged, was heard in a neighboring forest. Arabel started to her feet, and clasped her hands in joyful surprise.

"It is Clarence," said she to herself, "and I shall escape the snare."

It was the work of only a moment to wrap herself in a large shawl, and hide the wealth of her golden tresses beneath a plain straw hat. Scarce longer time did it take for her to descend a back staircase, and unlock a door at its foot, of which she alone possessed the key, and which opened on a lawn, bounded on one side by the forest whence had sounded the bugle-note, and where, as she well knew, Clarence was awaiting her.

The moon was up, and poured its silver beams through the openings of the leafy wall, which enclosed one of those sylvan glades, such as one might suppose a troop of fairies might choose wherein to hold their revels. Towards this sweet and silent glade Arabel Anvers hastened with steps fleet and light as those of the roe of the hills; but ere she gained its entrance, Clarence Hastings met her.

"I didn't expect you till to-morrow evening," said Arabel, as she placed her hand in his, "but it is well that you have come. De Silva has arrived."

"I know it, and it is for that reason I am here."

"Know it? How should you? It isn't yet half an hour since he came."

"Fortune favored me. Last night he stopped at the little hostelry where I had engaged my lodging. I heard him say that he was on his way to Sir Geoffrey Wilmouth's, which was all I needed to hear. I knew what the journey portended."

"He didn't see you?"

"No; I took good care to keep out of his sight. I started on my way hither in advance of him, and was secreted in the forest when he arrived, though I thought it not best to give the signal till daylight was gone, which would give my servant a chance to reconnoitre the premises with less risk. Having made sure that the count's argus-eyed valet was fairly engaged in discussing the news and ale, together with the remains of a venison pasty, I ventured on trying the bugle-note, though without much hope that at present you would find opportunity to leave the house."

"My uncle thinks me safe in my chamber. He and his guest were too busy in laying their plans, to wish for my presence. Before I heard your well-known signal, I had already determined on attempting to escape; for had I remained, it was decided that within the next twenty-four hours, if persuasion failed, I should be forced to participate in the ceremony which would make me the wife of de Silva."

"Their infamous designs will be foiled this time, I trust," said Clarence.

By this time, they had arrived at the glade, where three horses were waiting, and in a moment more Clarence and Arabel, followed by the trusty Martin, were on their way through the forest-path which soon terminated in the high road.

In the meantime, the Count de Silva and Sir Geoffrey, so deeply engaged were they in tracing out the details of their base plan, felt no impatience on account of the protracted absence of their intended victim. Not till dinner was ready to be served did her waiting maid, who, on the arrival of de Silva's handsome valet, had obtained leave to pay a visit to the servant's room, return to the apartment of her mistress. Sir Geoffrey and the count, after, waiting something like five minutes for her appearance, began to grow impatient.

"Though she puts on airs, and makes you wait now," said Sir Geoffrey, "you will soon be able to repay her, and with interest if you please."

"I will see to that," replied de Silva, "for it is no trifling matter, after four hours' hard riding in the eye of this keen wind, to be obliged to wait till the dinner grows cold."

"We will wait no longer," said Sir Geoffrey, and going to the foot of the stairs, in an angry voice commanded her to come down.

"Miss Arabel isn't in her room," said the waiting-maid, stepping forward.

"Where is she, then?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Didn't you see where she went?"

"No, sir, I stepped out just a minute—she gave me leave to go—and when I returned she was gone."

The rooms near Arabel's chamber, as well as those more remote, were now searched, though of course she was not to be found. The servants were assembled and sternly questioned, but no one had seen her leave the house. In the midst of the excitement caused by her absence, a young farmer, one of Sir Geoffrey's tenants, called with a few nice apricots, which he said the good wife had sent, with her best respects and humble compliments, to Miss Arabel, for she should never forget the nice suit of clothes she gave little Johnny on his birthday, nor the plum-pudding and pies she sent them for Christmas.

"Miss Arabel has gone—no one knows where," said the servant to whom he delivered his message.

"Gone, and nobody knows where?" repeated the young farmer.

"'Tis just as I say."

"'Twas she. I thought of her then, and said to myself I never saw a lady that could ride so brave as she does but Miss Arabel."

"What's that you say?" said de Silva's valet, coming forward.

"Nothing for your ear."

"I will just call the count, then, and see if it is for his."

"You may spare yourself the trouble, for it is no more for his ear than for yours."

"You may find yourself mistaken."

The farmer made no reply, but turned nimbly away, saying as he did so:

"I might have known that it was Miss Arabel, and that it was the brave and noble Clarence Hastings who was with her; but if her uncle and this foreign-looking gallant aint put on their track till I do it, it will be a long time first."

When Sir Geoffrey and de Silva were satisfied that Arabel was gone, several different parties were formed to go in pursuit.

"Where is the dolt you told me about?" said de Silva, addressing his valet.

"Far enough from here by this time," was the reply, "for truly, if he be a dolt, his heaviness doesn't lie in his heels."

"After him and bring him back. But stay—I can soon overtake him. He has run away to avoid telling what he knows, I suspect. If we were in my own country, I would soon find a way to make him speak."

But he found it to be different in England; for, though the sturdy young farmer was soon overtaken, neither promises nor threats could induce him to break the promise he had made to himself not to betray Arabel Anvers. Count de Silva, however, entertained but little fear that the party headed by himself, or one of the others, would not, ere long, overtake the fair fugitive. The result showed that his expectation was not without foundation. The morning sun was not yet an hour above the horizon, when a little distance ahead of him and his companions, he saw a lady or horseback, whom he knew to be Arabel, and riding by her side a gentleman whom he at once recognized as Clarence Hastings. They were accompanied by several gentlemen and ladies, the faithful Martin bringing up the rear. They looked back, but instead of accelerating, checked the speed of their horses.

"Does that mean that the runaway lady has repented?" said de Silva.

He was not long held in suspense. When, being in advance of his party, he arrived within a few paces of them, they wheeled round their horses, and one of the gentlemen, greeting him by his name and title, presented to him Clarence Hastings and Arabel, his wife.

"I don't say that your assertion is false," said de Silva, "but I will say that I shall be satisfied with nothing short of proof."

"Which you can have if you will take the trouble to accompany me to yonder chapel, you see gleaming through the trees. Had you been fifteen minutes sooner, you might have witnessed the ceremony, performed by special license, which gave my friend Hastings a legal right to take the fair lady by his side under his protection."

"It is enough. I should have laid my plans better, and been more vigilant. But let Clarence Hastings remember, that if he and I live, in less than a year from now he will repent having defeated me."

The threat might have been fulfilled, if both *had* lived, but only a few weeks afterwards de Silva was thrown from a carriage, by which he sustained injuries which soon proved fatal.

Sir Geoffrey, whose affairs, by reckless extravagance and waste, had become so embarrassed as to tempt him to agree to accept a bribe from de Silva, was compelled to pass the remainder of his days in obscurity, on the wreck of his once princely fortune.

WHERE I WOULD LIE.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

When I am gone to that far spirit land,
From whence to earth no soul hath ere returned,
To lift the mystic veil that hides our view,
When naught is left of all that once I was,
Save the icy form, the tenement of clay:
It would be borne to my last resting-place,
In some green spot beneath the blue of heaven,
Where the delicious breath of the balmy spring
Might float around me, and the dirge-like winds
Of sighing autumn, in low, solemn numbers,
Chant o'er my grave their mournful requiem.
Lay me not in the cold and cheerless tomb,
The prison-house of death: but place my form,
Silent, and as though of marble made,
In the kind bosom of my mother Earth,
Where once again my dust shall mix with hers.
Not many circling years shall roll around
Their onward orbit to the far off bounds
Of time, before, methinks, my life's frail bark
Shall have laughed forth upon the great unknown,
Perchance to sink within some fearful depth,
Or safely wafted by angelic hands,
To some fair haven of the better land.
When this soul of mine has winged its flight,
I would that the frail tenement of clay,
Where once it dwelt, might peaceful lie among
Its kindred dust. And lo! when pealing far
Through earth and heaven, shall sound the trump of God
May it arise from the long clasp of death,
Clad in the garments of celestial brightness,
And joining there the choir of angel harpers,
Traverse with them the golden streets above,
And evermore through heaven's high arches peal
The grand and glorious song of earth's redeemed.

LOBSTERS AND CHAMPAGNE.

They asked me there; 'twas not my fault
I could not answer "No!"
I could not guess at the result,
And so I thought I'd go.
Oh, stop your talk! full well I know
My losses and my gain:
I'll sup no more (for it's no go)
On lobster and champagne.

But, oh! the wine it flowed so bright,
And, oh! it flowed so fast!
Those lobsters, long in coming, but
Good when they came at last.
I ate and drank, I laughed and talked;
I ate and drank again;
I thought there wasn't any harm
In lobsters and champagne.

But pretty soon I changed my mind;
Before I got to bed,
I felt a weakness in my legs,
But much more in my head.
I shut my eyes, I tried to sleep,
I felt like one insane;
I never dreamed that all the w. ng
'Twas lobster and champagne.

I've learned a lesson, and would teach
You one before you go;
Whenever you're invited out,
Be sure you answer "No!"
Unless, indeed, you're positive
That every dish is plain;
But never, never sup, like me,
On lobster and champagne.

An Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it me belief ye'd be asking about? Its the same as the widdy Brady. I owe her twelve shillings for whisky and she believes I'll niver pay her—and faith that's my belafe too!"

At a training down east, after an order was given to "return ramrods," one of the soldiers broke from the line and was off at full speed. "Halloo," bawled the commanding officer, "where are you going?" "Going to Squire Muggins, to return the ramrod borrowed of him. You said to turn ramrods."

An advertisement for an Irish paper setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from metal window sashes among other particulars enumerates as follows: "These sashes will last forever, and afterward, if the owner has no use for them, they might be sold for old iron."

A certain lawyer, had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude standing with his hands in his pocket. His friends and clients went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, "Oh, how like! it is the very picture of him!" An old farmer, however, dissented. "Don't you see," said he, "he has got his hand in his own pocket. 'Twould be as like again, if he had it in somebody else's."

"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious general, to a brave son of Erin, after a bloody battle, "and what did you do to help gain the victory?" "Do!" replied Pat, "may it please your honor, I walked boldly up to a puff of the enemy and cut off his tail." "Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the general. "Ah, and faith that was off already!" says Pat.

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY MRS. A. M. BUTTERFIELD.

Good-night, little star;
From my little low bed
I see you are shining
Over my head.

Are you the bright star
That once led the wise men
To the babe in the manger,
At Bethlehem?

And will you, good star,
Lead one little as I
To the blessed Lord Jesus,
Up in the sky?

Oh, I hav'n't got leave
From my own dear mamma
To go with you just now,
Dear little star:

But will you not please,
Please to carry my prayer
To the blessed Lord Jesus,
Up in the air?

And will you fetch back
His kind blessing to me?
Good, good-night, little star,
I don't you see.

Drifting to death and never knowing—
Only the earth more lovely growing,
From day to day;
While Spring her richest gifts is bringing,
And wild birds their welcome singing,
Beneath the sky of May.

The apple-trees will be pearly blooming,
With odors adrift and sweet perfuming
The warm and balmy air;
The sere green leaves above her waving,
The silver brook the pebbles laving,
Were never half so fair.

She sits without her vine-clad dwelling,
And deems now life within her swelling,
As in the buds and flowers;
But yet each day her cheek is whiter,
And though her eye grows clear and bright
'Tis with another life than ours.

On her couch in tranced dreaming,
As waves of bliss are o'er her streaming,
And smiles upon her features play,
She lieth; yet our hearts are aching,
We know from off her spirit breaking,
The fetters fall away.

She wonders why the eyes of others
Grow soft as were her gentle mother's
Who died so long ago.
And why as all such kindness tender,
Their voices grow so strangely tender,
Yet joys they love her so.

Drifting to death and never knowing—
Only more fair the earth is growing
In all the fields and bowers.
It matters not—by hand unshriven,
Yet peace unto that soul is given,
By other hand than ours.

And though our fainting hearts must shiver
As drifting down death's darksome river,
We see her glide away—
For when amid the angels standing,
We wait to greet her at the landing,
She shall be one with them.

LITTLE JANE.

BY SARAH ELIZABETH STOCKTON.

Can you love me? little Jane,—
Straight her blue eyes opened wide
Marveling I should be so vain—
Oh, sir, no, sir! she replied.

Shall I leave you, then? I said—
Shall I go into the war?
Low she bowed her modest head—
Oh, sir, no, sir! not so far.

Shall I marry Mary Price?
She with hair and eyes so bright!
Fair, affectionate, and nice;
Oh, sir, no, sir! not that fright!

Well, there's Eleanor MacGrew—
Large of person—large of purse—
Do you think that she will do?
Oh, sir, no, sir! worse and worse!

Then choose for me—and the strife
Say what lady you prefer
I shall take to be my wife;
Oh, sir, no, sir! never, sir!

Must I go, my little Jane?
Tell me, since you say me nay—
Never more to come again?
Oh, sir, no, sir! you may stay.

Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

BENEATH THE ELM.

BY W. DEXTER SMITH, JR.

Beneath the elm's green branches,
When Spring was young—we met;
The words our lips then uttered,
Our hearts can ne'er forget,
For life was then before us
And flowers our path bedecked,
Fair skies were smiling o'er us,
No strand our hopes had wrecked.

Beneath the elm, again the winds
Have strewn the withered leaves—
Again the sun looks smilingly
Upon the ripened sheaves;—
Beneath the murmuring branches
He sleeps now—alone.
For war—that blighteth all things,
Hath claimed him for its own.

SERENADE.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

O lady, wake! The stars of night
Their silent vigils now are keeping;
And, guided by their twinkling light,
I find the place where thou art sleeping.

O lady, rise! The day is gone;
The risen moon is sweetly glowing;
And forest, garden, hill and lawn
Are lighted by the beams she's throwing.

O lady, list! I'll wake the strings
Of my guitar, with song or story;
While Philomel in answer sings,
I'll sing to thee of love or glory.

O lady, sleep! The midnight hour
Doth fast approach, and stars are paling;
Rest sweetly now! For every flower
Doth sleep while night is still prevailing.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GOLDEN DEATH.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

VERY many of the older inhabitants of our "Modern Athens" will remember a broker's sign, displayed in one of the by-streets of the city. The building itself was demolished long ago, and in its place stands an elegant store.

The particulars of the fearful story connected with that building, are, I think, known to very few. But if it is a fearful story, it has, at least, its moral, which deserves to be recorded.

There never was a better man for business than Hanson the broker, as he was familiarly called. Early and late he was at his post; and there was a floating rumor in the neighborhood that he had already acquired a considerable property. It was certainly true, that the sight of gold cheered his heart more than anything else in the world would have done. Little and old and greedy was Hanson the broker.

Mrs. Hanson was a careless, simple woman, who never took any sort of pains to make things go right. If household affairs went wrong, there was no alternative but to sit down and cry till they righted themselves. She hated all trouble, and cared nothing about hoarding money, thereby being the very opposite of her husband.

The only children of the household were two boys, George and William, George being two years the elder. These two boys differed as much in their dispositions as did the father and mother. As soon as George displayed the miserly habits which years only had developed in the father. With a rare cunning for one so young, he always gained the advantage over all with whom he came in contact. Not a toy or a piece of money did William delight in, but what it soon graced the pocket of his greedy brother. The rare talents of George for trading were early seen in his successful barters of marbles, tops and other toys. He always made the best bargain, either by threats or persuasions, and bore off his winnings triumphantly, in the face of a dozen opponents, who were entirely unable to cope with him in the weapons which he used.

William, the younger son, while he had neither the health nor the strength of his brother, differed from him in all other things. He liberally gave whatever he possessed, and was accounted to be the most generous boy in the neighborhood. His genius, such as it was, displayed itself in the rude drawings which were scattered in every part of the dwelling. But though rude they were, they bore the marks of powers of no humble order.

Time went on. The broker's sign still caught the eye of the passer-by; and within, a little, old man plied his business from morning till night. Our sins grow with our years, it is said, and Hanson the broker's avarice grew with his years. His avaricious, greedy, grasping spirit developed itself more and more. Gold, gold, gold, was his constant cry, and many a face turned itself in despair from the little shop, and the stony-hearted, inexorable miser within. There was a rumor that the pitiless broker had driven one than one to that last resort of despairing humanity—a suicide's grave.

George, as he grew up, became his father's delight. He was the son after his own heart. The boy's insatiable love for gold rivaled his father's; and already George looked with pride upon the treasure he had collected, if not dishonorably, at least in a questionable way.

About this time, a change occurred in the household. Mrs. Hanson had one sister, who lived in the country, having married an architect. They had no children, and at length determined to adopt one. Accordingly, Mrs. Fletcher proposed to the broker and his wife to take one of their sons to educate as her own. The broker had no objections, as long as they did not take George, the pride of his heart. But William was only a useless incumbrance to him, and he would gladly get rid of the expense of maintaining him. Mrs. Hanson liked the idea, because there was a prospect of less trouble to her; and even her blinded eyes could not but see that William would be benefited by the change. So William became the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher.

His quiet, country home suited better the boy's disposition than the noisy streets in the city. And here, too, he had an opportunity of acquiring the education which the avaricious spirit of his father would have denied him.

Mr. Fletcher had a fine education bestowed upon his adopted son, which the boy made, and his generous, affectionate disposition. His singular taste for drawing was discovered, and cultivated, and promised to develop itself into a rare talent.

No longer uncared-for and neglected, but loved and appreciated, William exerted himself to please those with whom he had found such a pleasant home. As he grew up, it was decided that he should become an architect like his father, for which business his wonderful taste for drawing peculiarly adapted him.

In the meantime, George, from being his father's delight, had become absolutely indispensable to him, by his sagacity and cunning. He showed himself even more greedy than his greedy parent. It was at length decided that these two worthies should enter into partnership together, and that the enormous profits of the business should be shared equally. Things went on very well, only, if anything, more despairing faces than ever turned from the place, where even a more pitiless spirit than Hanson the broker's reigned.

William, by his steady industry and his prudence, had acquired a little property of five hundred dollars. He had already settled in his mind that when this was increased to a certain sum, he should be able to marry. At present, both himself and his promised bride were too poor to think of it. But if the sum which he had earned, were increased so as to afford him a capital to start with, and his adopted father was able to give him the assistance he had promised, he would be enabled to carry out the plans which he had formed, and would have the pleasure of knowing that his fair prospects in life had resulted from his own energy and perseverance. At present, his thought was how to dispose of his money to the best advantage, and in some place where it could be easily forthcoming when wanted. After mature deliberation, and by the advice of Mr. Fletcher, William decided to place the sum with his father, the broker, feeling confident that it would be perfectly safe in such hands. The broker received it willingly, and assured his son that it would be much increased when he should want to use it.

Time went on; and gradually the business of the broker's shop fell off. People began to dislike to go there, as the character of both father and son became widely known. Many rumors were afloat concerning their practices, and suspicion of dishonest dealings having once been circulated, the place began to be avoided.

George proposed a plan to his father, one day, as they sat in the shop. Having had only one or two customers during the forenoon to attend to, they found the time to hang heavily upon their hands. It was this suggested the plan which George unfolded.

He proposed to gather in all the money which they had trusted out, change it into gold, and conceal it in some secure place in the house. In order to make the place of concealment as secure as possible, he proposed that his father and himself should dig a place in the cellar, construct a sort of brick wall as a division between the cellar and the vault, and in this vault to place their money. The banker readily agreed to this plan, delighting in the idea of having his cherished gold close at hand, where he could look upon it daily. And accordingly they went to work, conducting themselves with as much secrecy as possible, and so well did they manage, that not even Mrs. Hanson knew that anything unusual was transpiring. The place in the cellar was dug, and with some difficulty the brick wall was completed; but so natural did it look that no one could have told but what it was the legitimate cellar wall. Just over the vault was a small room, used as a deposit for rubbish. In the floor of this room a trap door was constructed, and thus the initiated could make a very easy descent into the money vault. But a stranger could not easily have discovered the door, so effectually was it concealed by the accumulated rubbish.

The money was collected together, placed in bags and boxes, and secured in the vault. The mania which possessed both father and son led them daily to descend to this place of concealment to hoard and count the gold. It was all the happiness of their lives; and a strange fascination it was that the yellow metal possessed for them.

William, who from time to time had added to his little property, which still remained in the hands of his father, found the time drawing near when he should be able to realize the plans which he had marked out for himself. Accordingly, he asked from his father the money which he had entrusted to him a year before. The temptation was too strong for the old broker to resist. With many expressions of deep sorrow, he told of the falling off of the business, of heavy and severe losses which he had sustained, and the consequent loss of nearly all his property. It would not be in his power to return more than half of the sum entrusted by William, and even that would impoverish him. Though intensely disappointed, William begged his father not to think of returning any portion of the money, but to keep it for his own support. He was young and strong and could work. Old Mr. Hanson, the broker, felt a few twinges of conscience, but they were quickly smothered by the thought of his beloved gold, the yellow metal for which he sacrificed everything.

William, in the meantime, had commenced to tread cheerfully the same path, hardly regretting what he felt had been a comfort to his father. Many a one would have lent him the requisite amount, but he refused it, deeming it best to rely on his own exertions. It is needless to say that the marriage was again postponed. * * * * * *

"I tell you, George, you have not given me my full share—two hundred dollars of that is mine."

"You are mistaken, father; the whole amount is mine," said George Hanson, coolly.

"That such a cheating villain should be a son of mine," muttered the old man, angrily.

"I tell you, George Hanson, this very day your money shall be separated from mine. You shall take it and begone from my sight. I will make a new will and leave everything to William. Not a cent shall you have from me." And the old man paced across the room angrily.

George Hanson was enraged at this threat of making a new will, and in his anger he struck his father a blow. The old man fell, striking the stove in his descent. As George, conscience-stricken, stooped to raise him up, he discovered that he was dead. Either the blow, the fall, or his rage, had killed him.

For a long time the guilty son sat, his face covered with his hands, indifferent for once to his own fate, as his father's murderer. But gradually a thought of himself came back. His own life or freedom must not be parted with easily—they were too precious; and perhaps the blow had not been the cause of death. If it had, there were no witnesses to the fact. So George Hanson, smothering the only natural feelings of penitence he had ever had for anything in his life, raised his father's body, and then went forth to startle the neighbors with the information that Mr. Hanson, the broker, had died in a fit. And startling indeed was the announcement; but then, everybody said they always knew he would die in a fit.

George, in the meantime, calm and self-possessed, answered all the questions and conducted all the business. Mrs. Hanson cried, because that was her invariable remedy for what could not be helped. The only really sincere mourner was William, whom the dead man had so cruelly wronged.

'Out of sight, out of mind,' and Hanson, the little old broker, once buried was soon forgotten.

George, of course, succeeded to his father's property, the amount of which no one but himself dreamed of. Hours and hours he spent in the place of concealment, counting the gold—now all his own. He was rather glad than otherwise, that his father was not alive to dispute the treasure with him.

William, who had never had any expectations of money from his father, and who, besides, believed that he had died poor, troubled himself not it the least about the will, except to see that his mother was comfortably provided for.

In the course of time, George began to think that his mother was too great an expense to him. He wanted to get rid of her in some way, and finally proposed that she should seek a home elsewhere, as the house was sold.

"I thought your father owned this house," said Mrs. Hanson, thunderstruck at the proposal.

"He sold it before his death. I am really sorry, mother, that you cannot remain here, but I think William will be glad to have you come and live near him."

"I shall not leave the house until I am certain it is sold," said Mrs. Hanson, for once aroused to imagination.

"Very well, mother, I will prove it to you."

The next day he showed her a deed by which the house was transferred to a stranger. The whole, of course, was a forgery, but Mrs. Hanson was apparently satisfied.

When William learned the particulars of the interview, he insisted that his mother should immediately leave a place where she was exposed to such treatment. A place in the country was found, where she could be boarded, and William paid all the expenses, rather than call upon his brother to bear any share of them. Although this would delay still longer his marriage, William felt it was his duty, as well as a pleasure to him, to make his mother comfortable in her old age. In the meantime, all intercourse ceased between the two brothers.

George still revelled unmolested amid his gold. He grew more and more absorbed in the contemplation of his riches, and it was noticed that he very seldom left the house. At length there came a time when he was not seen for two whole days. On the third day a neighbor ventured to try the door of the shop and found it unlocked. Everything inside appeared as if he had left the room with the intention of soon coming back again. His absence was so very singular that on the afternoon of that same day a messenger was despatched to William with the information. On his arrival, a search was instituted with but little result. Everything in the house remained as usual. A chair in the shop was pushed back as if the occupant had but just arisen. Some half opened papers were lying upon the counter. Nothing showed that any preparation for a journey had been made, though that seemed at first to be the only solution of the mystery. But no one had seen the missing man start on this journey. No one had ever known him to go on one before; and the idea seemed improbable when they remembered his habits. As the fourth day wore on and no traces of his brother were discovered, William, assisted by Mr. Fletcher, commenced another and more thorough search. In passing through the rubbish room, William stooped to pick up something he had dropped, and in so doing discovered the trap door. Surprised at discovering something the existence of which he had never known before, he lifted the door cautiously up. As the rays of light penetrated below, a horrible sight presented itself.

There lay the missing man, crushed by the weight of a number of iron-bound boxes, which had fallen upon him whilst in the act of stooping. He had gone to count his gold as usual, leaving the trap door partially opened by means of a stick; the stick had given away, and the trap door coming down suddenly, had disturbed the pile of heavy boxes. Life seemed to have been crushed out instantaneously, and one of the boxes having burst, a complete shower of the yellow metal for which he had lived and died, had covered the miserable man from head to foot. His hands clutched his treasure even in death, as if he wished to carry it with him wherever he went. It was literally a golden death.

THE MEETING OF THE CANNON-BALLS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

In the historical department of curiosities, at the palace of Berlin, are two large cannon-balls, with their sides flattened, which have been shot by opposing forces at the siege of Magdeburg, and nothing in the way, had their battle in the air.

From Magdeburg's beleaguered walls
A vengeful cannon spoke,—
And at its will an envoy went
Enrobed in volumed smoke;

While from the fierce besieging host
At the same moment came
Another ball, hot with hate,
And wing'd by rushing flame:

They met midway with thundering shock,
Their round forms they spoil'd,
The hatred they for others bore,
On their own heads recoil'd.

"Let's down our purpose," each to each
In hissing accents cried,—
"We've hurt each other quite enough
To hurt none else beside."

So down discomfitted they sank,
With hoarsely muttering sound,—
And in their paroxysms of pain
Tore up the yielding ground.

And now, embalm'd in state they lie,
And to the people say,—
Tho' loud may swell the victor-cry
"Their blood the cost must pay.

Theirs is the crushing weight of war,*
They die without a name,—
And perish 'neath oblivion's flood
To build one hero's fame.

Oh, might some angel from the skies
The hearts of men dispose,
No more ye this sheet stream with gore,
To meet as deadly foes.

Hartford, February 4th, 1860.

* "War is a game, play where the people wager
[illegible]

SMALL FEET AND HANDS.

We infer from some of the letters received by us from our young readers, that a number of them cherish the ridiculous opinion that to have small hands and feet is a sign of noble descent and high breeding. One young lady writes: "I am sixteen, just entering society, of a high family, and considered a beauty. But I have very large hands and feet, and I write to you in my distress to ask if you can do anything for me. My hand is not so long, but it is very wide. If you can tell me anything I can use to shrink it I shall consider it a great favor. I am willing to suffer the severest pain to have it made smaller."

The reader may be disposed to laugh at these silly words, and indeed they are absurd enough. Nevertheless, we perceive that a great many other foolish, ill-taught girls suffer acute distress and shame from the same cause. We can assure these deluded damsels that race and breeding have nothing to do with the size of the extremities. The biggest hand we ever saw attached to a human arm was that of a young officer, the scion of a family ennobled six centuries ago, and we have seen hands of the most delicate size and texture belonging to persons of the lowliest origin. Witness, also, the chubby paw of her most gracious majesty, Queen Victoria, whose race has been of royal rank for fifteen hundred years. Nature proportions the hands and feet, with the utmost exactness, to the other parts of the body. Consequently, the hands and feet are always *just right*. To change them would be to destroy the harmony of the frame. To be dissatisfied with them argues a real vulgarity of mind, a want of good sense, and, we may add, a thankless impiety.

A SMUGGLING TRICK.

Some French and English smugglers played Her Majesty's "protectors of the revenue" a very nice trick at Christmas. They purchased an old rotten craft at Cherbourg, of about fifty tons, loaded her with pure French brandy, and while the sea was rough and the wind blowing high, they put off, bound for the English coast. It so happened that the wind changed, and took the craft to the Isle of Wight. The smugglers and their confederates on shore were prepared to take advantage of the storm. The casks of brandy were thrown overboard near shore, each cask being made fast by ropes to a long spar. The vessel was then headed for a distant point of land, and run ashore. The news soon spread of a shipwreck. The coast-guard and other persons ran to assist the unfortunate crew. Meanwhile the confederates of the smugglers went off in boats and secured the brandy that had been purposely dropped overboard. The value of the lost vessel was but a trifle, compared to the value of the brandy, which was all successfully landed. Thus completely outwitting the "protectors of the revenue." The duty on French brandy is *only* sixteen shillings sterling per gallon.

SCOLDING HUSBANDS.—We hear stories enough of scolding wives, but none of scolding husbands. Yet there are plenty of male

JOB FOR A CORONER.

A coroner was lately roused from his slumbers by a rather naughty set of wags.

"What's the matter?" inquired the official, protruding his white night-capped head out at the window.

"We want you to hold an inquest instantly," replied one of the party.

The dignitary thought "the world" of his office, and now the *just* opportunity of exercising its functions presented itself. He consequently ran to the door, rubbing his hands, and exclaiming:

"Well, gentlemen, conduct me to the spot, if you please."

"Oh, you can hold it here," answered the spokesman.

"What! have you disturbed the corpse?" cried the horrified coroner.

"Not at all, sir," was the rejoinder; "the subject has been here for some time. We just want you to hold an inquest over the *dead* of the night!"

One or two men were kicked that night, but report never gave their names.

Antipathy to reading sermons in the pulpit is a well-known characteristic of the Scotch people. At Kirkcudbright, at an inauguration, an old woman on the pulpit stairs asked one of her companions if the new minister was a reader. "An' how can he be read, woman?" was the reply; "the puir man's blin'." To which the first made answer, "I'm glad to

A PLEASANT, CHEERFUL WIFE is as a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storm and tempest; but a disastrous, fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those friends who are of no account, and who can see no sunshine but when it is their own.

Never meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains. Very likely he may give up his visit in sight of the house.

Follow the laws of Nature, but you will never be poor. Your wants will be but few. Follow the laws of the world, and you will never be rich. You will want more than you can acquire.

An eminent artist—American, of course—lately painted a snow-storm so naturally, that he caught a bad cold sitting near it with his coat off.

An amateur naturalist offers a reward to the man who will furnish him a live specimen of the brick-bat.

THE GREATEST PLEASURE of life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, sleep; and the best medicine, a true friend.

A MISTAKE ABOUT READING.—"I don't read for hearing my teacher," said a little child. "Why?" "Because he always reads." It is right to read and study for the class, but not in it.

"THE SPIRIT LYRE."

BY BLANCHE D'ARVISIS.

"Tell us not the heart lives once, and once only. It is a many-stringed lute, and when touched deftly, by a skilful hand, discourseth excellent music; and that tone is most beautiful whose echo is most perfectly reverberated from another."

O madly strike the lyre!
Let boldest accents bound
In thrilling strains of ecstacy,
Filling the soul profound.

Fearlessly strike the lyre!
Let not a note of care
In harsh, discordant accents wake
The tender echo there.

Joyfully sweep the lyre!
In strains of liquid song
Let human life—let fleeting time,
Dance merrily along.

Yet softly touch the lyre!
Bid gentle music flow—
Calm the wild beating, bounding pulse—
And lay the passions low.

O slowly sound the lyre!
For pleasure flies too swift;
Joy soars on fleetest wings—but grief
Is pleasure's dying gift.

Then sadly touch the lyre!
A chastened softness stealing
O'er the rapt spirit, purely blends
Souls in like tone of feeling.

But gently strike the lyre,
Lest with harsh sweep it break!
For tender, fragile are the chords
That wildest echo wake.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

BY M. H. LUCY.

A CHEERFUL, happy group was gathered in old Farmer Wilton's homestead, one autumn night—a beautiful scene the heart loves to dwell upon when the reality is gone forever! A cheerful fire was glowing on the hearth. The bright flames would sweep over the faces of those who sat there, revealing the traces of love, joy and sorrow which time had imprinted there; then, with a softened splendor they would chase over the walls, weaving strange, fantastic figures, and lighting up the darkest corners of the room.

On one side of the fireplace was seated James Wilton; on the other sat the wife and mother; and directly front of the fire, side by side, were seated two young children. One with fair, silken curls, and sunny, blue eyes, you would recognize at once as the counterpart of Mrs. Wilton; but the boy bore upon *his* features the stamp of a life far removed from the genial atmosphere of that cheerful farmhouse. The mother speaks:

"Remember, James, the promise—'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

"But does that mean, Olive, that we are to adopt this little fellow?"—laying his large hand on the boy's head.

"It does," replied Mrs. Wilton, earnestly; "and it means *more* than that; we are to love and cherish him equally with little Nellie. Can you not see?"

"Well, wife, I never thought of the passage before, with reference to making my house an orphan's asylum, I must confess; but we must not expect to understand *all* that is contained in the Scriptures."

"By no means, but we should act upon what we *do* understand."

"Of course, Olive. But now about the child. The burden will all be yours. Have you considered that?"

"Yes, James, I have thought it all over, looked at the subject in 'all its parts,' as Aunt Nancy would say; and I am quite willing to assume the charge, only say we may keep him."

"Well, I don't suppose it will be of any *use* to say no; and I rather think, if you have decided to keep him, the matter is settled."

And so was the destiny of little Henry Lee fixed. Thus was a fountain opened in that little household, from which should flow waters of unceasing gladness. Mr. Wilton attributed his wife's desire to give a home to the little wanderer entirely to her goodness of heart. Now this was indeed partly true; but down deep in her heart, he might have found a wild yearning after the love of that son who long, weary years ago had left home and friends to struggle with the great world. Their home had been one of undimmed sunshine, until, years before, their noble boy, George, had gone out from their love and watchful tenderness, eager, as he told them in a brief note, to enter into the battle of life, and win fame and a name among men; a shadow fell over their hearts then, a gloominess folded even over the sweet face of the little Nellie, and it had never been lifted; and so when a little wandering one came to beg a crust of bread at their door, they kindly bade him welcome, and when he told them that father and mother were both dead, and his only sister lost to him, that he was even then seeking her, Mrs. Wilton had said, "Heaven sent him to us, let us not despise the gift!" * * * * * *

"Yes, James, I think you are quite right, in allowing him to follow the bent of his genius. I have no faith in making lawyers of natural farmers, or *vice versa*, and Harry is so good a scholar, he deserves a college education."

"Well, we will speak to him about it to-night. He has been a good boy, and I shall give him the means to pursue his education right willingly."

"Do you, know, Olive, it is just five years to-night since Harry came here? I think it is rather strange we never have heard anything of his sister, or"—and his voice grew strangely husky—"or of our poor George."

"I shall never give up the hope of seeing him while I live, and if he *is* alive, I am sure he will come back to us."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Wilton. "Heaven only knows what trials he has passed through since he left us!"

"God will watch over him," responded the wife, in a low tone.

The sunset arrows were gleaming in every treetop, and the hush of coming night fell softly over the earth. It was the sweet month of blossoms—bright June. From a long ramble in search of flowers with their young schoolmates, Nellie and Harry now entered the house, and Mr. Wilton broached the subject under consideration as they sat down to tea.

"I am going to send you away, Harry."

"Me, sir?" queried Harry; while Nell's blue eyes opened wide.

"Yes. I've been talking of it a little. How would you like to go to college, and in eight or ten years come out a first rate lawyer, or a physician, and wear gold-bowed spectacles, and carry a big cane; with a fair chance of going into partnership with old Dr. Humphries over in Crab Hollow?"

"Mr. Wilton!"

"What! Does the prospect of such glory overpower you? Don't be bashful, Harry! You'll do very well yet; though I suppose you *will* have to study hard."

"Never mind the labor of it, but I do not feel that I have any claim on your bounty; and I have even been thinking of some means to earn my own living," replied Harry.

"All nonsense, Hal! I have quite settled the matter; that is to say, my wife and I have—for you see women are dreadful contrary; and likely enough if I'd told her you were going to college, she would have insisted on your driving oxen all your life. I knew better than to go to work in that way. So you see, I just asked her what she *thought* of the plan, and she liked it at once. Make a note on't, Harry, as Cap'n Cuttle used to, that you can coax a woman, but they wont be scolded into anything."

A hearty laugh, in which Mrs. Wilton joined, applauded the serio-comic speech of her husband.

"When will he have to go?" asked Nellie.

"Week after next, I believe."

"So soon?" And then there was silence.

Much was to be said and done before Harry went away. Never flew the days so swiftly. It was the first time he had been parted from the family since he became an inmate of that home. He was sixteen years old, and Nellie was a year younger.

On the evening before his departure, a short walk gave opportunity for a confidential chat with the fair girl who had grown up in beauty by his side, and had freely offered him a sister's generous and confiding love. Henry Lee had never questioned the nature of the affection he bore her, until now when he was going away. Then he resolved to speak to her on the subject, and know if she could offer him any *practical sympathy*. And so he told her all—his hopes, his bright plans for the future; he pictured in glowing words the course he had marked out, asking only a promise to one day bless his life with a love deeper than that of mother or sister. Perhaps Nellie began at that identical moment to wake up to the fact that Harry Lee was very dear to her; at all events, she listened very quietly—and with appreciation! But with wonderful forethought, considering the circumstances, she very resolutely refused to bind herself by any promises, until Harry should be settled in life. And so they parted, with a mutual assurance of frequent letters.

It was very lonely to Nellie Wilton after the departure of Harry. Their secret, if such it could be called, she decided to keep, thinking it would save her many a merry sally from her fun-loving father. The letters they exchanged were sources of much pleasure and profit. All through the term vacation was looked forward to with a pleasure known only to those who have anticipated similar meetings; and when it *did* come, the time sped on golden wings. Each had a long story to tell, and many questions to ask and answer. There were delightful reunions with old school friends, and above all, long talks with Nellie, who was not one whit less dear for the years that had gone by. And so the time sped on which brought Harry Lee to the close of his collegiate career. He had begun a generous, ardent, high-minded boy; he went forth a noble, ambitious man, scorning from his very soul an act of littleness.

It is the last week at home before Henry Lee enters on the study of his profession. Fortune has smiled on his industry, and in addition to the intellectual wealth he had gained, a snug little sum is bequeathed him by an uncle whom he had long supposed dead. An equal amount was also in reserve for the lost sister Helen; and Harry thenceforth renewed his efforts to discover her with increased assiduity.

Let us look in upon the group in the farmhouse. It is some four years since last we made a call there. Farmer Wilton still bears on his frank features the impress of an honest, genial heart. Henry Lee *is* all he promised to be years ago. Mrs. Wilton looks hardly a day older; for the young in heart are no favorites with wrinkles and gray hairs. Nellie, from a beautiful girl, has matured into a charming woman, which assertion Henry Lee would have defended to the death.

"So you are going to take my advice about Dr. Humphries, Hal?"

"Yes, sir, I am going to play the devotee to the science of Esculapius; but I hope to make somebody besides a Dr. Humphries."

"To be sure, Dr. Harry Lee! I don't see any chance of your

Mrs. Toutwood, when about starting on a voyage to sea, objected to a crack ship as *tickly* a *crankly* one as liable to *turn over*.

"Mr. Brown, why do you wear that bad hat?" "Because, my dear sir, Mrs. B. vows she will not go out of the house with me until I get a new one."

Never let people work for you gratis. Two years ago a man carried a bundle for us, and we have been lending him two shillings a week ever since.

What is the difference between a schoolmaster and an engine-driver? One trains the mind, the other minds the train.

"Jim, don't you think we've had a great deal too much snow this winter?" "Of course I does, and slosh too; jest twig my boots." "What do you suppose they do with it all?" "I'll be darned if I know. I think they're *running the thing into the ground*."

"Well, Sambo what's yer up to now-a-days?" "O, I is a carp'ner and jiner." "Ha! I guess yer is. What department do you perform?" "What department! Why, I does the circular work." "What's dat?" "Why, I turns de grindstone." "G'way."

"IT SNOWS!"

BY MISS N. M. GREENE.

"It snows!" cries the schoolboy; "it snows!" and the call
Is echoed by playmates around;
And they joyously watch the white flakes as they fall
In myriads over the ground.
And visions of snowballs, and pyramids rise—
"What a time we will have," then they cry;
And gladly they gaze at the storm-laden skies,
And watch the cold gems as they fly.

"It snows!" says the maiden, and smiles as she speaks,
For she dreams of a clear, starry night,
When the fierce storm is past, and the wind murmurs low,
And the moon in her beauty is bright;
And the voice of the youthful, the merry, the gay,
Ringing out on the clear, frosty air;
With the chime of the sleigh-bells, the well-loaded sleigh,
Of these, thinks the maiden so fair.

"It snows!" sighs the traveller; sadly he looks
At the dark, frowning face of the sky;
As the fast-falling snow hides the path from his view,
And the cold wind blows ruthlessly by,
And he thinks of his home in the distance afar,
And the loved ones he hopes there to meet;
And he hastens along through the harsh, winter storm
That the sooner his friends he may greet.

Wisdom often comes to us too late in life to be of much service to us. There is no use of mustard after meat.

The loss of goods and money is oftentimes no loss; it you had not lost them, they might perhaps have lost you.

Be calm and quiet in your life. You are not

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mortal sphere, he should make you the heir of his name, fame and pill-boxes."

"A glorious prospect, Harry," laughed Nell.

"Rather *too* glorious for *me*," replied Harry. "But seriously, I must be about my work, which is to find a cure for every disease which flesh is heir to."

"Hurry up, then," said Mr. Wilton, "for there will be some fine cases of neuralgy and toothache, which you may miss, if you wait long."

"Shall you let your light shine among *us*, Harry?" asked Mrs. Wilton.

"That important point is undecided. Nellie here can tell you more definitely than myself."

But Nellie was very busy gazing into the fire, and nobody cared to disturb her.

With the sunshine in his heart, and around his way, Henry Lee left again the home of his adoption, to re-establish his converse with books and mental labor. There was much to encounter, if he would rise above mediocrity; but with the love of Nellie Wilton as a star in his path, there was little fear that he would faint by the way. There was little to vary the months of this his last probation. Frequent letters, and occasional visits to the dear old farmhouse, were the white days in the calendar of Henry Lee.

And now the term of his professional study is over, and Henry Lee has set out for the West to prepare a home for his bride. After a day of hard travel, he alighted at sunset before a substantial dwelling, on a fine ample clearing. Everything spoke of thrift and good taste. A hearty welcome was extended to the weary traveller, and on conversing, Harry found that his host was intending to go to the very village where he had spent so many happy years.

"I am going," said he, "to seek a father and mother, whom I have not seen for many years—James Wilton; possibly you know him."

"He is my best friend; my father in affection—by adoption!"

In words prompted by the liveliest gratitude, did Henry Lee rehearse the story of the past years to his attentive hearers. Until now they had not asked his name; and when he gave it, Mrs. Wilton asked, eagerly, "Had you ever a sister?—a sister Helen?"

The brother and sister long parted were met at last!

Swiftly sped the days of that journey to the dear homestead. And when they were once more under its friendly roof, there was such gladness in their hearts as had not been there for ten long years; for the son who had been lost was found. * *

Very fair was Nellie Wilton, with the dress of snowy silk, the airy veil floating about her, and the orange blossoms twined among her sunny braids and hair, as she stood at the altar on her bridal day. And when all was over—when George had gone back to his forest home, and the young physician sought *his* home also, Mrs. Wilton said to her husband, "Surely, James, we have now learned how true it is, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

There is a time for all things. The time to "leave" is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

Never, perhaps, are children dearer to their parents than when, as at present, the price of bread and meat is excessive.—*Punch.*

The man who can crack a joke in half a minute after a fifty-two pound weight falls on his toes, may be called excruciatingly funny.

Talk about "mysterious knockings," what is more mysterious than the knockings of two human hearts, set in operation by the magnetism of youthful love?

Somebody thinks that if nature had designed a man to be a drunkard, he would have constructed him like a churn, so that the more he drank, the more firmly he would stand.

They have a new way of hatching chickens in the west, by which a single maternal fowl is made to do the duty of a hundred. They fill a barrel with eggs and place a hen on the bunghole.

My opponent, Mr. Speaker, persists in saying that he is entitled to the floor. Whether this is so or not, I shall not inquire. All I have got to say to say is, that he will get floored if he interrupts me again.

An old gentleman who had dabbled all his life in statistics, says he never heard of but one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this, by the singular fact of one of the questions being, "What is your age?"

An old revolutioner says that of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the Widow Bem's, after being told by her daughter Sally that he "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

CHEERFULNESS.

There are some persons who are constantly making themselves unhappy, and without reason. They see nothing but the dark side of life, and close their eyes and their hearts to the bright. They get up in the morning out of humor, not only with themselves, but with all mankind; and wherever they appear, or in whatever circle they have power and influence, they chill, discourage and repulse. They permit themselves to indulge in idle jealousies, foolish fears, and vague apprehensions, and even if prosperous for the present, they predict some sad calamity in the future, and thus prove themselves morbidly infirm, and, in fact, insensible to the blessings of Providence. The effect is not only to distress themselves, but to annoy and disquiet others. They are in the moral world, what a passing cloud is in the physical. They cast a gloom over everything for the moment, and serve to drive away the sunny influences which are so admirably calculated to brighten the pathway of life. In what happy contrast is the cheerful spirit—the individual whose heart is full of kindness and generosity, who is ever ready to say a good word, or to do a benevolent act, and whose daily life may be likened to a constant beam of sunshine! He may be disturbed and depressed for the moment, but it will only be for the moment. A shadow may pass over his brow, and silence may seal his lips, but his natural buoyancy will soon acquire the ascendant, and his joyous laugh and cheerful smile will soon be heard and seen again. If he cannot say anything kindly or complimentary, he has the good sense and manly feeling to keep his peace. If he cannot praise, he will not blame. Scandal has no charms for him, and malignity is utterly foreign to his disposition. He constantly tries to gladden and encourage, to cheer the desponding and unfortunate, to assist and relieve to the extent of his ability. The head of a household, or the master-spirit of an extensive establishment, possesses, to a considerable extent, the means of making or marring the comfort and happiness of all who look up to, depend upon, or feel the exercise of his influence. Imagine a peevish, fretful and dissatisfied individual under these circumstances! His appearance creates a shudder, for he is certain to say something harsh, cold, or uncivil, and thus to irritate feelings, trample upon sensibilities, or stimulate prejudices and passions. He is miserable himself, and, according to the old adage, misery loves company. He moves about like a troubled spirit, and instead of a smile, a cheering word and an encouraging look, a frown, a rebuke or a grumble are certain to characterize his progress. How much better the gentler, the milder, the more generous policy! How beautiful are cheerfulness, benevolence and appreciation under these circumstances! In the one case, the heart shrinks back, the feelings revolt, and the sympathies turn away; while in the other, the cheek glows with pleasure, the fountains of emotion are filled to overflowing, and a cordial welcome and an involuntary blessing are sure to attend, like invisible angels, the coming and the presence of the cheerful, the kind-hearted, the appreciating and the good.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

She bends her head at her weary task,
And with patient trust she smiles;
Her toil grows light as a ray of hope
Her saddened heart beguiles.

She lifts her hair from her broad, fair brow,
When the summer sun shines warm,
Then gently chides her little group,
And her words fall like a charm.

She moves from her seat, and the scholars smile,
As she noiseless treads the floor,
A child leans forward to touch her dress,
While another looks out the door,

And longs to be with the birds and flowers,
And beautiful things and bright;
But a smile from the gentle face hard by
Changes his musings quite.

And they mistily pour their eyes on books,
And look their lessons through;
But they silently dream of the flowers they saw
That morn in the glittering dew.

Her task is done, and she stands alone
In the shade of the school-house door;
The little, restless, pattering feet
Have passed its threshold o'er;

And her heart is out with the beautiful things,
Her soul looks through to God;
And she gives no thought to the morrow's task,
Nor sighs at the chastening rod.

In one of our seminaries, the other day, a little appeared before his teacher with his lesson unlearned. On being asked the reason, the little fellow, with g invented replied, "Mama wasn't in last night, and

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RIGHT ABOUT.

I have just seen a sailor-boy's letter. There is one good thing which I want to extract.

"Tell mother that as soon as I read her letter, and found that she did not want me to smoke, I got up and broke my pipe and sold my tobacco, and have not touched a pipe since, and will not again until she gives me her consent, and that I do n't suppose she will ever do. Now I neither smoke, drink, nor chew, and I think I am a great deal better without it. So much for having a good mother."

This is the way to rejoice a good mother's heart: take her advice; respect her wishes; *be* all she expects of you.

God bless Charlie, the sailor-boy.

WHICH?—"I should rather be blind than deaf," said one of the children.

"I should rather be deaf than blind," said another.

"I should rather be neither," cried a third.

"I should like to have it just as God pleases," whispered a fourth; "he knows best."

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change in the moon.

Pride is the first weed to grow in the human heart, and the last to be eradicated.

A gentleman who has carried a Mexican dollar for a pocket piece for many years has done a good business with it lately by exhibitiog it at a three cent postage stamp a sight.

ALL IS WELL.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

My heart bends lightly to the breeze,
Escaping from each rougher blast—
By bowing low at fate's decrees,
In meekness till the storm is past;
And lifting then a radiant eye,
Where late the raging tempest fell,
It sees the rifted clouds on high,
And inly whispers, "all is well."

The ills that o'er my spirit sweep,
Like winds that o'er the waters blow,
But mar the surface of the deep,
And leave it calm and still below;
The eye of faith serenely sees
The troubled waves in anger swell,
And bending lightly to the breeze,
It only whispers, "all is well."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NULLIFIER'S WARD.

A STORY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

"What news in the Charleston papers, Mariquita?"

"Not a word, uncle, except that large sleeves are going out of fashion."

"Pshaw! The idea of talking about fashions at this crisis of our State independence!"

"Indeed, uncle, I don't care a straw about politics."

"Don't care? Ah, Mariquita, this comes of your Cuban blood! But were your poor father alive, you would find him in the front rank of our glorious phalanx of true South Carolinians."

"And what, my dear uncle, are you going to do?"

"Do? Why, carry out the golden maxim of Jefferson: 'Where powers are assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy.' How often must I repeat—"

"Never mind, my dear uncle; I have been a good listener. 'Where powers are assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy.' That's the doctrine; and as I see young Cato whipping my spaniel yonder, I shall at once go and nullify his self-delegated authority."

Making a low courtesy as she finished her remarks, Miss Mariquita Tomlinson threw up a window sash, and was soon tripping across the lawn to rescue her favorite. She was a beautiful creature, having inherited the Castilian grace of her mother, with the Saxon beauty of her father, who had gone from South Carolina to reside for years at Havana as United States consul. When Mariquita was an infant, both of her parents fell victims to the prevalent epidemic, and she thus became the ward of her uncle.

Now Colonel Tomlinson was a bachelor, who had gradually settled down from a wild patron of horse-races and chicken-fights into a steady, double-chinned justice of the quorum. At the time whereof we write (it was in 1831), he was greatly excited on the subject of nullification, which then agitated the "Palmetto State." What they considered an unauthorized interference with their state rights, was galling to her chivalric sons, whose spirit was sounded and roused. Yet since then, when the same general government called for troops, no State sent such a gallant quota to the field, and the "nullifiers" in the conquest of Mexico paralled the patriotic devotion of their revolutionary sires, who wished their blood and their treasure as things of no value, compared with national independence.

"The Islet," where Colonel Tomlinson resided, was one of those large seashore plantations bordering the lagoons between Charleston and Savannah, unequalled in the wide world for beauty and for fertility. The house was an old brick mansion, with many a room added since it was first erected, and extensive ranges of outbuildings, kitchens, smoke-houses and stables. A smooth grass lawn, dotted with flower-beds, extended from the main front to the water's edge, and on either side was a grove of those giants of the forest peculiar to the "sea islands" of the South. Huge live oaks, emblems of strength and immortality, cast a cathedral shade beneath their arched, moss-covered branches; graceful palmettos stood in clusters, with tall, straight trunks, like the pillars of a classic temple; there were laurels, each one able to supply crowns for all the living poets; orange-trees bent to the ground beneath their burdens of golden fruit, and shrubs, of many varieties, perfumed the air. The gardens of the Hesperides were not more lovely, nor had they a more vigilant guardian than was Colonel Tomlinson.

So jealously did he watch his ward, whose inheritances he had so managed that she was a wealthy heiress, that he would neither permit her to pass the gay season at Charleston, nor tolerate visitors at "The Islet," where he had brought her up in strict seclusion. It was not to be wondered at, then, that Miss Mariquita was a fearless rider, a good shot, and an excellent housewife, although unversed in what are called "polite accomplishments." A city chaperon would have pronounced her hoydenish, for she never omitted a chance to gratify her keen perceptions of the ludicrous; but she, nevertheless, was not deficient in maidenly reserve, and beneath her store of merriment was a fund of deep, quiet rectitude.

One visitor alone, among single gentlemen, was tolerated at "The Islet," and as he entered the house just as Mariquita left it, as he was universally called, Bachelor Hobbs), was a commission merchant in Charleston, who had for many years been the "factor," or agent, of Colonel Tomlinson. He was a good-looking, well-preserved man, who stuck closely to his flourishing business as a pastime, and was the beau of half of the Charleston belles, though no one thought of him as a lover. There were cases on record where a visiting damsel had flirted desperately in the hope of enticing the gay rover into a matrimonial snare; but Bachelor Hobbs was not to be caught. It was agreeable to him to play the part of a knight-errant, not of a nursery-maid. So he roved like a bee from flower to flower; and of the damsels whom he liked and who liked him, Mariquita Tomlinson was foremost.

When Bachelor Hobbs had been welcomed by the colonel, they, of course, began at once to discuss the all-important question of nullification, upon which they agreed to a charm, and so the conversation soon flagged.

"By the way," asked the colonel, "have you ever found out who it was that rescued us from a watery grave? I would give half of my rice-crop to ascertain the brave young man's name, and should know him again were I to see him, I am sure, although it was dark when our boat capsized."

"It was a narrow escape," sententiously replied Hobbs.

"Narrow? Why, it was a miracle! Pompey was tipsey, and to be capsized at midnight, with a young girl whose life is dearer to you than your own, is no small affair. The half hour or so that we clung to the overturned boat seemed an age."

"It was lucky that this stranger passed."

"Lucky? That was another miracle! What a young white man was doing, alone in a boat so near 'The Islet,' I cannot imagine. The boat, too, was of a novel pattern. At any rate, I shall never forget that he saved our lives, though I was so bent on getting Mariquita to the house that I never asked him up, and when I sent down, he was gone."

Little did the colonel dream that, at that time, almost within rifle-shot of where he sat, his niece was chatting cosily with a young man, with joy-smiles chasing each other over her sunny face as he described to her his northern home. Yes; Lieutenant Hazen, a handsome, daring-looking young man, whose features denoted a daring character and a true heart, was by Mariquita's side, and she listened to him as her preserver—her lover. Ordered to cruise in the immediate vicinity of Charleston, he had, one morning, gone on shore to amuse himself with his gun, and had accidentally encountered the heiress of "The Islet," who roamed about, fearless and free, on the estate. Untutored in the restraints of civilization, she entered into conversation with the young officer, and ere they separated, the hearts of each seemed to open to the other as if by magic. Nay—she expressed her regret that her uncle would not receive him at the mansion-house, and even intimated that she would be at an inlet in the woods near the house at the hour, the next day, when the old gentleman devoted himself to newspaper politics. When she retired that night, it appeared that a thousand pleasant remembrances had hallowed that impromptu interview, while the lieutenant felt that he stood at the portals of a new existence of which he had never dreamed.

It was an easy task to row himself up the inlet in the small gig of the cutter, and thus, day after day, did the young officer bask in the bright sunlight of Mariquita's smiles, with nothing but fears of her uncle to cloud the horizon of his hopes. One day she came not, and as he, impatient to learn the cause of her absence, went around in front of the mansion-house as night came on, he had the satisfaction of rescuing his idol and her uncle from a perilous position. The colonel had taken his niece with him to visit a neighbor, in a small skiff, the management of which was entrusted to a negro boatman. Pompey's fondness for whiskey had destroyed his capability, and a gust of wind overturned the skiff just as Hazen approached. To rescue them was an easy task; nor was he sorry when the colonel, in his anxiety about his niece, hurried her away. Springing into his boat, he was away before the delighted uncle thought of the thanks due their deliverer.

The next day, Mariquita was at the place of rendezvous, and from that meeting dated their acknowledgment of reciprocated love. Happy epoch in young hearts! The very face of nature seems brighter and fairer, while hope, drawing a bright veil of happiness from the storehouse of imagination, casts it over the future. So time had elapsed; and now the lovers again sat side by side, while he described to her his northern home.

"But when," he inquired, "will your uncle permit you to visit these scenes?"

"Alas!" replied Mariquita, "these politics have turned his head, and I know not when he will be in a mood to look upon you with impartiality."

"I suppose, dearest, that I must resign my commission. My father has ever wished me to, and your uncle may look with more favor upon a merchant than a naval officer in the revenue service."

"That," said a gruff voice, "depends upon who the merchant is!"

The lovers started, and a bright flush stole over Mariquita's face as Bachelor Hobbs stood before them, looking from one to the other in astonishment.

"Lieutenant Hazen, Mr. Hobbs," said Mariquita, with the ready tact of her sex, for she saw by her lover's clouded brow that he did not fancy the intrusion.

"Hazen!" echoed Bachelor Hobbs, holding out his hand; "pray, are you the son of my old mercantile correspondent in New York?"

"My father is a New York merchant," replied the lieutenant, grasping the offered hand, but still somewhat embarrassed.

"I see it all. You are here in command of the revenue-cutter, and I have been hoping for a week that you would put in at my counting-room.

"My discharge?"

"Yes. Your father wrote me that his partner had left the firm, and that he had procured your discharge, hoping you would take his place. It looks, however, as though you had some idea of another partnership, sir. Eh, Mariquita?"

Now a confidant was what the young people had often wished for, and then it was not long before Bachelor Hobbs, seated between them on a fallen cypress, heard their story.

"Quite a romance, I declare!" he said, when he had heard all. "Now you ask my aid, and you shall have it, even though I encounter the ire of my old friend the colonel. You had better bring the cutter up to Charleston to-morrow, and turn over your command; then call at my counting-room. Now, Mariquita, come back to the house, or your uncle will miss you. He is a fine fellow, I am sure," continued Hobbs, as the lieutenant rowed away after a leave-taking less affectionate than it would have been had there not been a third person present. "But what can be done to render him acceptable to the colonel?"

"Indeed I don't know," answered Mariquita; "but surely you will befriend us?"

"That I will, at all hazards," said Bachelor Hobbs. And he kept his word, for, finding it impossible to even allude to the subject of his niece's marriage before the colonel, he aided the young couple in certain preliminary arrangements, which were all successfully carried out.

Within a week after the visit of Bachelor Hobbs to "The Islet," the colonel sat down to breakfast, one fine day, in a surly mood. After having waited half an hour for his niece, he had gone to her chamber, but she was not there, nor had any of the servants seen her since the night previous. Not a suspicion crossed his mind that she was not somewhere on the plantation, riding or shooting ortolans, when a servant entered with a note. He recognized the handwriting of his niece, and tearing open the envelope, read:

"My dear Uncle:—When you can find leisure, come to New York, and thank the young officer who rescued us when we were overset in the skiff. His name is Hazen. Bachelor Hobbs will inform you concerning his family, and I hope you will not be angry when I inform you that I was married to him last night, and that we leave for New York this morning. Don't be displeased, my kind guardian, if I have not acted as you might have elected, but you taught me 'that when powers are assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy.'

Mariquita."

We shall not record the first outbreaks of the colonel's anger, or the subsequent explosion which greeted the appearance of Bachelor Hobbs. But when the latter gave assurances of the bridegroom's good family and wealth, the baffled guardian consoled himself with the idea that it might have been a good deal worse. Generous and confiding, he not only went to New York to visit his niece, but brought her and her happy husband back to "The Islet."

"You have not only to learn how to manage her property, but mine. So come and be initiated in sea-island planting," said the colonel.

Now, Mariquita was happy indeed.

It was about six years later that I first visited "The Islet," and heard the romantic story of my friend Hazen's love, in a beautiful summer-house, built where it was first told. The narrative was interrupted by the occasional attempts of a toddling youngster to get to the muddy water of the inlet, in which he evidently desired to paddle. This nautical propensity the old colonel rather encouraged, and, at last, Mrs Hazen, then a buxom matron, rather scolded at him for it, saying that she intended to keep him out of the navy, if possible.

"And I," said her husband, who was the image of a successful planter, "mean to get him a midshipman's warrant. I should have been a commodore by this time if I had not cut off my anchor-buttons to please this lady. Now, she wishes to put our boy into the counting-room of his godfather Hobbs ere he is a dozen years old, and fulminates her edicts against the navy."

"That indeed," remarked Colonel Tomlinson; "but Mariquita will not deny that 'when powers are assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy.'"

Joker's Budget.

What kind of *braces* do ladies prefer? Embraces.

Why can't young ladies abstain from kissing babies frantically before strangers?

Why is a piece of sterile ground like a certain toilet article? Ans.—Because it's bare soil (bear's oil.)

Lodgings are so scarce in Australia that men pay a dollar for lying in the gutter, and fifty cents extra for resting their heads on the curbstone!

Punch notices a wine newly advertised as naked Sherry. It will probably be recommended to those invalids who have no coats to their stomachs.

Dr. Valentine Mott once said to a graduating class, "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made—a large one to hold the insults and a small one for fees."

A very excellent lady sought to instruct her grandchild in relation to the provident care of Heaven. "Who gives you your daily bread?" asked she. "Dod!" replied the child; "but uncle Peter puts the butter and sugar on!"

One of our exchanges, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a contemporary, says:—"He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

Fame is not universal. An Irish waiter behind Mr. Thackeray's chair, in a hotel dining-room at Cincinnati, was overheard to say mysteriously to his fellow: "Bill, that's the great Mr. Thacker" (*sic.*) The reply was not unnatural: "Who on earth's the great Mr. Thacker?"

Temperance is the father of health, cheerfulness and old age. Drunkenness has so large a family that I cannot remember the names of one-half of them. However, disease, debt, dishonor, and death, are among them.

Young Giles, who is just beginning to learn French, wants to know how it is, if they have no w in that language, that "them chaps spell waggon?"

Woman—the morning star of our youth; the day star of our manhood; the evening star of our decline; the friends, "he must have taken his own in our age. Heaven bless our stars!

At an infant school examination, a few days ago, the examiner asked, "What fish eat the little ones?" "The big 'uns," shouted a little urchin.

It was announced in Paris that the Marquis de Crequi had poisoned himself. "You see," said one of his friends, "he must have taken his own

Why is a stove an agreeable affair in summer as well as winter? Because at either season it is always grateful when cooled.

Spiggles says that his appetite for coffee is always sharpened by one cupful of that beverage as it is served up at his boarding-house.

A Wheeling paper makes the following mysterious announcement, "There were nineteen feet in the channel last night. The odd one probably belonged to a cripple.

Godlike it is, to fall into sin;
Godlike it is, to dwell therein;
Godlike it is, for sin to grieve;
Godlike it is, all sin to leave.

LET 'ER RIP.

One sunny afternoon last week,
I thought I'd take a ride;
And hired a nag they said was fast,
I'm sure she was when *tired*.
My friend, Bill Spriggings, drove the mare,
While I laid on the whip,
And shouted till I was quite hoarse—
Billy, put that animated female projective over through—g'lang, *Let her rip!*

We stopped at Mill Creek on the road,
Of course we had to *water*,
And gave the expeditious nag
A drink and rest awhile;
We *lagged*, and calling for the mare,
I tossed the man a tip;
I jumped into the waggon, and seizing the reins requested the Ethiopian individual who held the double distilled essence of lightning, in emphatic tones—*Let her rip!*

A chap who drove a large bay nag
Seemed anxious for a *break!*
So whipping up our own fast crab,
We went it with a rush;
'Twas neck and neck a mile or more,
When his mare made a trip:
We glided by like lightning greased,
For having hired the extraordinary animal, we concluded that we had a perfect right to get the worth of our money, and therefore—*Let her rip?*

We drove along without mishap,
At least a dozen miles;
Stopping now and than, of course,
To take the several "smiles."
At last we ran into a chap,
Who gave us too much lip,
The horse broke—the waggon too—pitching Bill and myself into a ditch by the road-side. Bill, says I, the horse has run away! Bill, struggling under the combined efforts of "lager" and a mouthful of mud, exclaimed—*Let her rip!*

..... A correspondent of a Picayune paper has such a cold in his head that he can't wash his face without freezing the water.

JOKING.

We believe in good humor, social intercourse, and all that sort of thing, and are, therefore, opposed to practical jokes. The practice is often mischievous, generally provocative of unhappy feelings, and always vulgar. The very best people in the world are often those who do not know how to take a joke. The mere play upon words, an idle bantering about love affairs, a playful allusion to one's actions or one's notions, are matters which may not be of much account if joking would stop there; but there are few persons addicted to this social pest who have any particular scruples concerning the length to which they go, provided the thing is done successfully. Many are the lives—to say nothing of the shattered nerves—which practical joking has to answer for. "Playing ghost" is one of the most common forms of the evil, with results extending from simple fright to death or insanity. There are, probably, examples in the knowledge of every reader of the unhappy effects which have followed "practical jokes." No real good or real enjoyment ever came of it, but worlds of unhappiness and evil. In these simple facts let all persons see a warrant for abjuring the nuisance altogether.

Learn wisdom by the follies of others.

Listening to a lady who was pouring out a stream of talk, Jerrold whispered to the person next to him, "She'll be coughing soon, and then we can strike in."

EVIL COMPANY.

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Eucinda; "dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took, in silence, a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter: "It will not burn you, my child; take it."

Eulalia did so, and, behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So is with the company of the vicious."—*From the German.*

Man dies, but none of his actions ever die. Each is perpetuated and prolonged forever by interminable results, affecting some beings in every age to come.—*Mueller.*

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply.

THE YOUNG CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

They left the young child all alone,
To battle with the waves of life;
In read their names engraved on stone,
And felt unfitted for the strife.

A weary way the future seemed;
The present was uncertain ground;
But from the past one sunbeam gleamed,
And here the child some comfort found.

'Twas this: bent lowly at her knee,
The mother taught her child to say,
When father and when mother flee,
The Lord will care for those who pray."

And father, mother, now *had* fled,
And left the young child in his grief;
The sod was on each withered head,
And on the sod a withered leaf.

He bent the knee upon the sod;
His folded hands were on his breast,
His child eyes were upturned to God,
"Who giveth those who seek it, rest."

He prayed that He might stoop to care
For one left lonely on life's shore;
And he who hears the suppliant's prayer,
Promised to guide him evermore.

And all through life went one whom men
Called holy, from the words he spoke;
And when he slept, these men said then,
"Surely, he hath in glory woke."

Upon thy flowery banks I stand,
Dear river of my native land;
And see thy crystal waters glide
Serenely to the silver tide
Of yonder lake, whose mirrored gleam
Rejoices still in Bantam Stream.

How oft in boyhood's sunny hours,
I've wandered mid the woodland bowers
That overhangs thy banks so green,
And charm to joy each well-known scene
While life was all an Eden dream,
As then I mused by Bantam Stream.

I sat beneath the cooling shade,
And every rural sweet surveyed—
The fragrant flowers in summer's bloom,
The whispering pine-tree's soothing gloom
The vines that shut each darting beam
From glaring bright on Bantam Stream.

The wild-rose sheds its perfume still,
And daisies crown the sloping hill,
And all along the dewy meads,
The lilies hang their drooping heads;
And all the charms of nature seem
To revel wild by Bantam Stream.

The milk-white blossoms of the thorn,
The golden grain and emerald corn,
And sweetly-scented birchen groves,
Where birds rejoice to sing their loves—
All these, and more, I fondly deem
A paradise by Bantam Stream.

But, ah! long years have o'er me flown,
And I have wandered sad and lone
Far from my native scenes away;
And now again declining day
Dispels the sweet, enchanting dream
Farewell, farewell, dear Bantam Stream!

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

"HERE we are, then!" said Mr. Newman to his family, as the stage-coach brought them in view of his brother's country-house, the old homestead of his youth. "Now this begins to look like it. This does me good. I'd rather come out here for a week or two, than go to all the watering-places in the land."

The two girls—Elmira and Josephine—thrust a head apiece out of each window, uttered an exclamation of disappointment, and drew their heads in again. Mrs. Newman curled her lip, elevated her nose, and resolved that nothing of this kind should "stand between the wind and *her* nobility."

They had had a long jaunt of a day from town, by rail and by coach, and on the whole were glad to find the end of their journey anywhere. At his brother's house Mr. Newman was certain of finding both rest and welcome. He was tired of the world. No spot that he could think of was half as pleasant as the place where he passed the innocent days of his childhood. There he could throw off care and anxiety, and revel in the freshness of new days.

"O, brother! O, sister!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, as she accosted them at the gate. "How glad we are to see you all out at the old place again! Children, welcome home here! Do pray come in, all of you! I'll send for Henry at once, for I knew he he didn't expect you to-day, and he's off in the field, getting in hay."

They all bundled in across the deep porch, and collected in the large living-room. There they were met by Mr. Henry Newman's three girls, two of them about the same ages with Elmira and Josephine. Mrs. Newman assisted them in taking off their bonnets and travelling toggery, and the girls showed their cousins to their chamber.

In less than half an hour, all hands were assembled again; Mrs. Newman and one of the girls were getting supper on the table, however, and the two brothers were chatting as pleasantly as if the outside world had never crowded itself between their hearts. Mrs. City Newman, however, said little or nothing. Occasionally one or both of her daughters glanced round at her, to catch the right cue, and then fell to their silent criticisms again upon what was going on before them. The simplicity of the furniture, the earnest and honest manners of their country cousins, the style of the table, and the like of these things, were the chief objects of their attention, and instead of making the most of their privileges, they tried to feel as uncomfortable as they could, by contrasting this simple country life with their own way of life at home. If people want to make themselves uneasy, there is no better way than this that one could recommend.

When supper was ready at last, Mrs. Henry Newman (the farmer's wife) smoothed out her apron, and asked them all if they wouldn't sit up to the table.

"Do you sit there, sister," said she to Mrs. James Newman, "and you there," to Mr. Newman. The two girls she seated on one side by themselves, and her own found places all about.

To enumerate the several dishes with which the table was garnished, would occupy more space than I have allowed myself. But it was a right down country feast, at any rate. It was dinner and supper stirred together; and no thrifty housekeeper understood that trick one half as well as Mrs. Henry Newman.

Elmira and Josephine did not wish to be thought hearty eaters, though in truth they were as hungry as bears. So they just nibbled at the ham, and dallied with their rich cream-toast, and sipped their tea like any ladies. They wanted to enjoy as much as any one; but their pride would not tell them where to begin. Mrs. Newman ate, because it was her way. She needed food. She had an appetite. She had ridden a great ways, and was really tired; and being tired, was hungry too. So she made everything taste good; and felt thankful in her heart that there was a plenty. As for Farmer Newman and his brother, the city merchant, they were enjoying themselves as highly as two men ever did. Farming was now the topic of their talk, and now merchandize. Mr. James, however, delighted chiefly to talk about the grass crop and cattle.

After supper, they scattered in all directions. The girls helped about clearing off the table, while their mother sat down to entertain Mrs. James by the open window. As for Josephine and Elmira, they walked out by themselves. The brothers finally found themselves beneath a famous old pear tree in the back orchard, that they had known in their earliest youth. Mr. James stood and smoked his fragrant Havana, while the farmer threw himself at his length upon the ground.

"O, this is a beautiful old spot, Henry!" at last burst forth from the merchant's lips. "I sometimes wish I had never left it, but had let you try the world. As it is, you have shown the best evidences of filial affection; you have taken care of our parents in their old age; this old homestead has been a mine of wealth and happiness to you and your family; and here you are, anchored safe from all the tempests of the world. I know what a peaceful life yours must have been; and it is on that account I envy you."

"Then why not give up business at once, and live as we live?"

"Ah, but there's the rub! Once in, is in for your lifetime. There's no getting out of it."

"But you can end it, if you choose. What is easier? You are worth enough to-day. You are rich. What more do you want? To get still richer? I wish I was in your shoes."

"From my heart, I wish you were."

"At all events, I would show the world that I preserved independence enough to quit business when I'd got money enough."

"Ah! but you wouldn't be likely to feel then just as you feel now. If you were in my shoes you wouldn't feel about as I feel; this. That mark I haven't quite reached yet."

"Now let me ask you one single question," returned Farmer Henry. "Didn't you, years ago, say exactly the same thing to yourself?"

"Well, I did," replied Mr. James.

"And didn't you then set your mark lower than you have set it now?"

He hesitated. Finally he answered, "Well, yes. I confess I did."

"And now," pursued the farmer, "just as sure as you reach your present mark, just so sure you'll be as dissatisfied as before. I *know* enough about the ways of human nature. If you don't stop where you are, you'll never stop at all."

Mr. James thought a moment or two about it, and puffed thicker clouds of smoke. Finally he said: "Well, I'm inclined to think you're more than half right, though I really wouldn't say as much to anybody else, I can tell you. There's something about this accumulating business that plays the mischief with every one of us."

"I know it," said Henry. "When men become engrossed in this business of getting gains, they are *slaves*. And now you may just as well stop to-day, as to wait to do it to-morrow. Why not? You know what you have looked forward to all your life, and that is just what I have been all my life enjoying. Happiness is not to be had in the goading hurry for wealth. You must change your intentions. You must cease looking without, and begin to turn within."

"We can all *talk* about these things, I suppose," rejoined Mr. James; "we can theorize and speculate, but when one comes to the *pinch*, I tell you it's not exactly the same thing. We are the creatures of circumstances, I believe; of destiny, in other words. Where we shall bring up at last, Heaven alone knows."

And upon this, he fell into a short rumination, which he soon came out of, with a dreamy remark or two about the delights of country life. His farmer brother assented to what he said, and seemed to try to help him along toward his conclusions.

"I always meant to find me a quiet spot somewhere at last," said the merchant, "and I mean to still. There's nothing in life to me half so pleasant as the thought of a home, and a last resting-place in the country. And if my heart is drawn to any one place, it is to this place of my birth."

"I will divide the old farm with you," eagerly offered the farmer. "Come; do leave off in the city, and settle down again where we began life together. What's the use of putting it off?"

"I'll think of it, at any rate," said Mr. James. "I'm really more strongly inclined towards it than I ever was before. But I must take time to turn it over. I must go back and consult with my old friends, and look up some of my interests in business, you know."

The farmer's heart sunk. "Then," said he to himself, "the case is a bad one. He'll not make up his mind at all."

They left the precincts of the old pear tree long after twilight, and found the two families sitting in the door, enjoying the evening air. That one sight almost determined the merchant's resolution, at once, but he could not thus quickly yield.

Next morning, all awoke bright and early. The country cousins had rosy cheeks and expressive eyes. Their city cousins looked as if one night's sleep out there having done so much for them, there was no telling how much a week of nights might do.

After breakfast was over and the things cleared away, Mrs. Farmer Newman went about her butter in the little dairy. She asked her sister and the girls if they wouldn't like to look in on her. There she stood at the dresser under the window, kneading out the buttermilk from a great wooden tray full of yellow butter, the generous churning of the morning. Her sleeves were stripped up, and she wore a tidy apron about her.

"How awful that kind of work must be!" exclaimed her city sister. "I declare, I should get so tired of it, I shouldn't know how to follow it up."

The two daughters obediently curled up their lips, and skipped off out of doors.

"I don't know," responded Mrs. Henry, when she found herself quite alone with Mrs. James, "I sometimes think I'd rather do this than do a great many other things. But then," she added, with a glow of earnestness, "to think that you are making your own butter! That's a privilege every one don't have, in these times."

"Farm labor must be the coarsest kind of drudgery," said Mrs. James. "How *can* you bring yourself to it so?"

"Well, I don't know. Nothing is drudgery, unless you choose to make it so. It all depends on how you take hold of a thing. After all, there isn't so much difference between one sort of work and another. It's all about alike."

"But I should get tired of this everlasting sameness all around me," added Mrs. James. "I don't believe I could ever get used to it. Perhaps I could put up with it for a week or two in the summer; but to think of staying here all through the winter! How terrible dreary it must be!"

"As for that, I can only say again—it's all in habit. For *my* part, though I should like a visit once or twice a year to town, yet I don't think I should ever reconcile myself to *living* there. And as for the winters, why, you don't know what they are! You must live out in the country, as we do, to appreciate *them*. Here they are beautiful. I think quite as much of them as I do of my summers."

And thus the conversation was carried on.

Out doors, Elmira and Josephine had fallen upon their cousin Kate, with whom they began an animated discussion about the same topics, though perhaps in a slightly modified way. Among other things, Josephine declared that country people were just the smiled their effect away.

"I should *die* here, among such boors," said Josephine. "A if I'd got to stay, I'm sure I should wish to."

"*I* should die," added Elmira, "with the very thought of it."

"How do you manage to pass your time?" asked Josephi "What do you do all day? Do you ever go out evenings?"

"O yes, sometimes," good-naturedly answered Kate. "V some of us pick up a beau, now and then, you know."

"Beaux! La! What horrid creatures they must be! Co hide boots and satinets, I suppose? As much manners as oxe How I should like to set eyes on one of them!"

"O, well; then we will invite some three or four of them ov some afternoon, if you say so. You can tell your friends the you know, that you have seen and talked with the real specimens

"O, no; I beg you wouldn't get any of them here on *my* a count," said Josephine.

"No, nor on mine," chimed in Elmira.

"Or you may see them at church, perhaps, on Sunday. I w point them out to you, as they come in to meeting."

"What curious creatures they must be! But don't you m society here? parties, and soirees, and assemblies, and all th things? Don't you wish you were nearer *folks*? or ever a dreadful dismal and lonesome, out here in the *fields* so? I sho think you would, I'm sure. I should think you'd die in a w only for want of seeing somebody that's civilized. Just to d of living out of the world so! Why, it's abominable I c see how anybody can possibly stand it!"

"O," laughed out her more philosophic and sensible co Kate, "we all manage to get *used* to these things. After a wh you know, they cease to trouble us. I suppose, to tell the tru that they would come hard to *you* at first; but we have the decid advantage of being born and brought up among them. I suppo we hardly know what we lose here."

"No, you don't indeed," responded Josephine, with characteristic courtesy and curtness.

"Still," added Kate, "I never would change situations wi you."

The city cousins gazed at her with a look of surprise that be dered closely on contempt.

And in this way was the discussion carried on between the daug ters; the mothers still engaged in it, in the dairy and kitchen.

As for the brothers, they were both haying as hard as they coul down in the meadow back of the barn. It was a warm day, great deal of grass had been cut early in the morning, and the were making out a merry time of it. It carried them back to the youthful days, to be working thus together again. They tosse and pitched, and talked, and laughed. They sat down to the luncheon beneath the same old trees that had sheltered them whe boys, and went over the old times once more in the shade. It w sad, and yet it was dearly delightful to the heart of the city me chant, thus to throw off restraint, and give himself up to the inno cent enjoyment of the hour. Fifteen minutes careless tossing an rolling on the grass was sweeter to him than as many days passe in the society of idlers at the crowded hotels by the seashore. H felt the blessing descending even while he lay there.

Supper was a welcome repast. It found them all tired and hu gry. Never were known better appetites, nor more wholesome an inviting food. Even the girls had forgotten that they were satisfying themselves at the table of a plain country farm-house.

They all sat in the little parlor and entry, and twilight was a ready gathering, when a boy came in with the mail from the pos office. There was a letter for Mr. James Newman. He took and hastily broke the seal. It was glanced over almost in an in stant, when he let it fall from his hands, exclaiming, "Ruined ruined! I might have known as much!"

His face was colorless. His wife sprang towards him with shriek, and began to ask him what it all meant. It was some tim before he could collect courage to tell the story. Finally said he

"I have lost all! My ship has gone to the bottom, and not te dollars worth of insurance on her! I haven't enough left to cou on my ten fingers!"

All manner of exclamations followed so unexpected an announce ment. His wife couldn't believe it—*wouldn't* believe it. The gir sat demure and astonished. The farmer's wife and daughters we sympathizing and sad, while only Mr. Henry himself dared off consolation of any nature.

"Does this strip you of all?" at last inquired he. "Haven you a dollar?"

"Yes," said his brother; "perhaps fifteen or twenty thousand."

"Then you are rich enough! Now just hold on right wher you are. You know what we were talking about last evening now is the time to take your resolution. You've got enough you needn't ask any more. I'm ready to divide the old pla with you to-day. Come; the hand of a kind Providence is in this Promise me to take that resolution to-night, and my word for it you will never regret it as long as your life is spared you."

"It is taken!" answered the merchant. "I could choose n better time. From this day, wife, I am no longer a dweller in cities! I come out and live on the farms! It may cost us a pan at first, but we shall be all the happier for it in the end."

In three months a house was in process of erection near the old homestead; and in less than three years, Miss Josephine was en gaged to be married to one of the "horrid country beaux," wit big feet and hands.

Mrs. James Newman, moreover, makes her own butter, and it i good butter too. And among them all, there is no more lamenta tion over the day that changed their fortunes so much for the b ter. They are content.

XII. HYMN.

Original—Composed by Gilbert Nash, Esq.

Our brothers have left us with arms in their hands,
And gone in their might to the fair Southern lands;
The traitors have dared them with taunt and with wrong,
To meet them in battle they are marching along.

Cho. Marching along, they are marching along,
To meet them in battle they are marching along;
The traitors have dared them with taunt and with wrong,
To meet them in battle they are marching along.

The sound of the fight rushes full on the ear,
We listen with hope while we tremble with fear,
Lest they who have left us, so brave and so strong,
Should fall on the field, they are marching along.

Cho. Marching along, &c.

A shout from the war sets our bosoms aglow,
It tells us of victory over the foe;
We bless the true hearts, so reliant and strong,
Who won us the field, they are marching along.

Cho. Marching along, &c.

We each have a foe in our bosoms as dread
As those from the arms of our brothers that fled;
That foe, it is sin, and the fight will be long,
But Jesus will help us while we're marching along.

Cho. Marching along, we are marching along,
Stand up for Jesus while we're marching along;
We'll fight with the foe, though the struggle be long,
And stand up for Jesus while we're marching along.

We'll fight while our King gives us strength to endure,
With Jesus to help us our triumph is sure;
We'll fight with the foe, though the contest be long,
And stand up for Jesus while we're marching along.

V. STATEMENT BY N. P. KEMP, ESQ.

LATE TREASURER OF NEW ENGLAND,

Of Missionary Operations in this field the past year.

VI. HYMN.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the wings of the morning light,
And speak to the men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true. And tell them, &c.
Be true, be true. And tell them, &c.
Tell them to be true.

I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea,
Where a human heart might be,
I would tell them a tale, or I'd sing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong,
And tell them to be good. And tell them, &c.
Be good, be good, &c.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I would fly on the wings of the air,
The houses of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
And whisper of sweet hope. And whisper, &c.
Sweet hope, sweet hope, &c.

I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
And point to the realms above;
I would fly, I would fly over city and town,
And drop like a happy sunlight down,
And whisper, God is love.
God is love. (*Echo*, God is love.)

BOYHOOD.

BY "GAY HUMBOLDT."

Black clouds have shut around, and night
With utter loneliness of darkness come
To blind and bar about the little light
That disappointment's sorrow left to roam
To my sick spirit. When hopes glowing bright,
All wont to be the guiding stars of life,
Have set, what else may cheer the longing
Than a loved past?
There was a time when joy
Could call me all her own—
Love knew no base alloy,
Ambition knew not but his will should throne
The skies if he commanded, and alone
I would have sworn, in spite of every care,
A world to bear,
And so felt stronger for the promise—thrilled with joy
At the vast work before me, for—I was a boy!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DICK HARDY'S CHEST.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY RALPH TRYON.

"WELL," said my uncle, laying aside the evening paper, which he had been vainly endeavoring to read, "since you young barnacles are determined to stick to me until you get a bit of a yarn, I suppose I must gratify you. But do you think it just the thing, you cubs, to make me set aside this paper just as I have got fairly under weigh with it? If I had a bite of that clothes-line in your yard, I think I could treat you to something more to your good."

As I was one of the "cubs" addressed, and perfectly understood his humor, I said nothing, but quietly placed a spittoon near him, which always served as a signal to bring to light his old turtle-shell tobacco-box—and I even fancied I could tell the precise length of his tales, by the quantity of cavendish which, on such occasions, to use his own expression, "he stowed away in his larboard cheek."

"When I was little more than sixteen," he began, "after having safely weathered the whooping-cough, measles, chicken-pox and other dangerous points of childhood, I was brought up with a round turn by the sea-going fever; and although my father prescribed the rod and hard work freely, with many other mild remedies of pretty much the same nature for several months, yet I was pronounced incurable, and as soon as the arrangements could be made was packed off for sea. Determined I should have leisure to repent the trouble I had caused them all at home, he succeeded in shipping me for a voyage to the East Indies, hoping that long before my cruise was ended I should be heartily sick of everything that pertained to shipping.

"The ship was not quite ready for sea, for she was just off the stocks, having been built expressly for this trade. I was allowed, however, to go on board the next day, where the shipkeeper at once commenced my initiation into the drudgeries of shipboard. We had no Donald McKays then to knock out for us any of those fleet-footed clippers which are now so famous. But still she was a beauty, nautically speaking; and her young master, Dumaresq, as he thought of her sharp ends, long floor, breadth of beam, and heavy but graceful spars, had reason to be proud of having the command of a vessel that bid fair to rival in speed any ship from the States. I will pass over my dock experience, which was a tedious matter to me, and will not interest you.

"One day, as I was on the wharf assisting our second mate in receiving our ship stores, I saw a weather-beaten specimen of our calling approach the captain, who was conversing with an old sea-going friend of his, and respectfully touch his hat. He was neatly rigged out in a suit of fine broadcloth, with a heavy gold chain slung about his neck, and I noticed upon his tar-stained and sun-burnt fingers several rings of considerable value; all this contrasted strangely with his rusty figure head, which bore the marks of long service rather than dissipation. He asked the captain if he had shipped all his hands, to which he replied that he had not.

"'Ah, Dick,' said the other master, 'so you still act your own shipping-master, and steer clear of the landsharks?'

"'I try to, sir.'

"'Well, my old seadog, if you and my friend Dumaresq do not agree, you know where my ship lays; and all I can say to you in that case is, choose for yourself in what capacity you will ship, and I shall be content.'

"'Thank you kindly, sir, but I have had a kind of an eye to this ship, even before she left the stocks, and have taken a fancy to go in her, that is, if the captain hasn't a mind to the contrary.'

"'After what my friend has said, I do not think we shall disagree,' said our captain.

"Some further talk ensued, and on the next day he was duly shipped with wages several dollars a month higher than the going rate. After he left the wharf, Capt. Peters, the friend alluded to, said:

"'You have just engaged one of the best seamen in our merchant service—an eccentric fellow, or he would prefer the quarter-deck to the forecastle; for I assure you that he is a capital officer when he sees fit to ship as such. He has also a snug property, which his prudent habits have helped to accumulate, and in almost every ship he sails takes a 'venture. This Dick Hardy has great influence over the crew; but the only ill-temper he ever displays is when some thoughtless fellow scratches or mars his chest, which he always carries with him, and which he guards as carefully as he would a mistress. In port, it goes ashore with him; at sea, it is in sails, and anything that is not to be touched or meddled with, the sailors think they use a strong expression when they say, that it must be as 'sacred as Dick Hardy's chest.'

"When we were fairly to sea, and I had paid the usual tribute to Neptune and the fishes, and become able to balance myself on my pins, I sought to ingratiate myself into the notice of this singular man, whose favor I would have rather secured than the captain's. Besides, I had great curiosity to know the history of this strange chest, which was regarded by the crew as a mystery. My first efforts in this respect were only rewarded by an occasional 'Get out of the way, you lubber;' and this was about the only notice he took of me for some time.

"One day the mate, just to keep me employed, gave me some odd bits of cordage to splice together, but did not condescend to teach me the process. It was while I was toiling and fretting over this job, the marlinspike doing more execution in wounding my hand than in properly parting the strands, while the men were laughing at my perplexity without offering to help me, that Hardy came to my side, and placing his rough hand upon my shoulder, said:

"'Bear up, my little hearty. Rome wasn't built in a day, and'—turning to some ordinary seamen who were making sport of me—'lubbers need not put on the airs of seamen who have only made one or two voyages at most.'

"This silenced their jibes, and he kindly instructed me until I could splice as well as the best. From that day he assumed a sort of fatherly dictatorship over me, and taught me various kinds of knots and capstan embroidery. If he was exacting, he at least protected me from the ill usage of the men. One night, during the mid-watch, I ventured to allude to the chest, and desired to know its history. He looked thoughtful for a few moments, but at length, after having made me promise to be silent with the crew upon the subject, he consented.

"Now this chest was nearly five feet in length, and in shape nearly resembled the hull of a Dutch galliot. It was built of English oak, and secured on the outside by heavy bands of burnished copper, which Hardy kept as bright as a new penny. The bottom was convex, with rounded ends, while the sides fell in with a curve, making the top much less in breadth than the bottom. The woodwork was neatly varnished and water tight; in fact, it was a cumbrous yet curious affair, and Dick always made it a part of the conditions of his shipping, that he should be allowed to carry his chest.

"He cast his eye aloft to see that everything was snug—for the second mate being sick he had command of the watch—after which he reeled off as follows:

"'When I was still a youngster, and had only made a few voyages, I shipped in a Baltimore built brig bound for the coast of Africa. I never like to revert to this cruise, for it was the first and last time I ever lent a hand to such business. We were armed like a privateer, and a precious cut-throat crew we had.

"'The second mate was a Swede, who had spent all his days in smuggling and trading in Guinea live stock. He was every inch a sailor, but a rough customer to any delinquent from duty. He took a kind of fancy to me, and I am indebted to him for many useful lessons in seamanship. He was also very superstitious, and frequently told me that he had a presentiment that he would never see the end of this cruise.

"'Our voyage was nearly up, when one day, while performing some duty aloft, by a careless movement his foot slipped and he fell heavily to the deck. We caught him up, stunned and bleeding, and carried him to his berth. When his senses began to come to him again, he complained of his leg, which was broken, and of suffering internal pain. We had no surgeon on board, but fished his damaged spar in the best manner we knew how. From the first he told us that this was his last voyage; and though thankful for our attentions, he persisted that it was no sort of use, for in a few days at most all he would require would be a couple of shot at his heels and a burial service.

"'At his request the captain allowed me to devote a large portion of my time to him, and I did everything in my power to make him comfortable. Before he died he divided his kit among the crew, but to me he gave the empty chest, which he said was of more value than I had any idea of. He made me solemnly promise never to part with it until I was satisfied that I knew its full value; and further told me, that if I kept the chest and steered clear of liquor and landsharks, it would be my own fault if I was not a rich man.

"'I was not particularly pleased with this gift, for I thought the Swede had greatly over-estimated its worth—besides, it was so bulky, that I hardly knew what to do with it; but when I thought more seriously upon his words, they made a deep impression upon my mind, and I became convinced that there was something in or about the chest that I had not discovered. So during my watches below I kept up a regular investigation, when I could steal a few moments free from the observation of my shipmates.

"'One night, while our watch were snoring away at the rate of nine knots, we having all had a hard day's work, I again renewed the search, although as badly used up as the rest, for the mystery of this chest haunted me even in my dreams. This time I was in luck, and the meaning of the Swede's words was made very plain; for as I was passing my hand about on the inside, I touched unwittingly a secret spring. The false bottom flew up, and what I saw brought me up like a ship shivering in the wind, so great was my astonishment. I'll be hanged if I should have felt more surprised if I had dove into a nest of rattlesnakes.

"'This false bottom was about an inch thick, and the part exposed was wadded in order to prevent any sound of hollowness, if strange hands were meddling with it, and fitted so snug into its traced. I carefully closed the lid till I made sure that my shipmates were all snoring soundly, and then proceeded to overhaul my discovery.

"'Well, my hearty, what do you think I found there? Why, fathom upon fathom of the choicest silks, which, as I unfurled, let me into a nest of Spanish doubloons of more than one hundred in number! When I had told these over and over again, I forced back the bottom into place, secured the bolts, and rushed on deck in a perfect typhoon of excitement. It seemed to me all a beautiful dream which had faded into the salt mists around me.

"'Again I plunged into the forecastle to make sure that I had not been deluded with a vision; and when I became convinced that all was real, I sought the deck again, where I passed the night, watch in and out. I dared tell no one of my treasure, for my life would have been anything but safe if I had. You know that a man is easily got rid of at sea; and the simple report on the ship's books of "lost overboard," if it had a tongue, would in many cases, reel off a fearful yarn.

"'But this is neither here nor there. I made the voyage, kept my secret, and when we landed our miserable, half-starved cargo of human niggers on the south side of Cuba, I slipped my cable, and cut clear of the disgusting trade. I found no difficulty in getting rid of the silks, from which I realized a very considerable sum. This was stowed away with the rest in my tight locker, and I began to consider myself quite rich. But instead of throwing my money away in strong drink and foolish fancies, I became ambitious to add to my store.

"'In a few days I got a berth on board a brig at Havana bound for New York as second mate. I shipped on my own account a few hogshead of molasses, which upon arrival sold at handsome profit; and after placing the bulk of my money in safe hands, I again shipped for a long voyage. Year by year I have been adding to the amount ever since, until, thank Providence, I can look old age in the face without fear.

"'This is why I take such good care of the old box; besides, I generally have stowed away in it more yellow boys than I care to have every crew know. Even at this blessed moment, I have one hundred sovereigns there well dunnaged in cotton, which I intend to operate with when we arrive.'

"This is the story of Dick Hardy's chest," said my uncle, reaching out his hand for the paper, but after a moment's pause, added, "and the sequel will show that I owe my success in life indirectly to it. When I returned home, after stopping several weeks with my parents, I went to pass a few days with old Dick at his farm on the banks of the Penobscot. He had bought a beautiful yacht, and glorious times I had I assure you. His aged mother and married sister resided on the place, while his brother-in-law carried on the farm for him.

"As time passed on I began to aspire to the command of a ship; but having no relative to secure such interest for me, promotion looked rather squally and uncertain. I confided my trouble to Dick in a letter, who had left off going to sea, and received in reply intelligence that astounded me. He had purchased a quarter interest of a new barque at Portland in my name, which was waiting for me to take charge. Bless his kind old heart, he is still living, rich and respected; but if it had not been for him, your uncle doubts if he would now be in command of one of the sauciest clipper ships that floats."

A LIBERAL OFFER.

BENEVOLENT DANDY—I haven't a cent, boy. I've nothing less than a 25 bill.
STREET SWEEPING URCHIN—Well, Sir, I'll go and get it changed, and if you think wants to be dishonest, I'll let yer hold my broom till I comee back.

——Prentice thinks that the first part of married life is the shine of the honeymoon: the rest too often common moonshine.

Why is a schoolmaster like an engine dri
One trains the mind, the other minds the tra

Quiz says that John Smith has caught
measles, but that no cause is assigned for

Favor your horse with a curry as often as pos
rash act.

"What blessings children are!" as the pa
dido, but never curry favors with a man.

It is said that the wheel of fortune revolves for clerk said, when he took the fees for christe
when he held out his arms for the baby.

When wool falls in price, it is supposed the
the reduction takes place from sheer necessity.

What are all artificial flies like horsedies? Be
cause you find them sticking to a barb.

Who is the shortest man mentioned in the
Bible? Knee-high-miah.

What kin is that child to its own father, who
is not its father's own son? His daughter.

"I'll take the responsibility," as Jonks said
when he held out his arms for the baby.

In St. Giles's, the following notice was lately posted in the window of a lodging house, "Hay, sack and flour to let, chickens and carrots." The purport of the notice was, "A second floor to let, kitchen and garret."

OLD LETTERS.

BY ELLEN LIGHTFOOT.

O little sheets of glistening white,
How many thoughts you bring,
Of dear loved friends, and by-gone days,
When life was in its spring;
As one by one I read these o'er,
How memory wakes again,
And brings before me all the past,
Of pleasure and of pain.

The one whose name is signed to this,
Now treads a southern hall;
She is a planter's cherished bride,
And dearly loved by all;
Heaven's peace be with thee, gentle friend,
In thy home so far away;
May thy new-found friends be kind and true,
As those of thy childhood's day.

How delicate this writing is—
How lady-like and clear;
It brings to mind the gentle face
Of one who's very dear.
Well, she's a wife and mother now,
And round her husband's home
She sheds the cheerful, steady light
Of affection pure and warm.

Ah! well I remember the hand that wrote this,
The hand that's now chill and gray;
He bade me "good-by" with a smile on his lip
And a heart that was beating for glory.
He sleeps in the far-off summer land,
Where he fought his country's foes;
He fell beneath the folds of the starry flag,
In sunny Mexico.

O, lift this up gently—the name on this
Is now carved on a marble stone,
That tells when she entered into bliss,
Our dear, our stricken one.
We pillowed her baby upon her breast,
And laid them beneath the sod;
There they sweetly sleep in the still churchyard,
Till the trumpet-call of God.

And this package of letters too dear, too prized,
Were all traced by one dear hand;
'Tis long, long months since I trusted my eyes
To the spell of this magic wand.
I must not, I dare not open them,
Or my heart will bleed afresh.
To think that we who so deeply loved,
Should be parted by sight but death.

I could better have borne to lay him down
On sweet Mount Auburn's breast,
And felt that his spirit was watching o'er me,
From his home in the land of the blest,
They say he still loves me, and the heart that was
In heavily waiting for me;
O, help me, Great Heaven, to keep in the path
Where duty is leading me.

But the heart that was yours, my only love,
Can never be another's home,
And though we are parted forever on earth,
We shall meet in heaven, mine own.
O, I will never look at these letters again,
For it always brings the tears,
To think of the friends of childhood's day,
And the love of my riper years.

PEACOCK.

Proud of his bright and spreading train,
And steps that spurn the ground,
Fit emblem of the weak and vain,
The peacock gazes round.

He gazes for applause; but when
His feathers drop in fade,
Scorned of the shans of the pride of men,
And cast to native shade.

No more the gallant bird and gay,
That Israel monarch prized,
Or heroes honored in their day,
But mean, forlorn, despised.

The crest is fall'n that tower'd so high
The plume from yonder bough
That shone like Argus' blazing eye,
Is dull and draggled now.

Thus changing, a lesson he conveys,
And we, to the young,
Who seek the honor, fame, and praise,
That the world belong.

Of what the grace and ornament
Of riches, wealth or power?
A transient gard, a treasure lent,
Fade in an hour.

The eye that flash'd with pride of life,
The light unbending form,
The hands that minister'd to strife
Must mingle with the worm.

Shall earth and ashes humble proud?
No, each event we scan,
Proclaims in language clear and loud,
Pride was not made for man.

Let us our best adorning find,
Nor display nor dress:
The spirit meek, the quiet mind,
Thy chiefest loveliness.

More rich than gold, than gems more bright,
A temper sweet and mild
Is precious in Jehovah's sight,
And decks the Christian child.

The grace that excitement lives
May sparkle for the day;
But that the Holy Spirit gives
Shall never fade away.

An old fahey lady, visited by his pastor the last time he neared him that he could not be a good Christian unless she kept his daily cross—whereat he caught up his wife, and began lugging her about the room!

Mr. Partington hearing that a young man had been "paid up for his sins," said she, "has he paid up for him yet, or do he owe it still?" "Hush, Ephraim," said she, "hush, hush, you mustn't talk so before the young!" And she sighed to be young again!

BULL (Y) FOR HIM.

I'LL COME AGAIN TO THEE.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

I hear the ripples, low and sweet,
 Of proud Missouri's waves,
They strike upon the Indian's ear,
 And wash old Indian graves;
But mighty waves and mouldering graves
 Have little charm for me;
So weary not, and sorrow not,
 I'll come again to thee.

The buds have widened into leaves,
 On all the forest trees,
And proudly waves the sycamore,
 Before the evening breeze;
The clime is gentle as the sigh
 Thy bosom heaves for me;
But weary not, and sorrow not,
 I'll come again to thee.

The lordly bison crops the grass
 Of yonder prairie space—
You know how thrills my northern pulse
 To join the stirring chase—
But now unharmed the herd may roam,
 The bounding deer go free;
So weary not, and sorrow not,
 I'll come again to thee.

I love the prairie, broad and green,
 The forests, dark and old,
That lie in broad expanse beneath
 The sunset tints of gold—
But O, were they a thousand times
 More beautiful to me,
I'd leave them for my chosen one,
 And come again to thee.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LIFE SCENES LONG AGO.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"*London, Dec.* 25, 182–.—Spent the past night beside the death-bed of Madame de Merveilleux, and listened to her fearful history. Madame de M. died this morning at two o'clock."

THE written record is faded and dim. Thirty years have paled the ink, have discolored the paper, and rendered the manuscript indistinct; yet twice thirty years would fail to blot from memory the recollection of that wretched woman and her sad history.

I met her at a quiet London boarding-house—one of those pleasant, secluded city homes, where the world-sick might spend a lifetime unnoticed and unknown, though surrounded by millions of their fellow-creatures.

"She is a poor heart-broken lady," said my fat and talkative landlady, after informing me that her house contained one person I had not seen. "I know she has had some dreadful sorrow; but dear heart, she would feel a great deal better to tell it, and not keep all her troubles to herself so closely."

I smiled at Mrs. Brown's evident pique; the good woman was dying of curiosity to know the history of her mysterious boarder.

"She never comes to table, and scarcely ever leaves her room at all; but it is not poverty that makes her so shy, for money is plentiful with her, and I never had so liberal a boarder, nor one who was so little trouble to please—though for the matter of that, I would do anything in the world for the poor thing, if I could only bring a smile on her sad face."

Mrs. Brown left the room; and I must confess that I experienced some little curiosity to behold the individual who could cause the tear of sympathy to roll down the fat, crimson cheek of my jolly-looking hostess. Accident very soon granted my wish, and I no longer wondered at the interest she had excited, for Louise de Merveilleux was beautiful, surpassingly beautiful; and that, combined with her seclusion and sorrow, made her an object of the most heartfelt sympathy to myself. I know not what caused her to depart from her usual reserve with me, unless she read my feelings in my countenance. But certain it is, she took pleasure in my society, sought me constantly, and in my presence evidently found relief of her mysterious sorrow, whatever it was.

Our intimacy gradually increased as time passed on, and two months after my first introduction to the beautiful mourner, I loved her with the fondest sisterly affection, despite at times the conviction that would steal over me, that there was no small portion of remorse mingled with her feelings.

She had told me soon after our acquaintance commenced, that her husband, Captain de Merveilleux, had died on the field of Waterloo. I asked no questions, but still the idea would present itself again and again, that the death of this beloved object—and beloved he was, as I never doubted after seeing her gaze with looks of idolizing affection on his portrait—was not the foundation of those moments of agony, in which her mind seemed torn and distracted with some awful remembrance. I was young then, had parted for the first time with him in whom all my fondest hopes had centered, and it was a painful pleasure to converse with my new friend in the, to me, interesting subject of military life—a topic in which she was evidently quite at home; while I absolutely knew nothing of the profession of my husband, save that in my imagination it was fraught with all manner of dangers.

It was in October that I first met Madame de Merveilleux, and as winter drew near, I could perceive that her health and strength were rapidly failing; that she never could, in all probability, behold another spring. And I was also assured that she herself felt it to be so.

"I am sinking, my child—rapidly sinking into the grave; nor do I regret the near approach of what will relieve me of all sorrow and regret. But you love me, my dear young friend," she added, seeing the tears I could not repress. "Come here; come close to me, and tell me you love me—that no matter what I may have done; how guilty I may have been; how black are my crimes, you love me. You will love me, and stay near me while I live, and not curse my memory when I am gone!"

And leaning over her pillow, I kissed the fair, beautiful brow. I pressed the transparent fingers in my own, and promised to be to her as a sister. From that hour Louise de Merveilleux grew calmer and happier, and I to the utmost of my ability strove to fulfil my pledge.

I will not linger on the incidents of the next two months; suffice it that she sunk rapidly, and day and night I scarcely left her bedside. She seldom thanked me; but I read gratitude in her eyes, and in the motive that prompted her to amuse me with stories connected with that career in which I felt so deep an interest, and all calculated to remove my unpleasant prejudices, and reconcile me to the "soldier's life." Many times in our pleasant conversation did I feel tempted to ask for her own history, but something always seemed to hold me back when about to make the request; and it was not until the night before her death that she herself alluded to it.

"You have never asked me any questions, my best friend; yet well I know you must feel some curiosity to learn the history of one so friendless and alone in the world as myself. Your patient and delicate forbearance shall be rewarded—if reward it is to reveal to you so wretched a history of crime and misery. Few and short are the hours I have to live, strong as I appear to-night; and ere the dawn of another day, I shall have departed from this world of woe and pain. In telling you my history, dear friend, I must not—dare not linger on the happy days of my childhood; for motherless though I was, my father was all and everything to me that both parents could have been. He loved me, idolized me, and never until his last hour did he thwart one wish of my heart. But on his deathbed, and with his dying breath, did my hitherto kind and indulgent parent crush out all my hopes of earthly happiness, and doom me to a fate than which death itself would have been preferable.

"From earliest infancy my favorite companion and playfellow had been the son of one of my father's brother lieutenants—a handsome boy a few years older than myself. Like me he was an only child and motherless, and our fathers, who were on peculiarly intimate terms, had early planned our union. But circumstances altered my destiny. A large fortune was bequeathed to my parent by a relation he had scarcely known in life. A captain's commission was another link broken; and the death of Lieutenant de Merveilleux completed the estrangement of the families.

"I was now sixteen, and very handsome. It needed not the voice of flattery to tell me this truth. I knew it, realized it, gloried in it, and all for the sake of one I loved better than life itself. My father also knew it, and the knowledge brought hopes of realizing his long-cherished ambition. Many sought my hand whose alliance would have been an honor. I turned coldly from their proffered addresses, and lavished fond thanks on my parent for acquiescing in my wishes. Alas! could I have known his thoughts—his intentions, how great would have been my horror and dismay!

"I was but little over sixteen when my father was taken suddenly ill, and his disease setting at defiance the skill of his physicians, they told him he must die. It is useless to try to make you understand what that shock was like, my dearest friend. Suffice it, that I was dead to the sense of any other misery in the awful certainty of that one great loss; that I stood at his bedside unmovable, hopeless, despairing, and with his cold, clammy hand in my own, I made a promise that in one instant doomed me to misery.

"Weeks of unconsciousness followed; but when strength and reason returned, my first impulse was to ask an interview with him whom my father's dying breath had blessed as my future husband. He came, and nerved by despair, I told him the agony, the wretchedness he would doom me to if compelled to be his wife. I implored, entreated—nay, I flung myself at his feet, and insanely wept and prayed that he would release me; but as well might I have sought mercy from a marble image. He was cold, passionless and determined; and answered my supplications, by cruelly reminding me of the curse my dying parent had invoked on my head should I disobey his wishes. I had exhausted my last resource, and with deadened, hopeless despair awaited the conclusion of my wretchedness.

"We were married, and Colonel Maberly, as if to atone for the cruelty of his previous conduct, lavished on me the fondest attentions and endearments; but I shrank with loathing from his caresses, and spurned his costly gifts with contempt. I knew that each day increased his love for the wife who hated him; but naught could banish the idea of his selfish cruelty in taking advantage of my parent's ambition and my own misery. My husband left the army soon after our marriage. I fancied he was jealous of the admiration bestowed on his young wife, and he hastened to remove me from the society of those he had hitherto been intimate with. We went to a magnificent country house, where all that wealth and taste could procure was combined to render me happy.

"I cannot look back to this period of my life without a shudder, and a bitter feeling of remorse. My husband would have loved me if I would have let him; but I repulsed him with scorn, and returned his kindness with the basest ingratitude. Once only after my marriage did I meet Eugene de Merveilleux. It was agony, and both felt that we dare not repeat the trial. We parted, solemnly pledged to be faithful to each other, and should I ever regain my freedom, to redeem the promise made in our childish years.

[...] loneliness of our magnificently dull home; and I, who might have made it a paradise for him, refused to render it more pleasant. The consequence was he sought to drown his care in wine; and outraged at his conduct when under its influence, I made use of expressions that served to widen the gulf between us. Thus passed six wretched months. My husband gradually grew more and more a slave to the debasing influence of his favorite beverage, and at the end of that time I was in a state bordering on insanity.

"One evening—one fatal evening—he came into my sitting-room more than half intoxicated. It had always been my habit to fly from his presence, but this night I sat still and pretended to be deeply engrossed with my book. Suddenly he ordered me to go to the dining-room and bring him some more wine; and the tone was one he would not have used to the humblest menial in our establishment. I cast one glance at his flushed and distorted countenance, and moved hastily from the room to obey his command. Would to heaven that I had perished in that hour, ere I had stained my soul with crime! I brought him wine; the choicest juice of the southern grape—but it was poisoned! Yes, start not; I say it was poisoned—and by my hand, too!

"He seemed touched at my ready obedience, and made an attempt to apologize for his conduct, thanking me for my kindness, and holding my hand in his own with something of the old tenderness, and I his murderess stood beside him and repented not. But when the glass was lifted to his lips, I covered my face with my hands and rushed from the room; and all that long night I lay on my chamber floor, and moaned and laughed alternately.

"I was free! The physicians came, and with tender tones and compassionate looks informed me that my husband had fallen from his chair in a state of intoxication, and had suffocated on the floor during the night. And I listened calmly, and feigned a sorrow suitable to the occasion; and when they went away, buried my face in the pillow and laughed a maniac laugh.

"I was free! And when at the expiration of a year Eugene came home, I could fling myself into his arms, and exclaim, 'My own! my own!' But the awful crime that I had committed was ever present to my imagination. It embittered all my joys; it turned his caresses into tortures, and his blessings into curses. He seemed surprised that I had become so changeable in my temper, alternately giving way to the wildest mirth, or sinking into fits of the darkest despair; but knowing what I had suffered, he imputed it to my early and cruel disappointment, and ceaselessly strove to banish unpleasant remembrances from my mind.

"Six months after his return we were married. I had hoped that change of scene would drive away the monster that was gnawing at my heart, and we travelled. Restlessly we moved from place to place; vainly I sought to get rid of my tormenting conscience. And at last wearied of change, I begged him to take me home again.

"If I had loved Eugene in my youth and girlhood, I worshipped him now, when the close contact of daily life unfolded the beauties of his character, the thousand endearing qualities of heart and mind, the purity and excellence of his exalted nature. And now a dreadful fear arose in my mind. What would become of me? What should I do, if he at any time should discover my terrible wickedness? The thought haunted me day and night. I knew that he believed me pure and innocent as an angel; that he gloried in the truth, the sincerity, and the spotless character of his wife; and I closed my eyes to shut out the fearful vision of what might be my fate, as imagination pictured the consequences of a discovery. My fears accelerated my doom.

"Sinking under such an accumulation of terrors my strength gave way, a violent fever was the consequence, and for several days I was raving in delirium. My first impression was astonishment at beholding the ghastly countenance of Eugene, as he bent over my pillow; and weak and languid as I was, an effort was made to learn the cause of the fearful change. He gave me a satisfactory explanation, imputing his wearied, haggard looks to anxiety for my safety, and I believed him. I did not dream that through all those weary days of my recovery he bore a secret in his breast that was eating his life away, and that nothing but the danger of giving me a relapse prevented his immediately disclosing it.

"But it came at last. He told me all I had said in my madness, and with wild adjurations implored me to say that my words were meaningless. I could not add another to my many sins; he heard the horrible confession with the calmness of despair, and I knew by the stern brow and unbending gaze that my doom was fixed. Vainly I implored his pity and compassion, vainly besought him to allow me still to dwell with him. He was deaf to my entreaty. My crime was a secret, he said, and a secret it should remain; but never more could he call me 'wife,' never more look on me save with loathing and horror.

"We parted—he to join the army on the continent, I to seek a home in the wilderness city.

"Eugene fell at Waterloo; I have dwelt for ten, long, weary years here in the midst of thousands of my fellow-creatures, unheeded and unknown. My immense fortune I have secretly bestowed on the deserving poor of this city, striving by acts of charity and heart-felt repentance to make some atonement for the crimes of my early days. My hours here are few and short, and I hail with delight the approach of the angel who shall summon me from this scene of my sorrows to a world where I believe my sins have been forgiven.

"To you, and to you alone, have I breathed the wretched story of my life, and if the tale is worth repeating, give it to the world; it will have fulfilled its mission if but one being be warned to shun a fate like mine."

To be singular in anything that is wise, worthy and excellent, is [...]

There is a place in California called Fiddletown. It is said to be a healthy and lively town.

"Patrick, where is Bridget?" "Indade, ma'am, she's fast aslape looking at the bread baking."

Why is a conscientious baker like a ship without ballast?—Because, being short of weight, he gives a roll over.

The best "sleigh belles" ever invented are a pair of red-cheeked girls. We got this from Dobbs, who is posted in the matter.

An Irishman, on applying for relief, and being told to work for his living, replied, "If I'd all the work in the world I couldn't do it."

What is it that goes when a wagon goes, stops when a wagon stops, is of no use to the wagon, and yet the wagon cannot go without it? Why, the noise to be sure.

Why might I say, and truly, that Bulwer is a plagiarist and a robber? Because he sent "My Novel" to the publishers, sold it, and pocketed the price thereof.

An Irishman giving his testimony in one of our courts, a few days since, in a riot case, said, "Be jabers; the first man I saw coming at me when I got up, was two brickbats."

Let cynics say what they will, man is not vindictive. Here for years we have been subjected to the daily torture of wearing the hat, and we haven't even preserved the name of the wretch who invented it.—*Punch.*

A wag meeting a very homely man, thus addressed him: "My dear friend, you ought to take saffron." "For what?" inquired the latter. "To keep the ugliness out, for if it ever strikes in it will surely kill you."

THE ANGEL'S MISSION.

"The drying up a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

ANGEL, wing'd messenger,
 Whither thy way
Hastest so quickly?
 Say, angel, say.

Has that one, attended
 By thee so well,
Just gone up before thee
 In heav'n to dwell?

And art thou commission'd,
 Sweet angel dove,
To open the pearl-gates
 At home above?

Or what is thy mission,
 That thou shouldst fly,
Sweet angel, so quickly
 Through azure sky?

Alas! earth-born mortal,
 Dost thou not know
The just are not borne by
 Angels below;

But a train of seraphs,
 In vesture bright,
Are SENT to escort them
 To realms of light?

Far away, away, where
 The blest abide,
The pearly gates ever
 Stand open wide.

O no, erring mortal,
 No need that I
Throw open the pearl gates
 In the far sky.

This, this is my mission:—
 While soft clouds fling
Their gray folds around my
 Upward-bound wing,

To bear, with rapt transport
 Of soul, on high
The *name* and the gift of
 A passer-by.

Her name! what is it? Say,
 What shall it be,
'Mong angels and seraphs?
 Sweet Charity.

Her gift! of what value,
 When seraphs bear
Her to heaven? *It shall be*
 A passport there!

Then go, go, bright angel,
 On wing so free;
Bespeak a mansion for
 Sweet Charity.

THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE.

BY MARY F. BARBER.

ring high its leafy branches 'gainst the amber sky,
nds it now upon the mountain, as it stood in days gone by,
h the shadowy hills around it and the misty plains below,
ere the river ever singeth sweetest ballads in its flow.
ere the loud winds calm their voices and improvise a prayer,
n the vesper bells are chiming on the hallowed evening air.

ntom forms are ever round it in the stillness of the night,
ping hands within its shadows, with their faces pale and white;
n I see among the number many forms that long ago
ed beside the mystic river, and were buried in its flow.
their voices chanting slowly, I have heard them all before,
n I met beneath its branches in the happy days of yore.

s standing still and lonely with a look and tone forlorn,
her golden harp is shattered, and her robe is soiled and torn.
has wandered through the valley mid the mist and dross of earth,
her crown has lost its brightness and her heart its gladsome mirth.
she sadly sighs for heaven, yet is lingering still below,
he voices, and the faces, and the smiles of "long ago."

try skies are gazing lightly on the green old mountain tree,
d I think me of the faces and the tones so glad and free;
the lips that now are chilling, and the forms that found a grave
the valley, on the hillside, and beneath the crested wave;
nd I shrink from death's dark shadows, putting up an earnest prayer,
or the wine of life is sparkling, and the earth is very fair.

Wintry snows are resting coldly where they laid them when they died,
With their spotless robes about them and their pale hands by their side,
And the winds are chanting dirges where they found the young and fair,
When we left them to the grave-rest with a sadly murmured prayer;
And the green old tree is mourning for the beautiful and gay,
Who passed out from its shadow in the brightness of their day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FEMALE PILOT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

An English brig-of-war lay to off the southern shore of the sland of Firee, which is one of the Inner Hebrides, on the western oast of Scotland. And the brig had just captured a prize. She ad been sent up after smugglers, and had taken one of the most otorious of the smuggling crew—a stout, bold, reckless man, amed Donald Kenmore. He was commander of a smuggling essel, and the chief spirit among the contrabandists of that section. When Kenmore knew that his vessel must be taken if she emained above water, he deliberately knocked a big hole in her ottom, and sunk her where she lay. His men were sent off beore he did this, and they made their escape. He retained a light kiff, hoping to make his escape also. His daughter was with im, she having refused to leave the vessel before him. They had ntered the skiff, and while they stopped to see the old vessel go down, a boat came from the war-brig and cut them off. It was oo late now to escape, and Kenmore saw that resistance would e useless, so he gave himself up with as good grace as possible.

Flora Kenmore was eighteen years of age, and possessed all the rugged beauty of her Highland countrywomen. Her eye was arge, and its glance could be as soft as the whispers of love, or as piercing as the glare of the enraged lion. She was not large in rame—far from it—but she was stout and strong, and her very ep was the language of pride and self-control. A noble man ould have loved her most dearly, but a coward would have tremled with conscious littleness before her. She was taken with her father, and carried on board the brig-of-war.

"Ah, Donald Kenmore," uttered the commander of the brig, as the smuggler was led to the quarter-deck, "you and I have met before."

"Ay, Captain Thornhill, we have," returned the smuggler, in a calm, proud tone. "Twice I have captured; but now your turn has come."

"And I think the people will thank me for it," the Englishman said.

"The *people!*" uttered Kenmore, indignantly. "Say the people's *rulers!* No, sir! the *people* have been blessed by me too much for that. Go ask the poor men upon whose tables I have placed the luxuries of life at a cost which they could afford, if they will thank thee for taking away their benefactor! No, John Thornhill! They cannot pay what the British lords would force from them to help in sustaining an army of noblemen in luxurious indolence and uselessness! Go now, and ask the people—the *producers* of England and Scotland—the *workers*—which has befriended them,—Donald Kenmore, or your sharp-nosed cruisers!"

"By my soul, sir smuggler, you are eloquent."

"Because I am honest. But say, Captain Thornhill, what is how to be my fate?"

"I should suppose you might judge," was Thornhill's reply.

"I may guess, but I suppose you might know."

"Well, sir, I can assure you that you will meet one of two fates: you will either be transported for life, or be hung!"

"So I supposed," said the smuggler, without the movement of a muscle.

The commander was now called to attend to making sail, and Donald Kenmore was led away forward and put in chains. Flora requested that she might be allowed to accompany her father, and her request was granted. She was offered a berth in the cabin, but she chose to remain by her father's side.

About an hour after the brig had made sail, the first lieutenant, a stout, coarse fellow, named Wooler, came up to where Flora stood, and placing his hand upon her fair neck, he asked her for a small pistol from her bosom and cocked it.

"Miserable dog!" she uttered, in a low, firm tone, "dare to place your foul touch upon me again and you shall die!"

"Tut, tut, my pretty bird," cried Wooler, "you wouldn't be so cruel." But his voice trembled, and his frame shook with the mortification he tried to hide.

"I think you will not tempt me, at all events," the maiden returned, with biting irony.

The lieutenant bit his lips, and his fists were clenched; but he had not the daring to go further, so he turned away and walked aft. From that moment the crew looked upon the maiden with admiration. They did not like Wooler.

It was afternoon when the brig squared away, and as the wind was light and baffling she made but little headway. It was past four o'clock when she passed Eraid, and by that time the wind had died almost to a calm, but not a pleasing calm. The heavens had grown dark, the air cold and puffing, and night seemed coming on with the sun yet up. Captain Thornhill gave orders for taking off the sail, and ere long the brig lay under close-reefed topsails and fore-staysail.

At sundown the wind came in from the southward and westward; and by the time night had fairly settled down it blew a gale. The captain tried awhile to keep to the wind under the three sails he had left on, but the wind was too strong. It blew a perfect hurricane, and the sea began to rise and break over the deck; and ere long it became evident that one of the topsails must be taken off.

It was a bad place in which to be caught thus. Thornhill knew that he must be near the mouth of the Sound of Mull, and if he lay to, the gale would tend to drive him up into it. He was not acquainted with the place, and though he had good charts yet he did not feel safe.

Higher and higher grew the furious wind, until the very sea seemed dancing over the frail bark. The masts groaned and creaked, the rigging grated and strained, and every crack and seam gaped beneath the fearful strain. The wind howled and roared, and the mad sea surged and boiled, until the whole scene appeared but the result of a furious war of the frantic elements.

At midnight Captain Thornhill began to be frightened. The wind was not only unabated, but the rain had begun to drive down, and the night was as black as one solid mass of ink.

"Wooler," he said, as he drew his oiled jacket up over his face to protect it from the driving rain, "can you not hear the roar of breakers?"

"I have thought I heard them for some time," returned the lieutenant, holding firmly by the life-line to prevent being washed away by the breaking seas.

"And yet we can do nothing," the captain resumed, being obliged to cry out with all his strength to make his voice sound above the roar of the elements. "To veer an atom would be sure destruction. But we cannot live so much longer. Every rope and stick is strained now to its utmost. O, if we had room to run off before it."

"But we haven't," was Wooler's response.

Yet the brig lived through the night, and when the morning dawned, the wind seemed to increase rather than diminish. It was near the autumnal equinox, and there was every prospect that the storm would be a long one. The rain still fell in torrents, and the heavens were black, and the air dark. Thornhill had no idea of his whereabouts, for how far the brig had been driven by the fury of the night he could not tell; yet he supposed he must be somewhere near the chops of the Sound of Mull.

It was a few minutes past six when the captain was startled by a loud cry forward, and on working his way thither he found that the foremast was sprung just above the pike-rack. He had hardly discovered the danger, when another shout from the poop called him aft, and hurrying back again, a sight met his gaze that made his heart leap with horror. Directly under the lee-quarter, and not over a quarter of a mile distant, was a bold, rocky coast, over which the sea was dashing fearfully! And all along, too, to the northward, the same horrid scene extended.

"Good God!" cried Wooler, at this moment pointing over the weather bow, "there are more rocks there! See! see! We are surrounded!"

The men were called, but not one of them knew the shores.

"Bring up Donald Kenmore!" cried Wooler.

"Ha! We will," answered the captain. And the smuggler was sent for.

The old man came on deck—he had been carried below when the storm reached its fury—but he could not tell where the brig was.

"But," he added, "my child has been a pilot in these waters for over four years, and there's not a rock nor shoal in the Sound o' Mull she don't know."

"Ha, Donald Kenmore, do you speak truly now?"

"I do. Until within a month she has been with her brother, and has almost lived among the rocks of the Sound."

Flora Kenmore was sent for at once. She came up, and taking her station near the wheel, where she could hold on upon one of the life-lines for support, she gazed carefully around. It was truly a terrific scene. On all hands now, save on the weather quarter alone, the huge breakers were piled up and stretched along. Not a muscle of the maiden's body quivered, nor did her cheek blanch; but boldly she stood there, and her gaze was calm and assured.

"Lady," spoke the captain, whose brightened look was in strange contrast with the expression that rested upon Flora Kenmore's fair features, "do you know where you are?"

"I do, sir—exactly!" was the sure reply.

"Ha! and can the brig be saved?"

"Ay, sir. In less than two hours this brig can be run into a balloon. One of our wits remarked, that, though the season is said to be backward, he had never seen greens shoot up to such a height before. "True," said another, "but after all they cannot get higher than the *currents*."

"Ah, my good fellow," said one man to another, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, "you're one of the men we read of." "How so? Where did you read of me?" asked the other. "In the police report." The man we read of drew his hat, and the other was at a safe distance.

A gentleman observing a servant girl, who was defendant, placing the knives and forks on the table upside down, remonstrated to her on the awkward position, remarking that he had not power to be represented to her more than twelve dollars, he angrily replied, "Why, don't you see, I've just done it?"

In Marin Chuzelwit, we find that "a verb is a word as implies to be, to do, or to suffer (which is all the grammar and enough, as ever I was taught) and if there's a verb alive, I'm it—for I'm always a doing, sometimes a doing, and continually a suffering."

A Rhode Island lad, under examination by a Connecticut schoolmaster, being asked "How many gods are there?" the boy, after scratching his head some time, replied, "I don't know how many you have in Connecticut, but we have none in Rhode Island!"

"What business does your husband follow?" asked a person who was engaged in taking the occupation of our citizens, lately of a female. "Why, she replied, he follows drinking rum." The interrogator not entered opposite his name *quality*.

"I am surprised that you should leave me, Patrick," said the Widow Pinchin to an ex-boarder, when I set as good a table as any boarding house, and your table must be good enough, for the milk were so plaguy long, the Hibernian replied, "Ye see, yer honor, the roads are not in good order, and it takes a decent bit do ye put upon a pony to carry it."

A one-footed pedlerian, travelling in Ireland, met a person limping, who rather quickly asked the pedlerian, "Have you a wooden leg?" "Yes, yer honor, I have, and it's a good one, too, and it's made of the best of ash, and I'll sell it to your honor for half a dollar."

They say there is a man in Schenectady so mean that he drinks with waiters. He is the same old miser who looks at his money through the magnifying glass. By this means, he says, a quarter looks as big as half a dollar.

Beware of waltzing, ladies! For, see what a lover may think about it! One, very indignant, thus gives vent to his feelings in rhyme:

What, the girl I adore, by another embraced!
What! the balm of her lips shall another man taste?
What! touched in the twirl by another man's knee!
Sir, she's yours! From the grape you have pressed
From the rose you have shaken the tremulous dew!
What you've touched you may take, Pretty
waltzer, adieu!"

We like the "new pill" which a distinguished physician has just invented. This invaluable remedy for melancholy is made of "fun and fresh air, in equal proportions, and is to be taken with cold water three times a day." Having used this article for the last five years, we can vouch for its great virtues. So says the Woonsocket Patriot.

A stuttering Vermonter was asked the way to Waterbury. With great politeness he strove to say that it was right ahead, but in vain; the more he tried the more he couldn't. At last, red in the face and furious with unavailing exertion, he burst forth with, "Gu-gu-go-long, darn ye! You'll sig-sig-get there sooner I can tell ye."

Happy Ladies.—At what age are ladies most happy? Marri-*age*.

A contemporary noting that Fred Cozzens has gone to Havana *his health*, wonders how it got there!

The position of an aeronaut must be a very painful one, from constant tendency there is in it to make him soar.

Fred, a boy of three or four years, on being asked how he liked ice-cream, replied: "Very well, though I'd like it better *fried*."

There is a man in Connecticut who has such a hatred to everything appertaining to a monarchy, that he wont wear a crown on that.

A Fifth Avenue lady being told that several poor people had died of starvation, in a wretched part of the city, said, with lofty contempt: "What silly people—before I'd starve, I'd eat brown bread and mutton!"

Quiz says it is "folly to expect a girl to love a man whom her lady speaks well of. Get up a persecution, and her affections will cling so fast that a dozen guardians can't begin to re-

A TRUE KING.

When Dr. Franklin applied to the King of Prussia to lend his assistance to America,

"Pray, sir," said the veteran, "what is the object you mean to attain?"

"Liberty," said the philosopher, "liberty—that freedom which is the birthright of man."

The king, after a short pause, made this memorable kingly answer—

"I was born a prince and have become a king; I will not therefore use the power which I possess to ruin my own trade."

It is not so pleasant for nations to mingle their blood in battle as by intermarriages.

——The London pickpockets have trained dogs to such accurate operation that they jump up at a gold watch, seize it, snap the chain, and bolt off where their master is waiting.

——Some one asked Mr. Patrick Maguire if he knew Mr. Tim Duffy? "Know him! he is a near relation of mine—he once proposed to marry my sister Kate."

——A large tree supposed to be over seven centuries old, near the city of Mexico, is said to have been struck by lightning more than two hundred times. "Obby, what is steam?"—"Boiling water." "Right—compare it."—"Positive, boil; comparative, boiler; superlative, burst."

AFRICAN PROVERBS.

Everything has its price, but who can set a price upon blood?

Every man's character is right in his own eyes. He ought to be feared who sends you a message, not they to whom you are sent.

The sting of the musquito is not so sharp as poverty.

Ashes always fly back in the face of him who throws them.

"Well, Spurt," said Quiz, during a discussion of the tax-bill, "the tax will come pretty heavy on you."—"On me! why?"—"Because income is to be taxed, and everybody knows that you are a lincom."

Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.—A pleasant anecdote is told of Dr. Franklin. The town of Franklin was named for him. While in France, a gentleman of Boston wrote to him of the fact, and added that as the town was building a meeting-house, perhaps he would give them a bell. Franklin, in the characteristic reply, said, that if you want to play marbles; it is Sunday.—"I will," answered the little boy; "but *a'n't it sinful*, will therefore he would give them a town library.—*Journal.* *Sunday in the back yard*, mother?"

Two things to be kept—your word and your temper. One Sunday a lady called to her little boy, who was playing marbles on the sidewalk, to come into the house. "Don't you know you should not be out there, my son?" said she. "Go into the back yard." "Bowler! powder!" said he, raising himself up and putting on a smile; "mother, I am a good boy."

If you want to sleep quietly don't marry another woman while your wife is undrown. The Vermonter who attempted to snuff out the gas-light with his fingers, screamed "Bloody murder, your pesky candlestick's afire!"

The number of births in Providence, in 1855, was 1600, which is 231 more than in 1854; there were twelve cases of twin births. The number of deaths was 1237. There were 486 couples made happy (perhaps) by marriage. In one case a man between 60 and 70 years of age was united to a girl under 20.

THE BELL-BIRD.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

[The arapongo, or bell-toller, is a Brazilian bird of rare beauty; its notes are at once singular and solemn, like the tolling of a church bell, and they fall on the ear of the traveller through the forest wilds of Brazil with an almost supernatural sound. The effect is heightened by the seclusion in which the bird utters its solitary notes, it frequenting the highest trees and rarely making itself visible to the eye of man.]

There came a wanderer to Brazilian skies,
From far off shores where pilgrim steps once trod, he came;
His cheeks were pale, and lustreless his eyes,
And weak his trembling frame.

In the deep solitude of woods profound,
He lay and dreamed of distant homes and absent loves;
Familiar faces, and the pleasant sound
That waits on they that rove.

He seemed to hear the merry bridal chime,
And then—he heard the sound New England's children hear,
That said some soul had passed the bounds of time,
Some soul, beloved and dear.

The years of life's sad pilgrimage are told,
As one by one in solemn strokes they fall;
While they who listen, think of shroud and fold,
Of mourners, and a pall.

Slowly the strokes fell on the wanderer's ear;
No other voice or sound the solemn stillness breaks,
His heart is silent with a sudden fear,
And no pulsation makes.

Now the sad number of his life is told;
And now—a pause!—the wanderer folds his care-worn eyes—
The last earth-whisper from his lips has rolled,
And cold in death he lies.

The rich, warm sunlight glances through the trees,
And on the dead in streams of crimson glory falls;
Yet still is borne upon the perfumed breeze
The arapongo's calls.

So like the solemn tolling of a bell,
Seemed to the dying wanderer the sounds he heard,
That none need wonder they became a knell,
These sad notes of a bird.

And it was well that life should thus depart,
Recalling as it went, the memories most dear;
Whose gentle influence should cheer the heart,
And dry the falling tear.

The hands of strangers laid him in the tomb,
The hands of strangers scattered there memorial flowers,
And still the arapongo breaks the forest gloom,
Tolling the passing hours.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE REFORMATION.

BY MELVILLE BELMORE.

CHARLOTTE STANLEY was the acknowledged belle of the village of C——. Numerous were her beaux and admirers; and envious of her charms was many a pretty girl, who found her attractions insufficient to rival the dazzling wealth of beauty which nature had so bountifully showered upon Charlotte. But, if there was envy among the women, the men were stark mad with love for her, and jealousy of each other. Strange to say, she received their homage without manifesting a decided preference for any one; on all the sighing swains who surrounded her, she smiled with equal sweetness, and dispensed her favors with wonderful impartiality.

To be sure, it was said by some that her eyes lingered the most lovingly on Dick Leslie's intelligent face; but others again asserted that she never appeared so deeply interested as when conversing with young Walter Gray. Whether or no she did not really own, in the mysterious recesses of her little heart, some secret preference, it was quite apparent to all who looked into the matter, that there was at least one of her lovers who far surpassed all his rivals in the ardor of his devotion and gallant attention.

Harry Hunter was a gay, wild young fellow—of good family, and possessed of many excellent qualities; but unfortunately he had the reputation of being dissipated and frolicksome. Although not the less agreeable to the fair girls of C—— on that account, who all admired his dashing character and fascinating address, yet the cautious matrons of the village used ominously to shake their heads at mention of his name, and positively forbade their daughters having anything to do with him.

But Harry Hunter had a fine form, and a bright, handsome face lit up by a pair of sparkling black eyes; and from those eyes there glanced, when he chose, a sly, roguish twinkle, which stole into many a little maiden's palpitating heart, and made sad havoc there ere she was aware of it. Besides, he had a splendid turnout—a span of beautiful bays; and as he drove alone through the Main Street, many a longing eye was cast upon the vacant seat by his side. He, however, saw no one but Charlotte Stanley. When in her society, his eyes were ever bent upon her face; when away from her, his pensive and abstracted air betokened her presence in his mind.

Charlotte's parents were dead; and she lived with her uncle, a rich old bachelor, whose chief delight consisted in ministering to her pleasure, and indulging all her fancies. And yet she was not spoiled by so much kindness, for she was a sensible, good girl, and beautiful and flattered as she was, had not one grain of vanity or folly in her character. Her uncle George, who united to a warm heart and an easy disposition, a great deal of good sense and knowledge of the world, appreciated her charming qualities, and trusted his lovely niece as implicitly as if she had been an angel in reality as well as in appearance. In his house she reigned liked the rogue, he said, better than any of Charlotte's numerous admirers. Were it not for his wild and unsteady habits, there was no one whom he would have sooner chosen for her husband. Charlotte, too, was not insensible to the influence of the young fellow's pleasing manners and sparkling conversation; and after a while it was easy to perceive that she had undoubtedly made a decided impression. Morning walks, evening drives, and moonlight strolls were of frequent recurrence; and jealousy and suspicion were rampant amongst the host of unfortunate suitors. Dick Leslie was reported to be daily growing insane, and Walter Gray was evidently pining away with grief.

One morning at the breakfast table, Charlotte, who had remained a long time silent, said, in a tone of voice in which modesty and fortitude struggled for the mastery:

"Uncle George—I'm engaged!"

Uncle George almost dropped the cup which he was raising to his mouth, and stared with surprise at the blushing girl who sat opposite to him.

"Why, no!" said he. "Lotty, you don't say so!"

"O, yes, uncle," said Charlotte. "I am engaged to be married to—to—you know!"

This was said half-doubtfully, half-inquiringly, and brought a good-humored smile to Uncle George's face.

"I know, do I? Indeed, miss, you are very much mistaken. How should I know anything about it?"

"O, well," she replied, whilst she hung down her head, and suffered the flowing curls to fall over her face, "I thought you might have—it's—it's Harry, you know, uncle!"

And somewhat relieved by the confession which she had made, she looked up smiling in his face. The old gentleman certainly enjoyed the charming confusion of his niece; for, instead of making any immediate observation upon the fact just disclosed to him, he remained several minutes gazing upon her with affectionate admiration and interest, silently and thoughtfully, as if linking the present with the future. Suddenly he said:

"So it's Harry, is it? And who's Harry, my dear?"

This question perfectly overwhelmed poor Charlotte with embarrassment, and suffused her face with a host of crimson blushes. She tried to smile, then looked very much as if she was going to cry; but boldly conquering the inclination, with downcast eyes, and trembling voice, she faltered out the name of her lover:

"Harry Hunter!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the uncle. "Hunter!—Harry Hunter! Ah, he's a great rogue!"

"O, no, uncle!" said Charlotte, eagerly. "Indeed he is not; he is so good, so noble, so agreeable. O, if you only knew him as I do!"

"Humph!" was again the ejaculation. "I presume I never shall. However, you know what is right, my girl; and if you approve, I shall not object. But they say, you know, my dear child, that he gambles and drinks."

"O, but he has promised me faithfully never, never to do such wicked things any more; and I am sure he never will. He says he will always do everything that I ask him to do; and that he loves me better than any one on earth; and that he never did love any one but me."

And Charlotte's tender eyes glistened with tears of love and gratitude at the recollection of her lover's protestation of devotion.

Uncle George arose from his seat, and embracing his niece, said, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"God grant, my beloved child, that you may be happy!"

"Thank you, uncle," she replied, smiling through her tears. "I know I shall be happy with Harry."

Well, the important day that was to usher in so much joy and happiness arrived at last. For weeks before, everything had been in a state of preparation, and Uncle George was determined that the wedding should prove a brilliant affair. The guests were already streaming into the house, carriages were coming from every direction around, and in an hour the ceremony would take place. But where was the bridegroom? No one had seen him; and it was beginning to be a matter of wonder to all that he had not made his appearance. Anxiety was depicted on Uncle George's countenance. Charlotte was up stairs, with her bridesmaids, thinking of Harry—down stairs! But now the clergyman has come—it lacks but a minute of the appointed time; the bride descends with her attendants, and at the same instant the bridegroom enters, apparently much excited, and supported on either side by two of his friends. The company throng around the couple during the ceremony, and when it is over, the congratulations pour in upon them from every one present. But what ails the bride? Why has the color forsaken her cheeks?—and those tears—what have they to do with such a scene? All eyes are turned towards her in wonderment; and Uncle George, hastening to her side, whilst she broke forth with almost heart-broken sobs, half led, half supported her into an unoccupied room adjoining.

"My child," said he, seating her on a sofa, "what means this distress?—this untimely emotion?"

Charlotte replied not. Her gentle bosom heaved tumultuously with some terrible distress, and her whole frame seemed to vibrate convulsively to this first touch of grief. She lay there motionless and insensible. Harry Hunter, her husband, had followed them into the room; but Uncle George insisted upon being left alone with her, and prevailed upon him to retire. After a little while Charlotte began to give signs of returning consciousness, and her uncle caught the faintly murmured name of her husband. Slowly and painfully she recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen; and as her beautiful eyes opened wildly upon her uncle's anxious countenance, the remembrance of all that had happened seemed to rush at once across her mind, and she exclaimed:

too!"

The poor girl burst into a flood of tears at the bitter reflection, and covered her face with her hands.

Now Harry had dined that day with some of his jovial companions, and had partaken, as was his wont, somewhat too freely of the wine. Habits of indulgence were so deeply engrafted upon his nature, that he never for a moment thought of the promise which he had made to his betrothed, to abandon all excesses of the kind. Although he had not drunk enough to make him guilty of any marked improprieties in behaviour, or to excite the general attention of the guests at the wedding, yet the tender, loving gaze of the fair girl whose heart he had won, beheld, as she gave him her hand, the tokens of inconstancy in his flushed face and bloodshot eyes. Scarce conscious of the passing ceremony, she with difficulty retained sufficient composure to play her part in it; and but a few moments before the happiest of the happy, all rosy and radiant, became a bride bowed down with sadness and bathed in tears.

Her uncle George easily divined the cause of her agitation and grief. As she lay before him on the sofa, the recollection of those hopeful dreams of happiness in which she had so fondly indulged, and from which she had just so sadly awakened, brought the tears into his eyes; and as he knelt by his niece's side, he endeavored to frame some excuses for Harry. But her pure and faithful heart had been hurt and wounded by him into whose keeping she had confided it. She could see in his conduct naught but neglect and disrespect for the promise which he had given her, and upon which she had built her fairest hopes of future happiness.

The wedding guests had departed. It had been announced that the bride was taken suddenly ill, and all had left the house, when Uncle George, leaving Charlotte in care of her maid, went to seek Harry Hunter. He found him walking hastily, and in great excitement, up and down the piazza, and at his approach, he rushed eagerly towards him, and almost shrieked:

"How is she, sir? O, God, what a wretch I am! How is my darling Charlotte?"

"Mr. Hunter," said Uncle George, calmly, "I believe, sir, that you are fond of my niece—your wife—"

"Heaven knows," Harry exclaimed, "she is everything in this world to me!"

"No, sir; you have shown this day that she is not *everything* to you. Drink, sir, and dissipation dispute with her the possession of your affections. You have insulted the woman whom you love, and who adores you, by appearing, at the solemn moment of your union with her, in a state of intoxication. She beheld in that moment the infidelity of the man who was to call her wife."

"No more!" cried Harry. "Spare me, sir; spare me!"

"Mr. Hunter," continued Uncle George, "if you really entertain that affection for Charlotte which you profess, you will henceforth and forever abandon these evil habits, and give up all debasing dissipation; for if you do not—mark me well!—you will break her heart. She will not cease to love you, but she will cease to be happy. Reflect, then, upon the course which you will pursue, and choose one of the two alternatives—your wife's happiness or misery."

Harry Hunter was deeply affected by these words, and would have gone and thrown himself at once at the feet of his young wife, to implore her forgiveness, and to promise all that she desired. But Uncle George restrained him.

"Hold!" he exclaimed; "not now. To-morrow you shall see her, and prove yourself worthy of her love, by truthfully renouncing those vile habits so shocking to her pure and truth-loving mind. At present she is quite unwell; besides," added he, hesitatingly, "you, Mr. Hunter, are hardly in a condition to make such promises."

Harry Hunter bit his lip with mortification at this last remark, but owned secretly the justice of the insinuation. Uncle George bade him farewell for the night, and Harry returned to his home, silent and *alone*. What his feelings were may be more easily imagined than described. He was filled with remorse for the inconsiderate manner in which he had behaved towards one whom he really loved with all the ardor of his passionate soul; and upbraided the thoughtlessness and folly which had led him to wound the heart of her for whom he would gladly sacrifice his life. Night long did he dwell upon the tormenting idea of her distress, and he vowed to atone by a life of devotion and tenderness for the grief which he had caused her.

In the morning he took his way hastily towards her house—the paradise from which he had been banished the night before—and found Uncle George waiting to receive him. The good old gentleman had told Charlotte of Harry's sorrow and repentance, and of his resolution in regard to the future, and had found her trusting heart but too eager to forgive and believe.

"Come, sir," said he, "and behold an angel of love and mercy."

And as Harry Hunter entered the parlor he was met on the threshold by a lovely being, who well might have been deemed a celestial visitant. She met him with extended arms, and happy smiles forcing themselves through tears of joy. Harry Hunter's lips quivered—his heart was full; and clasping her to his breast, he imprinted on her virgin brow a kiss—the first token of their union. Uncle George standing by, and deeply moved by the scene, lifted up his hands to bless them, saying:

"God grant, my children, that you may be happy."

"O, yes, uncle," exclaimed Charlotte, leaning her head on Harry's shoulder, and looking up trustingly in his face, "I am sure we shall always be happy together!"

And she was correct in the prophecy.

DIRGE.

To the memory of ——, Captain of the —— Regiment of Cavalry, who died on duty at Fort Leavenworth, 1855.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

"Sound anew a strain funereal—
Sound anew, O spirit lyre!
Doomed to mourn a soldier's burial,
Theme requiring loftier fire."

Dirges peal along the fortress,
Where he died in glorious prime;
Dirges rise o'er mountain gorges;
Dirges wail in sunny clime;
Dirges float o'er orange bowers—
Echoing, float through lordly hall;
Drooping, fade the smiling flowers—
Joyous songsters cease their call.

Muffled drums and pealing anthems
Wail his fate among his band;
Chilling heavens and withering flowerets
Wail it in his native land:
Blighted hopes and withering tear-drops,
Funeral weeds and pageant gay,
Florida's son is marching tombwards;
Death—the "captain"—all obey.

Memory, rousing at the anthem,
Mourns in attributes combined,
Honor, truth, majestic bearing—
Lofty thought and glorious mind.
'Tis no sin to whisper gravewards
All the pent up love of years;
There's no Lethe where we have us,
Equals sorrow's gushing tears.

We have known him in his childhood—
Watched him soar to manly prime;
And his soul was fraught with glory,
Noble thought and deed sublime:
But our life-path wide diverged;
Still the chains time could not sever:
Chants our heart his funeral dirge—
Honored, loved, remembered ever!

GOD IS LOVE.

FROM the glowing sun on his fiery car,
As he drives his daily race;
From the glittering stars, as they shine on high,
And roll in boundless space;
From the mountain-top and the lowly glen,
Bedeck'd with many a flower;
May be heard this glorious truth divine;
Our God is a *God of power*.

In the varied forms that soar on high,
Or float in the ocean deep;
That proudly roam through the forest drear,
Or climb the craggy steep;
From the worm, as it burrows in the earth,
To the lark, as it upward flies;
All nature declares, with unwavering voice,
That the mighty *God is wise*.

By the falling of thrones on which despots sat,
By the crushing of tyrant-power;
By the felon's wail on a foreign shore,
As he gasps through his last sad hour;
From the open grave where the human form
Is laid with its kindred dust;
From Sinai's mount, with its dread decrees,
We discover that *God is just*.

But 't is not from the sun, with his glowing rays,
Nor from stars in their rapid flight;
Nor is it from angels, with heavenly forms,
And with wings of purest light;
It is not from the flow'ry earth beneath,
It is not from the skies above,

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

"To err is human;
To forgive, divine."

A LITTLE blind boy was asked, What is forgiveness? He replied: "It is the odor that flowers give when trampled upon." Did not this sweet youth, to whom all the world was dark, who could never more see the pleasant light of the sun, give the true idea of forgiveness? It is not difficult to feel kindly toward those that love you, and confer favors upon you; but to have a store of good wishes and kind deeds for those that abuse and ill-treat you—to be like the cinnamon-tree, that sheds a sweet perfume around the ax-man that wounds it—this is hard. But it is what the meek and lowly Jesus did, and what his true children do. Here, then, young friends, is a test of your love for Christ. "If you love them" only "that love you, what thank have ye?" How do you feel when your playmates treat you ill? Can you return good for evil? Can you pray for those that injure you? If so, 'ye are "the children of your Father which is in heaven, who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good."

Remember, then, that one way to manifest the spirit of forgiveness is by kind words:—

"And deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break."

THE STARLIGHT LESSON.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"MOTHER, see! the stars are out,
Twinkling all the sky about;
Faster, faster, one by one,
From behind the clouds they run.
Are they hurrying forth to see
Children watching them, like me?

"Oft I wonder, mother dear,
Why so many stars appear
Through the darkness every night,
With their little speck of light:
Hardly can a ray so small
Brighten up the world at all."

"Ah, you know not, little one,
Every dim star is a sun
To some planet-circle fair,
In its far-off home of air.
Rays that here so faint you call,
There in radiant sunshine fall.

"I have sometimes wondered, too,
(Scarcely wiser, dear, than you,)
Why unnumbered souls had birth
On this wide expanse of earth;
Wondered where the need was shown
For so many lives unknown.

He who calls the stars by name,
At his mighty word they came
Out of heaven's deep light, to bless
Life's remotest wilderness.
Every soul may be a sun,—
You and I, too, little one!"

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee.
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be, I trow,
"There's no one so happy as I."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mill? Thy song? Thy happiness?
They mean not me, I know.
I envy nobody—no, not I!
And nobody envies me!"

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three:
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river that grinds the corn,
That turns the babes and me."

"Thou art wrong, my friend, said old King Hal,
"Thou art wrong as wrong can be;
To gladly change with thee this hour,
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee."

"Mary, my love, the apple-dumpling is not half done." "Wife—Well, finish it, then, my dear."

If some men's bodies were not straighter than their minds, they would be crooked enough

A QUESTION.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

THE SABINE.—The frigate Sabine sailed from New London, where she has been recruiting since July, on Monday, under command of Commodore Chadwallader Ringgold. Her destination is unknown, but it is surmised that she is in search of the Alabama.